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- ART. I.—1. *Nineveh and its Remains.* By A. H. LAYARD, D.C.L. Two Vols. London: John Murray. 1849.
2. *The Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun Decyphered and Translated, with a Memoir on Persian Cuneiform Inscriptions in general, and on that of Behistun in particular.* By MAJOR H. C. RAWLINSON, C.B. Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Vols. X. and XI. London: John W. Parker. 1846.
3. *On the Inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia.* By MAJOR H. C. RAWLINSON. Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Vol. XII. London: John W. Parker.
4. *Memoir on the Babylonian and Assyrian Inscriptions.* By LIEUT.-COL. H. C. RAWLINSON, C.B. Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Vol. XIV. London: John W. Parker. 1850.
5. *On the Inscriptions at Van.* By E. HINCKS, D.D. Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Vol. XI. John W. Parker. 1847.
6. *The Monuments of Nineveh, from Drawings made on the Spot.* By A. H. LAYARD, D.C.L. London: John Murray. 1849.
7. *Inscriptions in the Cuneiform Character, on Assyrian Monuments discovered by A. H. Layard, D.C.L.* London: Longman and Co. 1851.
8. *The Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored.* By JAMES FERGUSSON, Esq. London: John Murray. 1851.
9. *Nineveh and Persepolis.* By W. S. W. VAUX, M.A. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1850.
10. *Nineveh and its Palaces.* By JOSEPH BONOMI, F.R.S.L. London: Illustrated London Library. 1852.
11. *Outlines of Assyrian History, collected from the Cuneiform Inscriptions.* By LIEUT.-COL. RAWLINSON, C.B. Appended to Twenty-ninth Report of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1852.
12. *Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, with Travels*

in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert : being the Result of a Second Expedition undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum. By A. H. LAYARD, D.C.L., M.P. London: John Murray. 1853.

THE works named above bring under our consideration a subject of grand importance and almost universal interest. Cities which grew up into wealth and power in the dawn of human history, and which, for thousands of years, have been unknown among men,—lying in unrecognised graves,—buried in the *débris* of successive ages,—these have been disintombed, and are at least so far restored to vision that we can now study their topography, sculptures, and architecture. Nations which flourished in the earliest times, and extended their conquests and sovereign sway over surrounding countries, but whose annals have only been known to the world by few and fragmentary notices jotted down by foreign travellers, and preserved to our day as curious historic relics, are now made to describe their own civilization, manners, religion, battles, conquests, and system of government.

The means by which these wonderful discoveries have been effected,—the great amount of new information which the world has thereby acquired,—with its important effect in the corrections and additions thus supplied to ancient history, and the bearing of these disclosures on the statements of the Holy Scriptures,—are the principal topics to which the attention of the reader will be directed in this article.

As early as 1802, Professor Grotefend published some discoveries of his, on the reading of the cuneiform characters of ancient Persia, in the "*Literary Gazette*" of Göttingen. These were followed, at intervals of some years, by further communications; until, in the year 1818, a paper was read before the Bombay Literary Society, by Mr. C. Belling, in which the Professor's mode of proceeding is fully detailed, and his first certain identification of proper names is given. Our learned and very successful countryman, Col. Rawlinson, thus candidly awards to this eminent German scholar the meed of having first effectively broken ground in this hitherto unexplored branch of archaeology:—

"Professor Grotefend has certainly the credit of being the first who opened a gallery into this rich treasure-house of antiquity. In deciphering the names of Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and Hystaspes, he obtained the true determination of nearly a third of the entire alphabet, and thus at once supplied a sure and ample basis for future research." *

Having achieved this great discovery, the learned German seems to have been baffled in his further efforts, or to have

* "*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*," vol. x., p. 3.

bequeathed the prosecution of the work to other hands. Professor Rask appears to have entered on this interesting, but very difficult, investigation about the year 1824; and he soon succeeded in discovering the characters representing M and N. M. Burnouf followed, and added several acquisitions of considerable importance; but these were soon eclipsed by the brilliant success of Professor Lassen, whose researches supplied an identification of twelve characters more, which had all been mistaken by preceding explorers. The result of these labours was published in 1836. M. Saint Martin also devoted himself with zeal to this investigation, but he does not appear to have added greatly to the common stock of discovery.

About the year 1835, an English soldier, located at Kerman-shah, on the western frontier of Persia, turned his attention to the cuneiform inscriptions at Hamadan, which he had himself carefully copied. In the following year, whilst residing at Teheran, this individual, now so well known as Col. Rawlinson, first had an opportunity of knowing, to some extent, what had been done by the learned in Europe in this difficult investigation. But the information which he thus obtained, afforded him no real assistance, as he felt confident that his "own knowledge of the character, verified by its application to many names, which had not come under the observation of Grotefend and Saint Martin, was much in advance of their respective, and, in some measure, conflicting, systems of interpretation." In 1839, whilst still diligently labouring in this field of research, Col. Rawlinson received from Professor Lassen "a *précis* of his last improved system of interpretation." Of this the learned Colonel speaks thus:—

"The Bonn alphabet I recognised at once to be infinitely superior to any other that had previously fallen under my observation. The Professor's views, indeed, coincided in all essential points with my own; and, since I have been enabled, with the help of Sanscrit and Zend affinities, to analyse nearly every word of the cuneiform inscriptions hitherto copied in Persia, and thus to verify the alphabetical power of almost every cuneiform character, I have found the more reason to admire the skill of Professor Lassen, who, with such very limited materials as were alone at his disposal in Europe, has still arrived at results so remarkably correct."

We here mark one grand epoch in this series of discoveries: the alphabet—curious and complicated as was that employed in these ancient inscriptions—was mastered; all its elements were ascertained; and the whole range of the mysterious, and hitherto unreadable, records of the East, was thus fairly thrown open to our investigation. In the Memoir so frequently quoted above, Rawlinson exhibits these alphabetic characters, thirty-nine in number: and, in one hundred and twenty pages of clear and cogent investigation, examines them, letter by letter, until he has clearly shown their respective peculiarities and powers.

These researches were, however, interrupted by the ungenial duties of war. Colonel Rawlinson was called away from Persia, to fill an important post during our occupation of Afghanistan; and it was not until his return to the former country in 1843, that he was able to resume his favourite studies.

It now becomes necessary to direct attention to another branch of these wonderful discoveries. In the early part of the present century, several curious fragments, cylinders, and gems, bearing inscriptions, were brought from Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia, to Europe, where they attracted considerable attention, and excited much interest among oriental scholars. The importance of these acquisitions was greatly enhanced by the zealous and intelligent efforts of Mr. Claudius Rich, the Hon. East India Company's Agent at Bagdad, who wrote some interesting memoirs on the ruins of the great oriental cities, one of which was published in Germany, and a second in London, in 1818. These called forth various productions from English scholars, and, among them, an elaborate work, illustrated with beautiful engravings of inscribed gems and cylinders, by John Landseer, F.A.S., which was published in 1823. The public mind being thus directed to the subject, successive travellers exerted themselves to procure accurate copies of inscriptions, which were successively forwarded to Europe.

It was just as public attention had been thus excited, and a few months before Col. Rawlinson, with an accurate knowledge of the cuneiform alphabet, had returned to Persia to resume his efforts to effect a translation of the ancient inscriptions of that country, that M. Botta was sent by the French Government, as their Consular Agent, to Mosul, on the Tigris. This talented and energetic individual had long resided in Egypt, Sennaar, and Syria, and was eminently qualified, both by natural and acquired abilities, to make his residence in the East subservient to the further progress of eastern discovery; and this task was earnestly imposed on him, when he left his country to proceed to his appointment, by his friend M. Mohl, the learned translator of Firdousi. On reaching Mosul, Botta instinctively directed his attention to the procuring of sculptured antiquities; but in this he was at first grievously disappointed. Rich had purchased all that could be obtained, so that Botta found a perfect famine of articles of real value. At length, however, he had recourse to the excavation of the mounds which abound in that neighbourhood. For some time his efforts in this direction, although laborious and expensive, were entirely fruitless. After prosecuting a series of operations for some months at Kouyunjik, he abandoned that locality in despair, and commenced a similar course of excavation at Khorsabad. His men had only been at work in this place three days, when they brought him intelligence that they had dug up some figures and inscriptions. The antiquary had been so often, and so greatly, harassed and disap-

pointed, that it was not until he was fully assured the inscriptions were in the cuneiform character, that he ventured to believe in his good fortune.

On reaching the spot, however, he saw, with feelings which but few readers can adequately appreciate, a new world of antiquarian lore revealed to his vision. He found, indeed, that—

“His workmen had been fortunate enough to commence the excavation precisely in that part of the mound where the monument was in the most perfect state of preservation, so that he had only to follow the walls which had already been discovered, to succeed most certainly in laying bare the whole edifice. In a few days, all that remains of a chamber, with façade covered by bas-reliefs, had been discovered. On his arrival at the scene of action, he immediately perceived that these remains could form but a very small portion of some considerable building buried in the mound; and to assure himself of this, he had a well sunk a few paces further on, and instantly came upon other bas-reliefs, which offered to view the first perfect figures he had seen. He found, also, on his first visit, two altars, and those portions of the façade which jutted out above ground at the other extremity of the mound; and, finally, his attention was drawn to a line of mounds which formed the grand enclosure.”*

Leaving this devoted Frenchman to the prosecution of his successful enterprise, we now introduce to the reader another eminent labourer in this field of exploration. Austen Henry Layard, whose name will be identified with the discoveries of Nimroud throughout all future ages, entered upon a course of travel about the year 1839. It does not appear that he had any very definite object in view; but he passed successively through Russia, Germany, Transylvania, and Montenegro; and thence through Albania and Roumelia to Constantinople. Having thus inured himself to the hardships and physical exertion of continued travel, and acquired some experience in the attainment of a knowledge of language, he pursued his way into Asia Minor, devoting himself to a familiar acquaintance with the dialects of Turkey and Arabia, adopting, at the same time, the costume and manners of those countries. In this object he succeeded so fully, that he was soon able to make himself quite at home with the Arabs of the desert. Pursuing his way by Bir and Orfa, Layard reached Mosul on the 10th of April, 1840. On the eighteenth day of the same month, Mr. Layard was one of a party who inspected the ruins at Khalah-Shergat. His stay in this neighbourhood at this time was but short: he continued his travels in the East until 1842, when, returning through Mosul, he formed an acquaintance with Botta, who was at that time engaged in the operations at Kouyunjik. Layard took a deep interest in the work, and, encouraging him to proceed, passed on to Constantinople, from whence he proceeded for some months through the Turkish provinces. Meanwhile, Botta had trans-

* “Nineveh and its Palaces. By Joseph Bonomi,” p. 12.

ferred his works to Khorsabad, and had succeeded in excavating important sculptures. He lost no time in communicating to the principal scientific body of France the result of his researches; and, with a nobility of mind which is truly admirable, he allowed Mr. Layard to see his communications and drawings, as they passed through the Turkish capital.

Absorbed in strong desire to take some part in these interesting discoveries, our Layard laboured in various ways to rouse his country to the importance of the subject, in the hope that means would be provided for prosecuting a course of excavation for the benefit of the English nation. His appeals, however, were unsuccessful, until Sir Stratford Canning (now Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe) generously offered to bear the expense of an experimental effort,—in the hope that, if successful, sufficient means would be found for the prosecution of the work. Thus provided, Layard hastened to Mosul, where he arrived about the end of October, 1845.

We have no taste for recording in detail the progress of this work, because, in addition to the difficulties and obstructions arising from the ungenial climate, the want of experienced labourers, the absence of suitable mechanical means, and other unavoidable circumstances, both Botta and Layard were harassed and threatened, and sometimes compelled altogether to suspend their operations by the ignorance and fanaticism, or still more potent cupidity, of the local Governors of the district. Yet, undeterred by every difficulty and danger, these noble spirits continued their efforts,—Botta at Khorsabad, and Layard at Nimroud,—until they had completely succeeded in disinterring extensive palaces, and placing at the disposal of their respective countries an abundant harvest of sculptures and inscriptions, relating to the ancient history of primitive eastern nations. It is proper here to observe, that Layard's works were not thus continued at the expense of Lord Stratford. As that noble-minded individual had expected, when success had crowned the first efforts of the English explorer, the British Government, by a grant to the Trustees of the British Museum, enabled that body to retain Mr. Layard's valuable services, for the further prosecution of the work. It is, however, deeply to be regretted that this aid was dealt out with such parsimony, that the devoted labourer was unable fully to carry out his plans for extensive discovery in Assyria and Babylonia.

We have now to return to Col. Rawlinson, who—having resumed his study of the inscriptions in Persia, and obtained an interview with an intelligent German scholar, who had devoted much attention to the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions—was now prepared to complete the work which he had so auspiciously prosecuted. But as very conflicting opinions have been expressed on this subject, we prefer giving the account in the words of the gallant and learned gentleman:—

"I commence then with an explanation of the process of decipherment. There are found in many parts of Persia, either graven on the native rock, as at Hamadan, at Van, and Behistun, or sculptured on the walls of the ancient palaces, as at Persepolis and Pasargadae, cuneiform inscriptions which record the glories of the House of Achæmenes. These inscriptions are, in almost every instance, trilingual and triliteral. They are engraved in three different languages, and each language has its peculiar alphabet; the alphabets, indeed, varying from each other, not merely in their characters being formed by a different assortment of the elemental signs, which we are accustomed to term 'the arrow-head and wedge,' but in their whole phonetic structure and organization. The object, of course, of engraving the records in their different languages was to render them generally intelligible. Precisely, indeed, as, at the present day, a governor of Baghdad, who wished to publish an edict for general information, would be obliged to employ three languages, the Persian, Turkish, and Arabic; so in the time of Cyrus and Darius, when the ethnographical constitution of the empire was subject to the same general division, was it necessary to address the population in the three different languages from which have sprung the modern Persian, Turkish, and Arabic, or, at any rate, in the three languages which represented at the time those three great lingual families. To this fashion, then, or necessity of triple publication, are we indebted for our knowledge of the Assyrian inscriptions. I need not describe the steps by which the Persian cuneiform alphabet was first deciphered, and the language subsequently brought to light; for full details have been already published in the Society's Journal; but I may notice, as an illustration of the great success which has attended the efforts of myself and other students in this preliminary branch of the inquiry, that there are, probably, not more than twenty words in the whole range of the Persian cuneiform records, upon the meaning, grammatical condition, or etymology of which, any doubt or difference of opinion can be said at present to exist.

"As the Greek translation, then, on the Rosetta Stone first led the way to the decipherment of the hieroglyphic writing of Egypt, so have the Persian texts of the trilingual cuneiform tablets served as a stepping-stone to the intelligence of the Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions. The tablets of Behistun, of Naksh-i-Rustam, and Persepolis, have, in the first place, furnished a list of more than eighty proper names, of which the true pronunciation is fixed by their Persian orthography, and of which we have also the Babylonian equivalents. A careful comparison of these duplicate forms of writing the same name, and a due appreciation of the phonetic distinctions peculiar to the two languages, have then supplied the means of determining, with more or less of certainty, the value of about one hundred Babylonian characters, and a very excellent basis has been thus determined for a complete arrangement of the alphabet."*

By these means a key was obtained to the Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions. But this study was found to be encompassed with many and peculiar difficulties, and its prosecution, after all

* Colonel Rawlinson, On the Inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia, "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vol. xii., p. 404.

that has been achieved, still requires diligence and zeal. On this point Col. Rawlinson makes the following observations :—

"In some respects the Assyrian alphabet is even more difficult to be made out than the Egyptian. In the latter, the object depicted can almost always be recognised, and the Coptic name of the object will usually give, in its initial sound, the phonetic power of the hieroglyph ; whereas, in Assyrian, the machinery by which the power is evolved is altogether obscure. We neither know the object represented, nor, if we did know it, should we be able to ascertain its Assyrian name,—every thing has to be subjected to the '*experimentum crucis*;' and although, in working out this tentative process, the reduced number of the Assyrian signs, the key of eighty proper names, and the unlimited facilities for comparison, tend essentially to lessen the labour, it may be doubted if these united aids are equivalent to the single advantage which Egyptologists enjoy, of being able to apply the Coptic vocabulary to the elimination of the phonetic powers of the hieroglyphic signs." *

The Babylonian, being a still more ancient type of these inscriptions, presented equal, if not more formidable, difficulties ; so much so, that, in speaking of the whole case, the learned translator candidly declares :—

"I will frankly confess, indeed, that after having mastered every Babylonian letter, and every Babylonian word, to which any clue existed in the trilingual tablets, either by direct evidence or by induction, I have been tempted, on more occasions than one, in striving to apply the key thus obtained to the interpretation of the Assyrian inscriptions, to abandon the study altogether, in utter despair of arriving at any satisfactory result. It would be affectation to pretend that, because I can ascertain the general purport of an inscription, or because I can read and approximately render a plain historical record like that of the Nineveh obelisk, I am really a complete master of the ancient Assyrian language. It would be disingenuous to slur over the broad fact, that the science of Assyrian decipherment is yet in its infancy. Let it be remembered that, although fifty years have elapsed since the Rosetta Stone was first discovered, and its value was recognised as a partial key to the hieroglyphs, during which period many of the most powerful intellects of modern Europe have devoted themselves to the study of Egyptian ; nevertheless that study, as a distinct branch of philology, has hardly yet passed through its first preliminary stage of cultivation. How, then, can it be expected that, in studying Assyrian, with an alphabet scarcely less difficult, and with a language far more difficult, than the Egyptian,—with no Plutarch to dissect the Pantheon, and supply the names of the gods,—no Manetho or Eratosthenes to classify the dynasties, and furnish the means of identifying the Kings,—how can it be supposed that, with all the difficulties that beset, and none of the facilities that assist, Egyptologists, two or three individuals are to accomplish, in a couple of years, more than all Europe has been able to effect in half a century ?" †

* Colonel Rawlinson, On the Inscriptions of Assyria and Babylonia, "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vol. xii., p. 407.

† *Ibid.*, p. 409.

Since this was written, two years more of diligent and devoted labour have been spent on these investigations, and, in consequence, an extended knowledge has been gained, and increasing confidence is felt in the accuracy of inductions previously made. Indeed, in no other instance have such discoveries been conducted by, and such grand results obtained from, such a limited agency. To this initial branch of the subject we wish to direct special attention. Seldom, indeed, has the vast importance of these philological achievements been adequately estimated; and yet, without them, the Assyrian sculptures would be to us but unmeaning signs. Let it be observed, then, that all the events involved in these researches took place during a season of almost universal excitement, during which a few isolated individuals turn their attention to unknown characters, which had been visible to the eye of every passenger for more than twenty centuries, and by united genius, energy, and perseverance, acquire a knowledge of the signs, the language, and the meaning which these inscriptions were intended to convey; whilst, as if to give this achievement the greatest possible effect, a few other persons, altogether unconnected with these labourers and their object, direct their efforts to neglected mounds, which had been thoughtlessly trodden down for nearly an equal period, and from them have extracted sculptures and inscriptions, which, by means of these lingual discoveries, present to our view a knowledge of the architecture, the history, and the religion of extinct nations, which once ruled paramount in the earth, but which have long since sunk into oblivion.

We have no wish to magnify the real measure of these marvellous discoveries; but it does seem worthy of observation, that the principal agents of this great work were found in such circumstances, that, in the ordinary course of human judgment, nothing of the kind could be expected from them. Who and what were they? An English soldier, located in Persia as a political Agent; a French Consular Resident, charged to watch over the commercial interests of his country; and an enthusiastic English traveller. Yet the first of these, whilst satisfactorily discharging the duties of his office, found time to achieve the greatest discovery in language—we speak advisedly—which the world has ever known; whilst the other two, by a remarkable display of individual skill, prudence, courage, and unwearied perseverance, began,—carried on, under every disadvantage and discouragement,—and conducted to a successful issue, a series of excavations in the mounds of Assyria. And these united operations have published to the world the character, manners, and records of the mightiest ancient nations of the earth. If these strange circumstances do not evince the operation of a special and peculiar Providence, they certainly exhibit a collection of the most unlooked-for results and marvellous coincidences to be found in any page of ancient or modern history.

Having thus directed attention to the agency and means by which these discoveries have been made, we proceed to ascertain the nature and extent of what has been thus accomplished.

How few and meagre, but a short time since, were all the remains of ancient Eastern greatness! Some unreadable inscriptions on barren rocks; the pillars and architectural fragments of Persepolis; isolated antique gems in some European cabinets; with the huge mounds on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, —were all that remained to attest the glory and power of Assyria and Babylon, Media and Persia. Nineveh, which had so long been the centre and the seat of the pride and prowess of Asia, had perished so completely, that its site could only be conjecturally and approximately ascertained. Twenty-two hundred and fifty years ago, Xenophon, marching at the head of the Ten Thousand Greeks, when returning from Persia, encamped near the ruins of Nineveh. The eloquent Greek thus describes the neighbourhood:—

“They came to the river Tigris, where stood a large uninhabited city, called Larissa, anciently inhabited by the Medes, the walls of which were twenty-five feet in breadth, one hundred in height, and two parasangs in circuit; all built of bricks, except the plinth, which was of stone, and twenty feet high.....Close to the city stood a pyramid of stone, one hundred feet square and two hundred high.....Thence they came, in one day’s march, six parasangs, to a large uninhabited castle, standing near a town called Mespila, formerly inhabited also by the Medes. The plinth of the wall was built with polished stone, full of shells, being fifty feet in breadth and as many in height. On this stood a brick wall, fifty feet in breadth, one hundred in height, and six parasangs in circuit.” *

These uninhabited ruins, which appeared wonderful to the eye of the intelligent Greek for their antiquity and grandeur, had, during the progress of two thousand years, become buried beneath *débris* and soil, and thus appeared to the spectator of modern times a series of irregular mounds, stretching over a surface about twenty English miles long, and nearly as many broad, on the east bank of the Tigris, opposite to the city of Mosul. This has been the grand theatre of the recent discoveries.

Botta first turned his attention to a mound, on which stands a mosque called Nebbi Younis. Within this building, as the name implies, the tomb of the Prophet Jonah is supposed to be contained. Here Mr. Rich had seen subterranean walls, covered with inscriptions in the cuneiform character; and to their excavation the French Consul first addressed himself; but the number and importance of the houses in that neighbourhood offered an effectual barrier to his object. He then, as already noticed, carried on his operations unsuccessfully at Kouyunjik; and, at length, selected Khorsabad, where his efforts were

* *Anabasis*, lib. iii. cap. iv.

crowned with very great success. Our limits forbid our attempting a continuous narrative of these discoveries: we must, therefore, place before the reader the principal objects attained, as concisely and as consecutively as possible.

The raised platform, on which the public buildings of Assyria were erected, forms a curious feature in the habits of that ancient people.

"So far as has hitherto been ascertained from the explorations at Khorsabad and elsewhere, the pedestal, or sub-basement, of the Assyrian buildings was not a mere accumulation of loose earth incrustated with stone or bricks, but was a regularly constructed elevation, built of layers of sun-dried bricks, so solidly united with the same clay of which the bricks themselves were made, that Botta was for some time doubtful whether it consisted only of a mass of clay well rammed together, as described by Rich; or whether it had originally been entirely formed of bricks, as subsequent investigations have satisfactorily proved. It further appears, that the substructure was solid throughout, excepting where drains or water-pipes were inserted, or where subterranean channels, like the aqueducts found by Sir Robert Porter at Persepolis, existed; and that the mass of brickwork forming the mound was encased round the sides with well-squared blocks of limestone. In order to effectually secure the soluble material of the mound from the action of the periodical rains, not only were the sides encased in stone, but the whole of the upper surface, not occupied by buildings, was likewise protected by two layers of kiln-burnt bricks, or tiles, from eleven to thirteen and a half inches square by five inches deep, all inscribed on the under side, and cemented together with a coating of bitumen. The upper layer was separated from the lower by a stratum of sand six inches in thickness; so that, if any moisture chanced to penetrate, it would most likely be dissipated in the sandy stratum, and thence be drained off before it could touch the second layer of tiles."*

The figure of the platform at Khorsabad is irregular; the south-eastern end being 975 feet long and 422 feet wide, its elevation 20 feet above the level of the plain; the other part being 650 feet long and 553 feet wide, and 10 feet higher. This substantial elevated platform covers more than seventeen English acres. Nothing but an actual reference to such facts and figures can convey to the mind an adequate idea of the magnitude of these ancient erections. In our sketch, an architectural description cannot be given: this would require drawings and detailed accounts, which would extend far beyond our present purpose. The lower terrace appears, from the analogy observable in these structures, to have been reached by steps similar to the grand staircase still remaining at Persepolis; but the excavations have not been extended so far as to place this beyond doubt. On this terrace, about fifty feet from the edge, which was covered by a parapet about six feet high, stood a wall with a projecting

* Bonomi's "Nineveh and its Palaces," p. 130.

façade, which apparently formed the principal, if not the only, entrance to the palace. The great portal, forming the centre of this *façade*, was composed of colossal and beautiful sculpture. On each side of the entrance stood a gigantic human-headed winged bull, looking outward, with his side against the portal, and, in fact, forming the jamb of the doorway. This figure was nineteen feet high, and of admirable proportions. On each side of the portal, each of these bulls was joined to another, standing in a line with the wall, and presenting its side to the outer court. These are of smaller dimensions, being fifteen feet high. Behind these, and thus farther removed from the entrance, stood the colossal figure of a man strangling a lion: this figure was also fifteen feet high. On the other side of these figures, on each side, also in a line with the wall, and exactly similar to those already described, was another winged human-headed bull; so that a person, in approaching the portal, would see, on each side, a group of sculpture, consisting of three winged bulls, with the figure of a man standing between two of them. Each of these groups was thirty and a half feet long, and fifteen feet high, which, with the still larger bulls looking outward, and the gateway, made a continuous mass of ornamental work, ninety feet long and twenty feet in depth. On passing through this magnificent entrance, and ascending to the upper platform, was found, in the south-western wall, an entrance, ornamented with precisely the same kind of sculpture as that which adorned the portal in the *façade* just described, and accompanied by other representations in relief on large slabs. In the north-western wall, which formed the other side of the court, there was an opening guarded by one pair of bulls. Mr. Fergusson, who has skilfully analysed the accounts and sketches of the Khorsabad excavations, divides the buildings discovered on this platform into three sections:—

First, the Hareem, which was a group of buildings supposed to have formed the royal family's residence. This pile was a parallelogram about 400 feet long and 300 feet wide, having a court in the centre. Of this whole group, only two *façades* have been discovered: but here, as in the other parts of the building, the doorways are ornamented by bulls, and the walls covered with sculptured slabs.

The second portion of the Khorsabad buildings is called the Palace. Here, also, we have a court, on two sides of which the pile of buildings forming the public and state apartments are situated. These are fourteen in number, and different in size. Three of the principal of them form a connected suite,—the largest being 116 feet long and 33 feet wide, the next 116 feet long and 30 feet wide, and the third and smaller one, situated between the other two, being 85 feet long and 21 wide. Besides these, ten other chambers have been discovered, several of them approaching them in magnitude. Three of the portals are adorned with the full complement of six human-headed winged

bulls. A person, coming from the city, would first enter the outer court through the portal in the grand *façade* before described, then through a passage, 50 feet long and 10 feet wide, richly ornamented with sculptured slabs, and between the six bulls would come into the royal presence. The other external doorways are adorned with a single pair of bulls. The plan of this palace is thus fully laid open: the size of the rooms, their form, the purposes to which they were appropriated, can scarcely be mistaken. Unfortunately, however, nothing can be ascertained beyond about ten feet from the floor: all above this having been quite destroyed, the further elevation cannot be ascertained. To that height, the walls everywhere are lined with slabs of alabaster covered with sculptures.

The other part of this noble group of buildings is the Temple. This was placed in the innermost recess of the palace. It stood on a terrace raised about six feet above the floor of the palace, and being 163 feet long and 100 feet wide. It was approached by a flight of steps on its north-eastern face, exactly opposite the line of doorways passing the centre of the principal suite of rooms already noticed. At the top of this flight of steps, stand the remains of a room, 40 feet long and 33 feet wide, paved with black basalt; in the centre of which, and near its back wall, is a raised square block, evidently intended to receive either a statue or the altar,—most probably the latter. Immediately behind this, are found the remains of another room, or rooms, about the same width, and extending the whole length of the raised terrace, or, at least, to about one hundred and twenty feet. But the ruin of this portion of the building is so complete, that no opinion can be formed as to whether it consisted of one or more rooms, or what were its precise dimensions. It is, however, a very significant circumstance, that the whole of this building was composed of black material. The terrace, pavement, and sculptured slabs are all of black stone, apparently basalt; from which Mr. Ferguson, with some probability, infers that it was dedicated to the Assarac of the inscription,—the Nisroch of Holy Scripture.

Here, then, is one important section of the disinterred Assyrian buildings,—grand in its conception, extensive in its range, scientific in its plan, and full of interest in all its details. After carefully considering the several parts of this wonderful ruin, the mind instinctively asks, By whom, and when, and for what purpose, were these remarkable edifices raised? The successful efforts which have been already detailed, enable us to afford highly probable answers to these interesting and important questions. From the proficiency which has been made in the decipherment of the inscriptions, it is now regarded as an undoubted fact, that the royal builder of the Khorsabad palace was Sargina,—the Sargon of the Prophet Isaiah, who began to reign about 737 B.C. He was not of the royal family of Assyria; but, being a man of great capacity and courage, he usurped the government

immediately on the death of Tiglath-Pileser, and conducted it very successfully through a brilliant reign. His chief purpose in these erections is set forth in a standard inscription, frequently occurring in different parts of the palace, stating that he had built the city "after the manner of Egypt."

As the whole of the excavated buildings display the same general type, it will not be necessary to go into detail in the description of Mr. Layard's discoveries. The extent of the platform explored by him at Kouyunjik is nearly square, being about 720 feet long and 600 feet wide, or nearly ten English acres. This range of buildings stood on a platform of unbaked brick, encased with stone, very similar to that of Khorsabad. On this platform Mr. Layard opened—

"No less than seventy-one halls, chambers, and passages, whose walls, almost without an exception, had been panelled with slabs of sculptured alabaster, recording the wars and the triumphs and the great deeds of the Assyrian King. By a rough calculation, about 9,880 feet, or nearly two miles, of bas-reliefs, with twenty-seven portals, formed by colossal winged bulls, and lion-sphinxes, were uncovered in that part alone of the building explored during my researches."*

These buildings possess great additional interest from the fact, that they were erected by Sennacherib, the haughty Assyrian King, whose arrogance and presumption are so vividly described in Holy Scripture, and whose ambitious designs were so signally defeated by the miraculous interposition of Jehovah. He was the son and successor of Sargon, who raised these palaces for his official residence, and here chronicled his prowess and his glory, and corroborated the scriptural account of his reverses and end.

We now proceed to notice the excavations at Nimroud, which comprise the most extensive and important of the discoveries in Assyria. Mr. Layard thus describes the appearance of the place before he began his researches:—

"From the summit of an artificial eminence we looked down upon the broad plain, separated from us by the river. A line of lofty mounds bounded it to the east, and one of a pyramidal form rose high above the rest. Beyond it could be faintly traced the waters of the Zab. Its position rendered its identification easy. This was the pyramid which Xenophon had described, and near which the Ten Thousand had encamped: the ruins around it were those which the Greek General saw twenty-two centuries before, and which were even then the remains of an ancient city."†

At the north-west corner of this range of mounds, our energetic countryman commenced his operations, which were almost immediately successful. The works were prosecuted with great spirit from time to time, as opportunity offered, and means were placed at his disposal, until his researches extended over a space

* "Nineveh and Babylon," p. 589. † "Nineveh and its Remains," vol. i., p. 4.

380 yards long, and 330 yards wide, or above twenty-six acres. Of course, the whole of this surface had not been cleared, but penetrated in different places; and where important buildings have been discovered, they have been explored in the different portions of this space.

By these excavations, more than twenty apartments were found at the north-west corner alone. Some of these are very large; one being about 100 feet in length, all covered with sculptured slabs, and the portals and doors ornamented with compound figures, some of them of gigantic size, and great beauty of execution. The ruins bore incontestable evidence that the buildings had been destroyed by fire; indeed, some of the sculptures were so completely calcined, that they fell to dust immediately on being uncovered. A great number, however, remained in a perfect state, and rewarded the toil of the explorer with a rich harvest of information.

On the south-west corner of this range of mounds, the ruins of another palace were discovered. This had also been destroyed by fire; and so completely had this element done its work, that one curiously-constructed hall, 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, alone remained sufficiently perfect to repay the labour of excavation. It was entered by two grand portals, ornamented by gigantic winged bulls and lions, with human heads; and in the centre of the hall was another portal, formed by a second pair of winged bulls; while crouching sphinxes, winged lions and bulls, ornamented other parts of this splendid apartment. It was nearly divided into two by a thick wall running longitudinally in the middle of the room, for about two-thirds of its length, leaving an open space at each end of the room, and having an ornamented portal in the centre. The interior decorations of the walls of this place exhibited a remarkable peculiarity.

"The whole of this hall was panelled with slabs brought from elsewhere; the only sculptures, expressly made for the building, being the gigantic lions and bulls, and the crouching sphinxes. The slabs were not all from the same edifice. Some, and by far the greater number, belonged to the north-west, others to the centre, palace. But there were many bas-reliefs, which differed greatly, in the style of art, from the sculptures discovered in both those ruins. From whence they were obtained, I am unable to determine; whether from a palace of another period once existing at Nimroud, and still concealed in a part of the mound not explored, or from some edifice in the neighbourhood."*

On resuming, however, the excavations in the centre of the mound, the first object of interest that met the eye of the excavators, were two colossal winged bulls, whose backs were covered with inscriptions. On pursuing his researches in this quarter, Mr. Layard soon after discovered an obelisk of black stone, about

* "Nineveh and its Remains," vol. ii., p. 27.

six feet six inches high, and covered with sculptures; soon afterward he found a tomb, about five feet long, and about one foot and a half wide, which contained a skeleton. An extended search brought to light a second tomb of a very similar kind and size. Mr. Layard thus describes his further progress in this research:—

“Many other tombs were opened, containing vases, plates, mirrors, spoons, beads, and ornaments. Some of them were built of baked bricks carefully joined, but without mortar; others consisted of large earthen sarcophagi, covered with an entire alabaster slab.

“Having carefully collected and packed the contents of the tombs, I removed them, and dug deeper into the mound. I was surprised to find, about five feet beneath them, the remains of a building. Walls of unbaked bricks could still be traced; but the slabs with which they had been panelled were no longer in their places, being scattered about without order, and lying mostly with their faces on the flooring of baked bricks. Upon them were both sculptures and inscriptions. Slab succeeded to slab; and when I had removed nearly twenty tombs, and cleared away the earth from a space about fifty feet square, the ruins, which had been thus uncovered, presented a very singular appearance. Above one hundred slabs were exposed to view, packed in rows, one against the other, as slabs in a stone-cutter’s yard, or as the leaves of a gigantic book. Every slab was sculptured; and, as they were placed in a regular series, according to the subjects upon them, it was evident that they had been moved, in the order in which they stood, from their original positions against the walls of sun-dried bricks; and had been left as found, preparatory to their removal elsewhere. That they were not thus arranged before being used in the building for which they had been originally sculptured, was evident from the fact, proved beyond a doubt by repeated observation, that the Assyrians carved their slabs after, and not before, they were placed. Subjects were continued on adjoining slabs, figures and chariots being divided in the centre. There were places for the iron brackets, or dovetails. They had evidently been once filled; for I could still trace the marks and stains left by the metal.

“These sculptures resembled, in many respects, some of the bas-reliefs found in the south-west palace, in which the sculptured faces of the slabs were turned towards the walls of unbaked brick. It appeared, therefore, that the centre building had been destroyed to supply materials for the construction of the more southern edifice. But here were tombs *over* the ruins. The edifice had perished, and in the earth and rubbish accumulating above its remains, a people, whose funereal vases and ornaments were identical in form and material with those found in the catacombs of Egypt, had buried their dead. What race, then, occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces? At what period were these tombs made? What antiquity did their presence assign to the buildings beneath them? These are questions which I am yet unable to answer.” *

Turning from the serious subjects mooted in these queries, for

* “Nineveh and its Remains,” vol. ii., p. 20.

a brief space, we have to direct attention to another important excavation in a different part of the Nimroud mounds. Suspending his operations in the centre, Mr. Layard caused a pit to be dug to a considerable depth, at the south-east corner of this cluster of ruins. At length he uncovered a slab, on which was an inscription, which, on examination, was found to contain a royal name, known as occurring on the back of one of the colossal bulls discovered in the centre excavations. On removing this slab it was found to be the lid of a sarcophagus, which, with its contents, was still entire beneath. Numerous other sarcophagi were afterward found, mostly of the shape of a "dish-cover," although some of them were constructed of brick, well fitted together, and covered with a slab.

"In nearly all were earthen vases, copper and silver ornaments, lachrymatories, and small alabaster bottles. The skeletons, as soon as uncovered, crumbled to pieces, although entire when first exposed."

Proceeding with the work, Mr. Layard says,—

"Removing these tombs, I discovered beneath them the remains of a building, and explored parts of seven chambers. * * * No sculptured slabs or inscriptions were found in them. They resembled those in the ruin to the north of Kouyunjik; the lower part of the walls being built of plain slabs of limestone, three feet seven inches high, and from two to three feet wide, closely fitted together, and the upper part of sun-dried bricks, covered by a thick coat of white plaster. I could trace this brick wall about fourteen feet above the slabs. The chambers were paved with limestone. There were no traces of inscriptions, nor were there any remains of fragments by which the age of the building could be determined. In the walls were recesses, like those in some of the chambers of the north-west palace, and the sides of the doors were slightly ornamented with a rough kind of cornice. No remains of colour could be seen on the plastered walls." *

Several trenches were made in other parts of the mound; and, continues Mr. Layard,—

"Everywhere I found traces of buildings, and generally reached a pavement of baked bricks, between ten and fifteen feet beneath the surface. In the northern half of the mound the name of the founder of the earliest palace was written upon all these bricks. No remains, however, of sculptured slabs or inscriptions were discovered; but many small objects of considerable interest were occasionally taken out of the rubbish: amongst them I may mention three lions' paws in copper, of beautiful form, which may have belonged to the bottom of a couch or throne." †

We have endeavoured to convey to the reader an intelligible idea of the progress and result of the several discoveries made in the Nimroud group of mounds; and it now remains, as far as possible, for us to state their relative age, and the probable builders of these palaces. Although in his early efforts Mr.

* "Nineveh and its Remains," vol. ii., p. 39.

† *Ibid.*, p. 42.

Layard declared himself unable to solve these problems, his latest researches have done almost all that can be desired for their elucidation. Summing up the result of his labours at the close of his last volume, he says:—

“On the artificial platform, built of regular layers of sun-dried bricks in some parts, and entirely of rubbish in others, but cased on all sides with solid stone masonry, stood at one time at least nine distinct buildings. Between each was a terrace paved with stone, or with large kiln-burnt bricks, from one and a half to two feet square. At the north-western corner rose the great tower, the tomb of the founder of the principal palace. I have described its basement encased with massive masonry of stone, relieved by recesses, and other architectural ornaments. The upper part, built of brick, was most probably painted, like the palaces of Babylon, with figures and mythic emblems. Its summit I conjecture to have consisted of several receding gradines, like the top of the black obelisk; and I have ventured to crown it with an altar, on which may have burnt the eternal fire.”*

“It is very probable,” (adds the learned explorer,) “that this ruin represents the tomb of Sardanapalus, which, according to the Greek geographers, stood at the entrance of the city of Nineveh.”†

Adjoining this tower were two small temples dedicated to Assyrian gods. They were evidently more than one story high, and their beams and ceilings were of cedar. They contained statues of the gods, and the fullest records of the reign of the King their founder, engraved on immense monoliths. Between them was a way leading to the platform from the north.

The original founder of the great north-west palace probably reigned about the end of the twelfth century before Christ; but it was rebuilt, and greatly ornamented, by a King, whose name Dr. Hincks gives as Assaracbal, and whom Col. Rawlinson calls Sardanapalus.

The central palace, built by a son of the preceding, named Divanubara, was afterwards rebuilt by Pul, or Tiglath-Pileser; but this edifice was almost totally destroyed by Esarhaddon, who used the materials for the erection of a new palace, which he built on the south-west corner of the platform. This sovereign, as is well known, was the son and successor of Sennacherib.

The palace at the south-east corner was built by the grandson of Esarhaddon; and its style and character strikingly indicate the declining condition of the empire. Its materials and mode of construction are greatly inferior to those of the other royal residences. It has no great hall, nor any sculptured slabs.

Mr. Layard commenced excavations both at Khalah-Shergat and Babylon, and obtained from each place interesting and important articles: but the difficulties which opposed continued operations at these places were so great, and Mr. Layard's means so limited, that these excavations were not prosecuted on

* “Nineveh and Babylon,” p. 653.

† *Ibid.*, p. 125.

an extensive scale, nor for more than a brief space of time. No buildings were discovered in a state to afford any valuable information.

It now becomes desirable to give some condensed account of the numerous inscriptions and sculptures which have been thus obtained. As might be expected, the sculptured slabs with their pictorial and literal inscriptions, and the sculptured figures, are justly regarded as of more practical importance than any other part of these celebrated ruins. They are very numerous. Those found at Khorsabad extended internally and externally to a length of 40,000 feet, at a height of 10 feet, making a surface of nearly an English acre full of inscriptions in that palace alone. In order to give any intelligible or useful sketch of the contents of these ancient records, it will be necessary to attempt something like classification. Not that it will be possible within our limits to notice all of them; but, by grouping them together in sections, we may be able to direct attention to the most important portion of the information with which they are charged.

We will first endeavour to give a brief notice of some of those which have the appearance of chronicles or historic records.

A royal cylinder, discovered in a temple near Nineveh, appears to give the names of two immediate successors of Divanukha, who is said to have been the founder of the present Nimroud: but these do not appear to have been certainly deciphered. A slab found at the same place gives some account of a King, whose name Rawlinson renders *Anak-bar-beth-hira*, and records his exploits. This king seems to have reigned in the eleventh century before Christ, when the empire appears to have comprised Assyria, Mesopotamia, Babylonia, and probably Armenia. But we are compelled to regard the rendering of this inscription, also, as to some extent conjectural.

The undoubted historic records of the inscriptions begin with the King who was the last builder of the north-west palace at Nimroud, and who is by Rawlinson called Sardanapalus. The discovery and preservation of this important record of ancient history are very curious. Whilst conducting the excavations by the celebrated high pyramidal mount at Nimroud, an entrance to a small temple was discovered; and on the right of this entrance, and apparently outside the walls of the temple, was found one of the finest specimens of Assyrian sculpture brought to this country. "It represents the early Nimroud King in high relief, carved on a solid block of limestone, cut into the shape of an arched frame.—The Monarch wears his sacrificial robes, and carries his sacred mace in his left hand. Round his neck are hung the four sacred signs,—the crescent, the star, or sun, the trident, and the cross. His waist is encircled by the knotted cord, and in his girdle are three daggers." But the most curious circumstance of the whole is, that the entire slab, eight feet eight inches high, four feet six inches wide, and one foot three inches

thick, is covered, behind and before, except when the sculpture intervenes, with an inscription, in small and admirably-formed arrow-headed characters. In the interior of this small temple was found a recess, paved with one enormous slab, twenty-one feet long, sixteen feet seven inches wide, and one foot one inch thick. This monolith had been broken into several pieces, probably by the falling-in of the roof of the building, and had in many places been reduced to lime by the burning of the ceiling. The whole of its surface was covered with one inscription, three hundred and twenty-five lines in length, divided into two parallel horizontal columns, and carved with the greatest sharpness and care. When Mr. Layard raised the detached pieces of this broken slab, he was surprised to find that the back of it was covered with the same inscription as the front; and on comparison it was seen that both these were copies of that on the slab bearing the figure of the King mentioned above. By collating these three, a tolerably complete copy of the whole inscription has been obtained.

This record commences with an invocation to the great god Asshur, then to the twelve great gods; then comes the name of the King, with an extended account of his exploits. Our limits forbid the transcript of this interesting document. It details the King's wars and conquests, and describes his erection of the north-west palace; and then follows a farther account of his martial career, and of the great cruelty with which he treated his vanquished enemies. The following brief extract is given as a specimen :—

"On the 22nd of the month, I crossed the Tigris: on the banks of the Tigris I received much tribute. In the city of Tabit I halted. I occupied the banks of the river Karma. In the city of Megarice I halted. From the city of Megarice I departed. I occupied the banks of the Khabour. I halted at the city of Sadikanni: I received the tribute of Sadikanni," &c.*

This kind of itinerary, interspersed with details of sanguinary wars, is continued to a great extent, and forms an authentic chronicle of this early reign.

In the course of Mr. Layard's excavations in the centre of these mounds, his workmen discovered a small black obelisk, which has been already mentioned. On this were found, when examined, the annals of the reign of Divanubara, the son and successor of the preceding Monarch, and who was the builder of the central palace. Besides sculptured representations of tribute, &c., the several sides of this obelisk contain cuneiform inscriptions, giving detailed accounts of more than thirty campaigns made by this Sovereign or his military commanders. We copy the record of the sixth year.

* "Nineveh and Babylon," p. 354.

"In the sixth year, I went out from the city of Nineveh, and proceeded to the country situated on the river Belek. The Ruler of the country having resisted my authority, I displaced him, and appointed Tsimba to be Lord of the district; and I there established the Assyrian sway. I went out from the land on the river Belek, and came to the cities of Tel-atak and Habaremya. Then I crossed the Upper Euphrates, and received tribute from the Kings of the Sheta. Afterwards I went out from the land of the Sheta, and came to the city of Umen. In the city of Umen I raised altars to the great gods. From the city of Umen I went out to the city of Barbara. Then Hem-ithra, of the country of Atesh, and Arhulena, of Hamath, and the Kings of the Sheta, and the tribes which were in alliance with them, arose: setting their forces in battle array, they came against me. By the grace of Assarac, the great and powerful god, I fought with them, and defeated them; twenty thousand five hundred of their men I slew in battle, or carried into slavery. Their leaders, their Captains, and their men of war, I put in chains."*

This King probably reigned until about 860 B.C.

Of the next two Monarchs we have no monumental records. But with Sargina, who built Khorsabad, we have again the advantage of native records.

"The ruins of Khorsabad furnish us with the most ample annals of this reign. Unfortunately, an inscription, detailed and containing an account of his campaign against Samaria, in his first or second year, has been almost entirely destroyed. But, in one still preserved, twenty-seven thousand two hundred and eighty Israelites are described as having been carried into captivity by him from Samaria and the several districts or provincial towns dependent upon that city. Sargon, like his predecessors, was a great warrior."†

The standard inscription, recording the events of this reign, contains the name and titles of the King, the states and tribes subject to Assyria, an account of the building of Khorsabad after the manner of Egypt, and a prayer to the gods for its protection; after which it records a numerous series of campaigns and public events.

The son of this Monarch was the great Sennacherib: his name is identified as the builder of Kouyunjik; and inscribed annals of his reign have been discovered among the ruins of that place. We insert the part recording his campaigns against Hezekiah.

"In the autumn of the year, certain other cities, which had refused to submit to my authority, I took, and plundered. The nobles and the people of Ekron, having expelled their King, Haddiya, and the Assyrian troops who garrisoned the town, attached themselves to Hezekiah, of Judea, and paid their adorations to his God. The Kings of Egypt, also, sent horsemen and footmen, belonging to the army of the King

* "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vol. xii., pp. 430-447.

† "Nineveh and Babylon," p. 618.

of *Mirukha*, (Meroë or Ethiopia,) of whom the numbers could not be counted. In the neighbourhood of the city of *Allakhis*, (Lachish,) I joined battle with them. The Captains of the cohorts, and the young men of the Kings of Egypt, and the Captains of the cohorts of the King of 'Meroë,' I put to the sword in the country of *Lubana* (Libnah). Afterwards I moved to the city of Ekron, and, the chiefs of the people having humbled themselves, I admitted them into my service; but the young men I carried into captivity, to inhabit the cities of Assyria. Their goods and wealth, also, I plundered to an untold amount. Their King, Haddiya, I then brought back from the city of Jerusalem, and again placed in authority over them, imposing on him the regulated tribute of the empire; and, because Hezekiah, King of Judah, did not submit to my yoke, forty-six of his strong fenced cities, and innumerable smaller towns which depended on them, I took and plundered; but I left to him Jerusalem, his capital city, and some of the inferior towns around it. The cities which I had taken and plundered I detained from the government of Hezekiah, and distributed between the Kings of *Ashdod*, and *Ascalon*, and *Ekron*, and *Gazah*; and, having thus invaded the territory of these Chiefs, I imposed on them a corresponding increase of tribute, over that to which they had formerly been subjected; and because Hezekiah still continued to refuse to pay me homage, I attacked and carried off the whole population, fixed and nomade, which dwelled around Jerusalem, with thirty talents of gold and eight hundred talents of silver, the accumulated wealth of the nobles of Hezekiah's court, and of their daughters, with the officers of his palace, men-slaves and women-slaves. I returned to Nineveh; and I accounted this spoil for the tribute which he refused to pay me."*

Sennacherib could not be expected to publish, at Nineveh, the manner and extent of the terrible ruin inflicted on his army by the angel of God. Indeed, his account of these campaigns evinces the same kind of policy as that which dictated Napoleon's celebrated bulletins from Russia.

The records of Esarhaddon's reign are preserved on a large hexagonal cylinder found at Nimroud, near the supposed tomb of the Prophet Jonah, and now in the British Museum. He, also, was an eminently martial Sovereign, and styles himself, in the inscriptions, "King of Egypt and conqueror of Ethiopia."

The deeds of Esarhaddon's son are also elaborately exhibited in sculptures, which have been discovered and preserved; especially his conquest of Susiana, and the barbarous and horrid tortures which he inflicted on many of his captives.

Of the grandson of Esarhaddon, who built the south-east palace, we have no records. He was the last, or next to the last, of the Assyrian Kings.

Of the Median King who, with Nabopolassar of Babylon, overthrew the Assyrian empire, no information in the inscriptions has yet been discovered; but a tablet has been brought to

* "Outlines of Assyrian History," p. xxiv.

England, from Babylon, which bears the name of Nebuchadnezzar and that of his father; and thousands and tens of thousands of bricks have been dug from the ruins of that city, bearing the name of the Chaldean destroyer of Jerusalem. Square stones have also been found, bearing the name and titles of Nebuchadnezzar. It is, indeed, a singular fact, that every inscribed stone or brick found at Babylon hitherto has borne this name; a circumstance highly confirmatory of the history which we possess of the Babylonian empire.

On the statue of Cyrus the Great, at Pasargadae, there is an inscription in cuneiform characters, which has been translated thus: "I am Cyrus the King, the Achaemenian."

The most important record, however, which remains of the Persian Kings, is that on the sacred rock at Behistun, detailing the deeds of Darius Hystaspes. This monument deserves special attention. It stands on the western frontier of Media, on the great road leading from Babylonia to the east. The rock on which it is engraved rises abruptly from the plain to a height of one thousand seven hundred feet. It was always approached with reverence, and regarded as consecrated to the Supreme God. About three hundred feet above the level of the ground, the face of the rock, having been made a smooth plane surface, has been engraved with elaborate sculptures and inscriptions. This contains pictorial representations of Darius as the great King, with two attendants standing behind him, and before him ten men,—one prostrate under his right foot, the others standing in a line, one behind the other, fastened together by a rope which passes around their necks,—each having his hands bound behind his back. Above and just before the King, is seen the symbol of the Divine Triad,—nearly the same as that which is found in the early sculptures of Assyria. Above, around, and beneath the space occupied by these figures, are numerous cuneiform inscriptions. These contain a record of the lineage and exploits of the King Darius Hystaspes, especially of the insurrections which he had quelled, and the usurpers he had destroyed,—the latter being represented by the ten figures before the King. We give two or three paragraphs, numbered as they stand in the first column of the inscription.

"1. I am Darius the great King, the King of Kings, the King of Persia, the King of the dependent provinces, the son of Hystaspes, the grandson of Arsames the Achaemenian.

"6. Says Darius the King:—These are the countries which have fallen into my hands:—by the grace of Ormuzd I have become King of them:—Persia, Susiana, Babylonia, Assyria, Arabia, Egypt, those which are of the sea, Sparta and Ionia, Armenia, Cappadocia, Parthia, Zarangia, Aria, Chorasmia, Bactria, Sogdiana, the Sacæ, the Satagydes, Arachosia, and the Mecians; the total amount being twenty-one countries.

"8. Says Darius the King:—Within these countries, whoever was of

the true faith, him have I cherished and protected; whoever was a heretic, him I have rooted out entirely."*

Of Xerxes several inscriptions remain: we give one from the ruined palace at Persepolis.

"The great god Ormuzd, (he it is) who has given this world, who has given that heaven, who has given mankind, who has given life to mankind, who has made Xerxes King, both the King of the people and the lawgiver of the people. I am Xerxes the King, the great King, the King of Kings, the King of the many-peopled countries, the supporter also of this great world, the son of King Darius, the Achemenian."†

After the reign of Xerxes, the cuneiform inscriptions appear generally to have ceased. Two or three notices only of Artaxerxes Ochus remain: but they are so analogous to those of Xerxes, that they do not merit citation.

Besides supplying us to a large extent with native records of Assyrian and Persian history, the sculptures furnish us, even to a greater measure, with pictorial representations of their wars. We have now vividly exhibited to the eye the whole series of operations which took place in the most important of these wars, which brought Asia under the power of Nineveh. We have, indeed, in the multitudinous works of art supplied by modern nations, no approach to the vast range of representation afforded by these sculptures. Our artists are satisfied with depicting some brilliant exploit or great battle; but in Assyria the whole extent of operations throughout a campaign was shown.

Beginning with the march of the army from the capital, showing the different bodies of troops, some on foot, others on horseback, or in chariots, with the king at their head, the sculptures proceed to describe its progress over hill or plain. The mode of crossing rivers on inflated skins, or by boats; the fight in the field, or the besieging of cities; the mode of battering walls, or scaling ramparts by ladders; all the appliances in use for aggression or defence; the rout and pursuit of the enemy; the numbering of the slain, and the leading away of the captives; together with the burning, or the destroying otherwise, of the captured city, and the collection of the spoil;—all are minutely represented; and so faithfully and uniformly are the different dresses, armour, weapons, and physiognomy of the several tribes and nations depicted, that it is easy to distinguish the same people in the sculptures of various campaigns and reigns.

In the remains, also, we have a full exhibition of the state and progress of the arts in Assyria: and, on this head, the testimony given by these discovered monuments may occasion surprise. In them we can trace nothing like progressive advancement in

* "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vol. x., pp. 195, 197, 199.

† *Ibid.*, p. 338.

the highest and most difficult branches of drawing and design. On this point the opinion of Mr. Layard is decisive:—

“It is impossible to examine the monuments of Assyria, without being convinced, that the people who raised them had acquired a skill in sculpture and painting, and a knowledge of design, and even of composition, indicating an advanced state of civilization. It is very remarkable, that the most ancient ruins show this knowledge in the greatest perfection attained by the Assyrians. The bas-relief representing the lion-hunt, now in the British Museum, is a good illustration of the earliest school of Assyrian art yet known. It far exceeds the sculptures of Khorsabad, Kouyunjik, or the later palaces of Nimroud, in the vigour of the treatment, the elegance of the forms, and in what the French aptly term ‘*mouvement*.’ At the same time, it is eminently distinguished from them by the evident attempt at composition, and by the artistical arrangement of the groups. The sculptors who worked at Khorsabad and Kouyunjik, had perhaps acquired more skill in handling their tools. Their work is frequently superior to that of the earlier artists, in delicacy of execution,—in the details of the features, for instance,—and in the boldness of the relief; but the slightest acquaintance with Assyrian monuments will show, that they were greatly inferior to their ancestors in the higher branches of art, in the treatment of a subject, and in beauty and variety of form.”*

But, perhaps, after all, the Assyrian sculptures are placed in the most important and interesting aspect, when regarded as exhibiting to our view the religion of that ancient and mighty people. It will have been observed by all conversant with the inscriptions, that the King of Assyria invariably speaks of a pre-eminent god,—“the god Assarac, the great lord.” But this deity is clearly not the only one: indeed, he is worshipped as “King of all the great gods.” Col. Rawlinson has given us the names of these deities, with their characters and attributes. So far as ascertained, they are *Asshur*, the deified patriarch of the people, and clearly the Assarac of the sculptures; *Anu*, or Noah, the same as the Oannes of Berosus; *Bel*, or Belus, called on the obelisk “husband of Derceto;” *Derceto*, or Semiramis, the Mother of the Gods; *Saturn*, or *Moloch*, who sometimes stands at the head of the Pantheon; *Merodach*, supposed to represent the planet Mars; the *Sun*, one of whose names was *Shamas*, as in Hebrew and Arabic; the god *San*, whose name is found in Sennacherib, Sanballat, &c.; *Diana*, the daughter of Derceto; *Hadad*, or *Adar*, the god of fire, the son of Anu, or Noah; *Ashteroth*, or Venus; *Rhea*, or Cybele; *Nebo*, or Mercury; besides some others, as yet imperfectly identified. In addition to the names of these deities, we find peculiar, but very significant, references to paradisiacal traditions. Every author whose attention has been turned to the subject, has identified the compound sculptured figures, found everywhere guarding the portals in the public buildings of Assyria, with the

* “Nineveh and its Remains,” vol. ii., p. 281.

scriptural Cherubim. Indeed, that the former arose out of a direct reference to the latter, seems to be now an undoubted and fully recognised fact. Then, the sacred tree, which appears always to stand associated with worship, can scarcely have had any other prototype than the tree of life in Paradise. Mr. Fergusson has, indeed, laboured to show, that this was not a tree, but a combination which was identical with the object afterward so common in the idolatry of Western Asia, under the name of "grove." But it seems much more reasonable, even admitting the learned author's arguments, to maintain the origin which we have supposed. We confess we have little doubt but that this figure represented the sacred tree of Paradise, and that the imitation of it led to the idolatrous groves to which reference has been made. But, probably, the most striking and important element in this religious system was the Triadic figure, composed of a circle sustained by wings enclosing a human figure, and seen over the head of the King on the sculptures. Whatever be the particular import of this significant symbol, it is worthy of remark, that the human figure in the circle is always represented in precisely the same attitude as that of the King below ; and, on the Persian sculptures, the human figure is evidently a portrait of the King.

It must not be overlooked that the influence and providential interposition of God are constantly recognised in the inscriptions. Does the proudest Assyrian Monarch glory in the extent of his empire? In doing so, he invokes the supreme and inferior gods, and solicits their assistance and protection, just as the Persian Kings ascribed to Ormuzd the giving of all dominion and power. It is the same in passing events. The Assyrians ascribed their success to divine favour. "By the grace of Assarac, the great and powerful God, I fought them, and defeated them," says Divanubara, of Nineveh. "These are the countries which have fallen into my hands, by the grace of Ormuzd," observes Darius, of Persia.

And the zeal evinced in the support and perpetuation of the national faith, was proportionate to this recognition of divine supremacy. The great professed object of Assyrian war was the extension of a pure faith. Hence, after subduing a country, the Assyrian King declares, "I appointed Priests to reside in this land, to pay adoration to Assarac, the great and powerful god, and to preside over the national worship." And so Darius, of Persia : "Within these countries, whoever was of the true faith, him I have cherished and protected ; whoever was a heretic, him I have rooted out entirely." We have on the monuments, also, the most horrible illustrations of this policy. On one of the slabs found at Kouyunjik, some captives are represented as subjected to terrible tortures. One being pinioned to the ground, an Assyrian soldier has his hand in the sufferer's mouth, and is tearing out his tongue : another is being held by the beard by

one soldier, whose comrade is beating out the brains of the victim with an iron mace. But the point of this is found in an inscription above the group, which states "that, these men having spoken blasphemies against Assarac, the great god of the Assyrians, *their tongues had been pulled out.*" *

In endeavouring to place before the reader the extent to which these discoveries have contributed to our acquaintance with the history, manners, and religion of the ancient eastern nations, we do not by any means overlook the imperfect state of the science which has been thus created; nor the fact, that we have as yet only entered on very important investigations, which it will take many years to conduct to a full and satisfactory completion. Without venturing to speculate on the amount of knowledge which will be secured when all this is done, we confine ourselves to a calm and dispassionate review of what has been already effected.

We may instantly, and with confidence, assert, that these discoveries have revealed the site, magnitude, and splendour of the ancient Assyrian capital. It cannot be denied, that, previously to these explorations, the world had no certain knowledge even of the first of these. So early, indeed, as the time of Xenophon, whilst the ruins were yet visible, the learned Greek seemed to have no idea that they were the remains of Nineveh. He calls the city "Larissa," and says, "It was formerly inhabited by the Medes." Diodorus Siculus, the contemporary of Augustus, who certainly collected with great diligence, for his "*Bibliotheca*," the historical knowledge extant in his day, places Nineveh "near the Euphrates;" and Buckingham, one of the most intelligent of modern travellers, even whilst looking over these identical mounds, speaks very doubtfully on the subject. "We came," he says, "to the principal mounds *which are thought to mark the site of the ancient Nineveh.*" All this doubt is now removed; and the palaces of Sargon, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon are before us,—not, it is true, in their beauty and glory; for the malediction of Heaven, as announced by inspired Prophets with so much point and power, has fallen upon "the bloody city." Yet before us lie their ruins; and, as if Jehovah had predestinated this heathen capital to bear, in the last days, unequivocal testimony to the verity of his word, every portion of them appears instinct with intelligence, and surcharged with information. The floors, the walls, the bricks, the stones,—the parts intended to be open to observation, and those intended to be for ever concealed,—are alike covered with records of their own origin, and of the national history. By these means, Nineveh is identified. The city which repented at the preaching of Jonah, is again restored to her place in the history of the world.

It is further worthy of observation, that the extent and

* Layard's "*Nineveh and Babylon*," p. 456.

splendour of this ancient capital seem to be nearly as fully ascertained as its existence. Here we confess our complete reliance on the induction of Layard, who includes within the city walls "the four great mounds of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles," and makes their situation just the same as the four corners of the city; thus assigning it a compass just equal to that given by Diodorus and other ancient authors. For,

"From the northern extremity of Kouyunjik to Nimroud is about eighteen miles; the distance from Nimroud to Karamles, about twelve; the opposite sides of the square, the same."*

We need not detain the reader to show that the splendour, size, and number of the buildings and sculptures found in these ruins, are demonstrative of their royal character, and illustrative of all that Nineveh might be expected to produce.

We have also obtained undoubted information respecting the civilization, power, and character of the ancient Assyrians. There is a remarkable difference between the sculptured representations of this country and those of Egypt. In the latter we have not only exhibitions of wars, sieges, battles, and royal processions; but also the manner of performing every useful art, the mode of conducting every manufacture, and a minute and comprehensive representation of the employments, recreations, and social life of the people. As yet, nothing of this kind has been found on the monuments of Assyria. Here the sculptures mainly refer to martial operations and royal deeds. Yet, notwithstanding this, enough is seen to indicate, beyond all doubt, the high state of civilization to which this people had arrived, or, to speak more correctly, which they had maintained. Of their taste and elegance Mr. Layard thus speaks:—

"The *guilloche*, or intertwining bands, continually found on Greek monuments, and still in common use, was also well known to the Assyrians, and was one of their most favourite ornaments. It was embroidered on their robes, embossed on their arms and chariots, and painted on their walls.

"This purity and elegance of taste was equally displayed in the garments, arms, furniture, and trappings of the Assyrians.

"The robes of the King were most elaborately embroidered. The part covering his breast was generally adorned, not only with flowers and scroll-work, but with groups of figures, animals, and even hunting and battle-scenes. In other parts of his dress similar designs were introduced; and rows of tassels or fringes were carried around the borders. The ear-rings, necklaces, armlets, and bracelets were all of the most elegant forms. The clasps and ends of the bracelets were frequently in the shape of the heads of rams and bulls, resembling our modern jewellery. The ear-rings have generally, on the later monuments, particularly on the bas-reliefs of Khorsabad, the form of a cross. In their arms the Assyrians rivalled even the Greeks in elegance of design."†

* "Nineveh and its Remains," vol. ii., p. 247.

† *Ibid.*, p. 298.

This taste and elegance extended to all their furniture, domestic arrangements, state-apartments, and, in fact, to their whole range of private and public economy.

It must not, however, escape observation, that, contemporaneously with all this exquisite taste in the arts, we have convincing proof of the mentally and morally debasing influence of idolatry. The barbarous cruelty emblazoned on their sculptures strikingly illustrates this fact. In several instances, we have horrid exhibitions of captives being flayed alive ;—in others, the bloody heads of the dead are shown suspended around the necks of the living ;—again, we see captives led by cords, attached to rings inserted in their lips ;—and, in some cases, the eyes of these wretches are bored out with the point of a spear. How fearfully does all this exhibit the only kind of civilization that can obtain when the true God is not known !

Besides these elements of information,—conscious as we are of the imperfection of our knowledge of these countries, and anxious to obtain further acquirements,—it may be safely affirmed, that we have a substantial basis of fact for an Assyrian history. We are no longer left to the romantic fables which have been handed down to us respecting Ninus, Semiramis, and Ninyas. The black obelisk alone tells us more of Assyrian history than the world possessed at the close of the eighteenth century. Colonel Rawlinson's "*Outlines*" are a noble contribution to ancient history, and clearly show the vast importance of these discoveries in this respect.

We have also, in the results of these explorations, very powerful corroborations of the truth of Holy Scripture. They have furnished these corroborations by exhibiting the names and actions of individuals specially mentioned in its sacred pages,—as Sargon, Sennacherib, Ésarhaddon, Nebuchadnezzar, and Cyrus. These Kings are spoken of by the Prophets, and other inspired writers, in connexion with the most sublime miracles and prophecies. But the name and memorial of some of these having perished from the pages of profane history, sceptics have dared to sneer at the relations of Scripture concerning them. But how does the case now stand ? The records of these sovereigns are found in the city which the sacred writers said they occupied, and, as clearly as can be ascertained, at the times, in the order, and under the circumstances which were ascribed to them. It would be easy to strengthen this general evidence by the citation of several pertinent instances : we simply refer to one. And we ask with confidence, What can be more striking than the account, on the sculptures, of Sennacherib's campaign against Judah, regarded as a confirmation of Holy Writ ? Every fact stated in the Bible, as occurring in Judea, is repeated in the inscriptions : and the ruin of his army is virtually admitted by Sennacherib, in the fact of Hezekiah's continued possession of Jerusalem. The memorable terms, " I

left to him his capital city, and some inferior towns around it," showed neither the mercy nor the forbearance of the proud Assyrian, but distinctly proclaimed that his means of taking those places had been suddenly and miraculously destroyed.

In addition to this historical testimony, we direct attention to one rather singular instance of fulfilled prophecy. In the predictions of Balaam, it is said, "And he looked on the Kenites, and took up his parable and said, Strong is thy dwelling-place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock. Nevertheless, the Kenite shall be wasted, until Asshur shall carry thee away captive." (Numb. xxiv. 21, 22.) This was delivered a short time before the Israelites crossed the Jordan; and, at the same time, the Prophet declared, "Amalek was the first of the nations, but his latter end shall be that he perish for ever." The Amalekites and Kenites dwelt, at this time, in immediate neighbourhood, and continued to do so, until Saul received a command from God to destroy the former tribe. When entering on this work, he sent a message to the Kenites, thus:—"Go, depart, get you down from among the Amalekites, lest I destroy you among the Amalekites." (1 Sam. xv. 6.) So the Kenites departed from among the Amalekites, and the latter were destroyed, according to the prediction delivered about five hundred years before; while the Kenites still remained subject to the accomplishment of the prophecy respecting them. Here Holy Scripture leaves the case: but the Assyrian sculptures supply the desired information. In them, as Colonel Rawlinson assures us, the captivity of the Kenites by the Assyrian is duly related.*

These cases might be multiplied, but our limits forbid it. We estimate this corroboration of revealed truth as of the greatest value, not because we regard the Bible as deficient in demonstrative internal evidence,—we hold this to be complete,—but because, in past days, ancient history has been the favourite field for sceptics and infidels to vaunt their power, and to assail the truth. We may give a striking instance of the happy results of these and other cognate discoveries. Less than half a century ago, one of the most learned Deists of France, a man of great energy, genius, and intellectual power, earnestly sought for a theme, in the development of which he might, as he vainly hoped, destroy the authority of Scripture, and subvert the doctrines of the Gospel. Having made his election, he took his stand amid venerable mounds, ruined architecture, and the *débris* of departed cities. He invoked the genius of the past to teach lessons of wisdom to mankind. The laboured effort of Volney in his "Ruins of Empires" failed; and we venture to predict, that no similar attempt will ever be made for the like purpose. On the contrary, with our present means of information, if a zealous and enlightened Christian, of competent abilities and learning,

* "Outlines of Assyrian History," p. xxxiii., *note*.

were to devote himself to the illustration and defence of revealed truth, we doubt whether he could find a more efficient basis for those purposes, than that which is now presented in the ruins and remains of ancient empires. Certainly, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, and Egypt, would supply most ample contributions.

We have occupied so much space with the subject brought before us by the valuable works mentioned at the head of this article, that nothing can be said concerning them beyond a very brief indication of their general character.

The work of Mr. Vaux is, as it purports to be, an historical sketch of ancient Assyria and Persia; and although put forth in an unpretending form, it is a work of importance, and adapted to be useful.

Mr. Bonomi's production is, on the whole, a fair and intelligible exposition of the discoveries of Botta and Layard, with some attempts to carry out these to their results.

Mr. Fergusson has dealt with the whole subject, principally in relation to its bearing on the architecture of these ancient edifices, and has given considerable information on this branch of the discoveries.

Layard's productions afford the great mass of information which has been obtained on the whole subject; and we say the least that is due to his manner and style, when we add, that, bulky as are his volumes, they are eminently readable. We confess that the facility with which he unites interesting narratives and travels with the details of his researches, seemed in our view to amount almost to a fault, as diverting our attention from the main object. But this peculiarity of style, by its effect on general readers, will probably be the means of diffusing still more widely the information which these valuable works contain.

Rawlinson's papers are written on a different model. He grapples with the difficulties of reading and translating the cuneiform character and language, in all their vast range, with steady and devoted firmness. Here no amusement needs to be sought. If the gallant Colonel had been charged with the reduction of the strongest fortress in Asia, he could not have set about his work in a more soldierly style than that which he has evinced in his philological researches. The same remarks apply to the ingenious and sagacious efforts of Dr. Hincks.

We commend the whole subject to serious attention, as one of the most wonderful developments of this progressive age; and we scarcely hesitate to hazard an opinion, that these discoveries, wonderful as they are, form but the commencement of a new era in the investigation and knowledge of the history and religion of the ancient world.

- ART. II.—1. *The Natural History of Man, comprising Inquiries into the modifying Influence of Physical and Moral Agencies on the different Tribes of the Human Family.* By JAMES COWLES PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., &c. Second Edition, enlarged. London: Hippolyte Baillière. 1848.
2. *The Natural History of the Varieties of Man.* By ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M.D., F.R.S. London: Van Voorst. 1850.

MAN, in every age and in every country, has sought to know something of the primeval history of his race, and by so doing has indicated the existence of a deep-rooted instinct, which would connect the present with the past. There are few tribes, however savage, that have not a traditional history, in which is embraced the primal birth of man. But the sages of Greece, equally with the untutored Polynesians, being ignorant of the right mode of searching out the truth, have blended the subject with the dreams of their mythic theology; and even the Jewish race, though guided by a divinely-inspired record, have contrived to fall considerably short of a just comprehension of their own Scriptures. The blind and uninquiring faith of the Hebrew led him to regard the dispersion following the erection of Babel, as affording an ample explanation of the phenomena now exhibited by the scattered races of man. In this belief the example of the Jew was, for ages, followed by the Christian Church. But the application of the principles of Bacon to the study of man soon made it manifest, that, as a scientific or philosophical problem, it was not so easy of solution, but involved the profound study of a long chain of causes, which began to operate during the Adamite age, and which are still affecting the condition of the human family.

Within a comparatively recent period, this study has been elevated to the rank of a science, named Ethnology. The great question which it seeks to solve is the unity or otherwise of the human race. Are the blue-eyed maiden of England, the swarthy Italian, the tawny Chinese, the thick-lipped Negro, the coppery Indian, and the ventose Australian, of one species, and sprung from one common stock? or are they distinct, having descended from independently-created pairs of human beings, who exhibited originally all the peculiar features which we now find in these widely dissimilar people?

Different men will obviously regard this question from two distinct points of view. The Bible shadows forth, in a brief but significant manner, the early history of our race. But since a few short chapters of Genesis contain alike the history of the pre-Adamite earth, and that of the human family for a period of two thousand years subsequent to the Adamic creation, it is evident that none but the most important events would be

recorded; their importance being measured, not by a merely human standard, but by the significance of their relation to God's future dealings with man. The majority of the events thus recorded are not only dogmatically affirmed, but the recognition of their historic truth involves the existence of principles which permeate every portion of the sacred volume. One of the events thus recorded is the creation of our first parents in Paradise, as the prototypes from whom have sprung all the nations of the earth. The inquiring Christian naturally turns to the results of ethnological studies with warm interest, to ascertain how far they confirm the historic outline handed down to him from the Mosaic age.

But there is a second position from which we are called upon to view this subject,—that of inquirers after scientific truth, applying the inductive method of investigation to the history of humanity, as one of the many branches of general science. If such an inquiry is to be properly conducted, all preconceived hypotheses, whencesoever derived, must be held in abeyance. We must not descend from dogmatic generalizations to detailed facts, but, in strict accordance with the principles of Bacon, deduce our generalizations from our facts. Let not timid minds shrink from such a scrutiny, fearing the result. The Christian philosopher will enter upon the investigation with a confidence proportioned to his faith in the authenticity of the revealed word. The mazy labyrinths of scientific research will not deter him, because he feels assured that, however an incomplete inquiry may for a time threaten to shake his confidence, ultimately every cloud will be dispelled, and every dubious fact explained. The legitimacy of this philosophic faith in the integrity of Scripture is confirmed by all the scrutinies to which the Bible has hitherto been subjected. Doubts have been suggested again and again, but only to be removed by the extension of the boundaries of knowledge. Within a recent period the chronologies of China and Hindostan, and the planispheres of Egypt, were triumphantly appealed to by infidel writers in proof of the indefinite antiquity of the human race. The allegations excited a free inquiry; and what has been the result? The thousands of years indicated by the zodiacs of Dendera and Esneh have dwindled, under a rigid philosophic scrutiny, until the oldest of these works has been shown to be but a monument of the Augustan age. The tables of Tirvalour are not more ancient than the beginning of the fifteenth century; and the celebrated astronomical treatise, the "*Surya Siddanta*," regarded by the Brahmins as their most ancient astronomical work, is probably not more than 770 years old.*

* We do not forget that Lepsius still claims for the Egyptian dynasty of Manetho an antiquity that would make its founder co-eval with Adam's later years. But, until further corroborative evidence of the correctness of his decision is obtained, we may learn wisdom from the past, and pause ere we receive his important conclusion.

Equally satisfactory, doubtless, will be the results of a free investigation of ethnological subjects.

But it will be urged, as has been already done by a distinguished writer, "that the Scriptures are no more intended to teach men Ethnology, than to instruct them in Geology or Astronomy."* This is perfectly true; and, were the scriptural account of man's origin a mere vague incidental allusion, the *apparent* meaning of which was contradicted by an impregnable array of scientific evidences, such a reply might be valid. But the record of the history of our first parents does not present this incidental character; it stands in the closest connexion with a vital doctrine, which permeates the entire sacred volume. If *this* history fall, it carries along with it all that is distinctive in the Christian dispensation, since the facts which it relates constitute the foundation upon which the entire superstructure rests. This association with the essentials of Christianity removes the record from the category of a mere allusion indicating only the imperfect science of an early age, and stamps it with an importance that cannot be over-rated. As the brilliant discoveries of Layard and Rawlinson are now verifying even minute details in the historic books of the Bible, so, doubtless, will ethnological investigations ultimately confirm those earliest pages of the Mosaic history which describe the origin of the human family. But, be this as it may, the investigations will be carried on by competent men, uncontrolled by any hypothetical bias, and in the severe manner which will alone satisfy the rigid requirements of modern science. Knowing this, it is an important and gratifying fact, that though philosophic ethnologists dare not yet enunciate the common origin of mankind from a single pair as a *demonstrated* truth, yet, as far as the inquiry has proceeded, all its indications lead in one direction. From philosophical data alone, men are pressing towards a conclusion which affords the strongest support to the concise narrative of Holy Writ.

As already intimated, the scientific problem to be solved is this: Do all the myriads of men now inhabiting the earth belong to *one* species,—their obvious differences merely resulting from the long-continued operation of external and internal influences?—or are there many distinct species of men, who have sprung from a corresponding number of pairs of protoplasms, created independently of each other? In seeking a response to this question, Dr. Prichard and his co-inquirers have not limited their investigations to the human species, but have given a wider interest to the study, by exhibiting its relations with an extended range of phenomena presented in common by man, the inferior animals, and the vegetable kingdom. In this part of the subject, the value of Dr. Prichard's labours cannot well be exaggerated,

* Dr. Carpenter.

since he has brought together a mass of evidence of the most conclusive kind, showing the extent to which both physical and psychological changes may be carried by the long-continued action of external causes. As many of the facts are very curious, a few may be cited in illustration of the kind of evidence that has been brought to bear upon the subject, especially selected from the domesticated quadrupeds.

We have few opportunities of comparing these animals with the parent stock from which they sprang. The original of the common milch cow is probably lost. It is a disputed question, whether the breeds of tamed sheep are descended from the Argali of Siberia, from the Mouflon of Barbary, or from some other stock not yet identified. But though, in such cases as these, we have not the means of making the comparisons adverted to, we can subject many of them to a definite and somewhat similar test. Horses, dogs, cows, swine, sheep, goats, geese, and barn-door fowl, have been carried by man into new climes, where they were surrounded by new influences. In many such cases, they have escaped from human control, and, running wild amidst woods and plains, have relapsed into states not very unlike those from which man's care and culture originally raised them. Some of these changes have merely affected the hue and composition of their tegumentary organs. Others have gone further, and led to transformations of their internal structure; whilst a third class have even altered their psychological natures, and given them new faculties and instincts. It is thus that the well-known variations in the colours and forms of dogs have been produced; the prevailing impression amongst anatomists being in favour of the unity of the species. But their peculiarities of form are less striking than the varieties of instinct with which they are now endowed:—the foxhound, the bloodhound, and the harrier, chasing their prey, guided by the sense of smell; the greyhound merely using its eyes; the springer and the retriever recovering the game; the pointer, the lurcher, the terrier, and the bulldog, all exhibiting peculiar psychological faculties, which they did not primarily possess, but which, having been once acquired, they have transmitted to their offspring as hereditary attributes. That these instincts have severally resulted from altered external circumstances, is rendered probable by the occurrence of similar phenomena, within a recent period. A French writer, M. Roulin, tells us,* that when the dogs employed in hunting the herds of Peccari, on the banks of the Magdalena, are first imported, they rush impetuously into the midst of the herd, and are often destroyed. But the cubs of those which have long been engaged in this pursuit, and have learned greater caution, instinctively exhibit the same prudence as their parents, and merely keep the herd in check. A newly acquired power of a somewhat similar

* *Mémoires de l'Institut.*

character has become hereditary amongst the deerhounds of Santa Fé, in Mexico. These and similar facts demonstrate the possibility of animals acquiring new instincts, and transmitting them to their offspring. It appears that the noisy faculty of barking is merely acquired; for wild dogs never bark. If it might be allowed, it were much to be wished that some of the yelping curs that infest our neighbourhoods could revert to their primary state. It is curious, too, that Grimalkin's hideous midnight caterwaulings are but a second nature, since the wild cats of America are no such disturbers of the rest of drowsy mortals. Here, again, civilization is not synonymous with improvement.

The herds of wild swine, ranging the American forests, and descended from stocks introduced by the early colonists, exhibit similar phenomena. Their legs have become longer, their ears erect, their foreheads vaulted; and, in most cases, their colour is entirely black. The tendency to variation of hue, developed by domestication, ceases to manifest itself, when the influences of human culture are withdrawn. On the cold mountains of Paramos, the short scant bristles of our Irish porkers have been replaced by a thick fur, beneath which is often a species of wool. The hoofs of some varieties of swine are solid; in others they are not only divided, but occasionally even five-cleft. Yet, no doubt exists that all the known varieties are descended from one native stock, now represented by the wild boar, which has long since reverted to its primary condition.

The other animals referred to present similar phenomena. The physical varieties in the size, shape, colour, &c., of the domestic cow, which are almost as marked as those of the dog, have all been acquired during the lapse of years. But we further learn that the power of furnishing a constant supply of milk through long-continued periods is one that the animals do not possess in their wild state. In the latter case, the supply is dependent on the presence of the calf; and when the young animal is removed, that supply ceases. It is fearful to think what might have been the character of London milk, had not man effected this improvement in the habits of the "lowing herd."

We have still more obvious examples of the influence of external causes on the breeds of sheep. Dr. Prichard remarks that—

"In Europe, the breeds of sheep vary much in stature, in the texture of their wool, the number and shape of their horns, which are in some large, in some small, in others wanting to the female, or altogether absent from the breed. The most important varieties in Europe are the Spanish breeds, some with fine, others with crisp, wool, in which the rams have long spiral horns; the English breeds, which differ greatly in size and in the quality of the wool; and, in the southern parts of Russia, the long-tailed breed. The breeds of sheep in India and in Africa are remarkable for the length of their legs, a very convex forehead, and pendent ears; these also have long tails. Their covering

is not wool, but a long smooth hair. In the northern parts of Europe and Asia, the sheep have short tails. The breeds spread through Persia, Tartary, and China, have the tails transformed into a double spherical mass of fat. The sheep of Syria and Barbary, on the other hand, have long tails, but likewise loaded with a mass of fat."*

Wide as are these divergences, most naturalists are agreed that the animals belong to one species: the existence of this tendency towards modification has also been demonstrated by the changes produced in our own time by the farmers of Leicestershire and Sussex.

The examples quoted show that the most obvious effects produced by domestication, have been those connected with the colour and composition of the skin and its appendages, such as hair, horns, hoofs, and feathers. We have seen that, in the case of the wild swine, there exists an obvious tendency towards uniformity of hue. The same remark applies to the horse, the ox, and probably to the dog; showing that the variations in our domestic breeds are not natural to them. This is a curious circumstance; since, when we come to consider the chief varieties of the human race, we shall find that these are precisely the portions of man's organization that present the greatest diversities. And after all, painful as is the fact to the Bond-street exquisite, or the gay frequenters of Almack's, there is the closest possible resemblance between all that is typical and essential in man, and the lower animals. Organized after the same pattern; and acted upon by the same influences, very similar results have followed their common distribution over the earth.

It is a remarkable fact, that the capacity for variation is most strongly indicated in the animals that accompany man in his widely-extended migrations; supplying his wants, multiplying his comforts, and aiding him in overcoming the wild beasts of the field. Has this resulted from the pre-ordination of a wise and considerate Creator, who has adapted these creatures, above all others, to subserve human purposes? or has it merely resulted from the circumstance that man, by his wanderings from the tropics to the poles, has subjected them much more extensively to the test of experiment, than he has done those creatures of whose services he had less need? The answer to this query is not easy, but we are disposed to believe that the goodness of God to man has here found a specially manifested expression. What would man have done without his faithful companion the dog? From the Esquimaux of the North, to the Kangaroo hunters of Australia, he is everywhere dependent upon its aid. The only animal that has accompanied him in *all* his wanderings, it is scarcely too much to say with Baron Cuvier, that his varied attributes "were perhaps necessary for the establishment of the dominion of mankind over the animal creation." Of what vital importance was

it that the faithful creature should possess the power of adapting himself to every clime, and of acquiring his diversified instincts! Surely the hand of God was here in a more than ordinary manner.

The conclusions which Dr. Prichard has drawn from his extensive researches on this subject, are the following:—

"1. That tribes of animals which have been domesticated by man, and carried into regions where the climates are different from those of their native abode, undergo, partly from the agency of climate, and partly from the change of external circumstances connected with the state of domesticity, great variations.

"2. That these variations extend to considerable modifications in external properties, colour, the nature of the integument, and of its covering, whether hair or wool; the structure of the limbs, and the proportional size of parts; that they likewise involve certain physiological changes or variations as to the laws of the animal economy; and, lastly, certain psychological alterations or changes in the instincts, habits, and powers of perception and intellect.

"3. That these last changes are in some cases brought about by training, and that the progeny acquires an aptitude to certain habits which the parents have been taught; that psychical characters, such as new instincts, are developed in breeds by cultivation.

"4. That these varieties are sometimes fixed in the breed so long as it remains unmixed.

"5. That all such variations are possible only to a limited extent, and always with the preservation of a particular type, which is that of the species. Each species has a definite or definable character, comprising certain undeviating phenomena of external structure, and likewise constant and unchangeable characteristics in the laws of its animal economy, and in its psychological nature. It is only within these limits that deviations are produced by external circumstances." *

These generalizations bring us to the consideration of two other important questions, viz., What constitutes a species? and what practical test will avail to distinguish between *species* and mere *varieties*?

Many attempts have been made to define the term *species*. Cuvier and D candolle have been followed by several others in the adoption of definitions, embodying the idea of community of descent from a single being or pair of beings. According to this idea, all the descendants from any pair of protoplasms are specifically the same, however wide or persistent the variations which time and external circumstances have produced. Definitions resting upon this basis are probably correct, but they afford us no help in settling moot cases,—in deciding upon the specific unity or diversity of any series of objects that may be before us. We want to know, for instance, whether the wolf and the dog are descended from common parents. So far from helping us to obtain the information required, definitions of the kind referred

* "Natural History of Man," pp. 74, 75.

to pre-suppose us to know the very thing that we wish to learn: Consequently, we must seek in some other direction a mode of rendering an hypothetical *dictum* capable of a practical application.

Natural objects may be arbitrarily divided into two very different classes. In one of these, the most minute peculiarities of organization are transmitted from parent to offspring, with no appreciable variation. Whatever number of individuals of one such species may be brought together, they are all exactly alike; and we may sometimes (*e. g.*, in the case of the mummies of the Egyptian Ibis) have the means of proving, that what they are now, they were hundreds and thousands of years ago. In such a case, the relationship of the individuals would be readily recognised from their common resemblances; an unvarying permanency of form and colour being a characteristic of the species.

But there are other cases, in which the absence of such uniformity is an essential characteristic; in which a potentiality for a wide range of variation is one of the specific features of the organism. Cases of this class occasion great perplexity to the naturalist, since the extreme forms differ far more widely from each other than they do from some independent species with which they have no real relationship. The same brood of kittens will often contain individuals that are black, white, and grey. Here difference of colour obviously does not indicate difference of species. Hence, the rule that would guide us aright in the previous case is not applicable here. We thus learn, that, whilst in some species a capacity for a wide range of variability is a specific characteristic, in others the opposite feature of a permanent uniformity equally constitutes a specific distinction. In deciding upon the claims of individual objects to the rank of independent species, the considerations above mentioned must be borne in mind. A large number of differing objects are arranged in a linear series, the two extremities being occupied by those which present the greatest differences. If we find that these extreme types are united by intermediate forms, in which the transition is shown to be gradual,—the gradations being scarcely perceptible,—we may conclude that the entire series belongs to one species. The indications of difference are not sufficiently decided to constitute specific features: consequently, we may infer that the whole group is the progeny of a primary pair of protoplasms, which have acquired differences of size, form, and hue, under the influence of external circumstances, altogether resulting from a potentiality impressed upon the protoplasms at the time of their creation.

But, on the other hand, if each one of our series of objects present well-marked, though small, differences from those on either side of it; and if the distinctive features can be traced in a large number of similar examples, without the occurrence of any blending transitional forms; we may, with great probability,

conclude, that we have before us the representatives of several closely allied, but perfectly distinct, species, descended from a corresponding number of protoplasms which have resulted from as many distinct creative acts.

This process of inquiry enables us to avail ourselves of the definitions employed by Cuvier and Décaudolle, and to apply them to the solution of the claims of the different varieties of the human race to rank as independent species. But there is yet one more difficulty to be removed, before the demonstration of man's unity can be made complete, arising from the existence of *hybrids*, such as the mule, the offspring of parents which were specifically distinct from each other. Take the mule, as a well-known illustration. It is obviously neither a horse nor an ass; yet it partakes of characters in common with both. Is the mule a distinct species, that has thus been produced independently of any primary creative act on the part of the Creator? The answer to this involves the entire question, whether the varieties produced by external influences are, or are not, to be regarded as permanent species. The response is furnished by nature herself. She has not only made no provision for the perpetuation of these hybrids, but she has even thrown every conceivable hinderance in its way. The vast majority of such objects amongst animals are absolutely sterile; and, even in the few cases where the reverse has obtained, it has only done so through two, or at most three, generations, beyond which there appears to be no well-authenticated example of a fertile hybrid. In the vegetable world, things are somewhat different; but even there nature seems to have placed a ban upon such mongrel productions. It is with the utmost trouble that the horticulturist can retain his best varieties of fruit and vegetables, beyond a limited number of years. A good Ribston pippin is now difficult to find. This variety of the apple has run to seed, and its place has been taken by others of more modern growth; showing clearly that that which is spurious and artificial must pass away, in obedience to primeval and immutable laws. It is impossible that objects thus unfitted for maintaining their own permanent existence can be regarded as *species*. It is true, that there are natural influences which successively cause existing forms to become extinct; and geology tells us, that such influences have been in operation through all past time. But, to obtain evidence of their operation, we require a review of the vast cycles of ages, with which geology alone has made us familiar. To bring these magnificent periods into the same category with the ephemeral existences of the hybrids in question, is to compare the orbit of Neptune with the circle of a wedding-ring, or the thunders of heaven with the crack of a popgun.

Having thus prepared the way, let us now see what are the

leading phenomena presented by the human race, which require to be explained. We cannot introduce this part of our subject better than by again quoting Dr. Prichard.

"Numerous are the divisions which different writers have adopted, in distributing and classifying the varieties of the human family. Amongst those who consider mankind as made up of different races, no two writers are agreed as to the number of separate tribes. As there is no fixed principle of division, it seems to be, in a great measure, arbitrary, and left to the choice of individual writers, whether they shall enumerate more or fewer of such groups; and it happens that every new ethnologist subdivides the nations which his predecessor had connected, and brings together some which he had separated."*

The fact is, that the great writers occupying the front ranks in the ethnological army, have adopted different methods of investigation, and arrived at somewhat varied results. But, though this is the case, we must not suppose that the entire study is a delusion. The differences are of such a kind as tend to confirm the general tenor of their conclusions. They chiefly relate, as the above quotation points out, to the number of the varieties which the human race presents, the boundaries of the geographical areas over which they are spread, and the best names to be assigned to them. The last of these points is of small moment; the second is merely a question of detail; and the first is of less real than apparent importance. Discrepancies of opinion, as to the best number of primary subdivisions, arise from the fact, that no natural boundary-lines separate the groups. This is a fact requiring constant reiteration, since both the phraseology and the systems of the men with whose names the public mind has hitherto been the most familiar, have tended to keep alive the contrary notion. The extreme examples of opposite contours, whatever be the organ selected for comparison, are often very distinct from each other, and may be received as types with which to compare other forms; but there are so many intermediate conditions uniting these extremes, that it is impossible to separate them by any natural line of demarcation. Then, again, the number of the types will vary according to the organ to which prominence is given. One ethnologist will trust mainly to the skull, or even to some particular aspect of it; a second will select the colour of the skin; whilst a third may be disposed to ignore all these, and found his classification upon the structural varieties of language. Diverse conclusions are the necessary results of these circumstances; but they only tend to demonstrate what we believe to be both philosophically and scripturally true, namely, that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men."

One of the earlier investigators, Camper, classified men according to their "facial angle." He drew a line from the external aperture of the ear to the lower border of the nostril, and

*"Natural History of Man," p. 132.

intersected this horizontal line by a vertical one touching the anterior border of the upper jaw, and the most prominent part of the forehead. The angle contained within these two lines, he termed the "facial" one. When this angle was small, man approximated to the condition of the brute; when it was large, he exhibited the highest form of humanity. The fallacy of this test may be shown by two facts. In most men, the point where the vertical line would touch the forehead, would be at the eye-brow. This organ is much more prominent in the man than in the child, wholly irrespective of any development of the brain; since, as the child approaches adolescence, a large cavity is found in the bone over each eye, by the gradual separation of the outer from the inner bony plates of the cranium. These "frontal sinuses" may be very large, whilst the brain may be relatively small. Consequently, their prominence, though it increases the facial angle, does not necessarily imply ascent in the scale of civilization. On the other hand, Professor Owen has shown, that whilst the brain of the chimpanzee attains its full development at an early age, the bones of its face continue to grow, and to be pushed forwards, for a long time subsequently; so that, as the parent increases in years, and should do the same in wisdom, the facial angle steadily diminishes, and causes the matured creature, if measured by this test, to occupy a much lower position than its immature offspring. This method of distributing men into groups, modified as it was by Cuvier, though not without collateral uses, was soon found to be too imperfect for the primary purposes of classification.

A much more philosophical system was propounded by the celebrated Blumenbach; a system which not only became exceedingly popular, but has left its impress upon those that have more recently taken its place. Whilst he regarded mankind as consisting of but one species, he recognised five great subdivisions or varieties,—namely, the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopian, the Malay, and the American; meaning by the latter term, not the Anglo-Saxon population of the United States, but the native races that once peopled the entire continent and its adjacent islands. Of these, he regarded the Caucasian, or great European family, as the primary stock; and the other, as its immediate off-sets.

Cuvier reduced Blumenbach's sub-divisions to three,—the Caucasian, the Mongol, and the Negro. Respecting the Malay he was doubtful, and the American he referred to the Mongol race.

Dr. Prichard, one of the most learned of modern ethnologists, in what Humboldt designates his "admirable work," gives it as his opinion, that men can be more conveniently divided into *seven* primary groups:—1st. Those allied to the European race, but including many Asiatics and some Africans; 2nd. Those allied to the Calmucs, Mongols, and Chinese; 3rd. The native

Americans, excluding the Esquimaux; 4th. The Hottentot and Bushman race; 5th. The Negro; 6th. The Papuan or woolly-headed nations of Polynesia; and, 7th. The Alfours and Australian races. The first and second of these correspond closely with Blumenbach's Caucasian and Mongolian varieties; but for these terms Prichard substitutes Iranian and Turanian. The former of these Humboldt prefers to Caucasian; remarking, at the same time, "that geographical denominations are very vague, when used to express the points of departure of races."* It appears that Blumenbach's term, "Caucasian," originated in an accidental circumstance. His finest example of what he regarded as the European type of skull, happened to be that of a Georgian female. "Never," says Dr. Latham, "has a single head done more harm to science than was done in the way of mischief by the head of this well-shaped female from Georgia."† The result has been the prevalence of the idea, that the mountain-ranges of the Caucasus were the centres of the race designated by their name. But, so far from such being the case, the Georgian and Circassian nations have no affinity with the Caucasians of Blumenbach, but are Mongols, who have migrated from the interior of Asia to the borders of Europe, and acquired physical peculiarities different from those of the stock from which they sprang. On the other hand, there are many circumstances connecting the early history of the European race with the ancient Iran, now embraced in the Persian empire. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers, how limited a value Dr. Prichard assigned to all these *large* groups.

Dr. Latham, the latest and most distinguished of living English ethnologists, only admits *three* great primary divisions:—1st. The Iapetidæ, corresponding, in the main, with the Iranians of Dr. Prichard; 2nd. The Mongolidæ, identical with Cuvier's similarly-designated group, embracing the Malay, the American, and the Australian; 3rd. The Atlantidæ or African race, including the Semitic nations spreading through Arabia and Palestine to the borders of Kurdistan.‡

Such are a few of the principal classifications adopted by ethnologists; but, though these, and any others hereafter adopted, may be of some slight use in affording centres around which to group known facts, we suspect that, on the whole, they have been productive of more evil than good, simply because they have led to the entertainment of false views respecting the true relationships of nations. We are convinced that a more philosophic mode of handling the question is that adopted by Dr. Prichard in his "Natural History of Man;" namely, breaking up the human family into numerous small groups; this plan being employed in connexion with the examination of particular parts and

* "Cosmos."

† "Varieties of Man," p. 108.

‡ Dr. Latham's term, "Iapetidæ," had previously been employed by Fischer and Bary St. Vincent.

functions of the organization, without any primary reference to systems of classification. Thus, for instance, we may take the colour of the skin as one of the subjects of study; but we cannot make this test conform to our artificial groupings: so many exceptional and anomalous varieties are constantly intruding themselves upon us, from quarters that do not square with our favourite subdivisions, that we are obliged to abandon it as a leading guide. But if, after a little squeezing of some facts, and ignoring of others, we succeed, as Lessow thought he had done, in thus throwing mankind into tabulated groups, and then turn our attention to another organ, as the skull, and again obtain a second series of tabular results, we shall find that the two sets of conclusions will not agree. Neither the number nor the distribution of the families, obtained from these two sources, will correspond; simply because they bear no necessary relation to each other. On the one hand, we shall obtain affinities where there should be diversities,—ethnology in such cases, like poverty, giving men strange bedfellows,—whilst other races, which ought to be united, are widely separated. Thus we find some of the types of organization which chiefly prevail in Central Asia, recurring among the swarthy nations of Southern Africa. This circumstance has led some writers to regard the latter as having once been connected with the Semitic races of the North, if not with the Mongols of Asia; a supposition strengthened, in their opinion, by the extensive prevalence of the rite of circumcision amongst the Kaffir tribes. But this really indicates no relationship of descent, since the Hottentots, who present more of the Mongol element than the Kaffirs, do *not* practise this Judaic custom; whilst the Ghá, of Cape-Coast, who are, in all respects, genuine Negroes, and as remote from Mongols as from Europeans, adopt the same custom in a still more marked degree. In fact, the insuperable difficulties which attend this plan of subdivision into large groups, and which have led both Dr. Prichard and Humboldt to express a decided disapproval of the method, only tend to confirm the scriptural theory of man's unity, by showing man's utter inability to establish any well-defined groups, which can be regarded as representing separate species.

We will, therefore, adopt what, as we have already remarked, we believe to be a better mode of dealing with the subject, and review some of the phenomena presented by individual parts of the human organism; ascertaining how far we can discover well-defined boundary lines, or whether we are not rather everywhere met by those gliding transitions from one extreme type to another, which we have already maintained to be incompatible with the idea of independent species.

The skull has ever been regarded as the most important of the organs of the body, viewed in relation to ethnology. This was to be expected. Independent of the passing reflection of human passions in the countenance, the general expression of

the latter is materially affected by the more permanent contour of the cranium, which contains the brain, the instrument of thought and volition. Without admitting the details of the phrenological delusion, we believe in some of its broad truths, and, as a general rule, connect with the healthy expansion of the cerebral organ a corresponding power in the functions which it performs. At the same time, it appears probable that, as in the other organs of the body, those functions will obtain additional vigour by exercise; whilst the organ which is their instrument will undergo a corresponding increase in its size. Few persons doubt that the passions and the intellect, respectively, bring into action different portions of the brain. Hence, on philosophical grounds, we should expect to see the subjective attributes of the man portrayed in his physiognomy. What daily experience declares to be true in its application to individuals, is almost equally so in reference to races and nations. There is a national, as well as an individual, intellect, the prevailing tendencies of which are manifested in the national head and facial expression. If these propositions are correct, what may we expect to have resulted from the degrading influences to which many nations have been exposed, century after century, without the intervention of any of the benign agencies which check the downward tendencies of humanity? How fearful to realize the past condition of the cannibals of Feejee, or the Alfours of Australia! Thousands of years have rolled over their heads without one glimmering ray penetrating the thick darkness of their moral atmosphere. Borne down by vice in its most diabolical forms, one generation has succeeded another, leaving no record of the past, save what is now written on the sensual countenance, as clearly as it is seen in the habitual life of shameless crime. But what a fearful history is engraven there! How little can we now recognise the offspring of that noble pair, in whose

"Looks divine

The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude, serene and pure!"

The features have gradually degenerated, until they have approximated towards those of the orang and of the chimpanzee,—creatures which, unlike fallen man, are still true to their primeval instincts. Surely the veriest of infidels must acknowledge that Satan has done his worst amongst these unhappy outcasts of creation.

Though all ethnologists are agreed in regarding the skull as affording the most trustworthy distinction between differing races, they have varied in their methods of employing it. The profile, the front or facial, the vertical, and the basal aspects of it have been, in turn, dwelt upon by Camper, Prichard, Blumenbach, and Owen; whilst the length of the internal or cranial cavity, in proportion to its breadth, has been considered by

Retzius to be a point of importance. The fact is, all these methods of viewing the head must be taken into the account; and, when they have been so employed, we find that all known skulls may be reduced to three primary types, termed, by Prichard, the Prognathous, the Pyramidal, and the Orthognathous, and which would be respectively illustrated by the Negro of the Coast of Guinea, by the Chinese, and by the Englishman.

The first of these, or Prognathous type, is chiefly characterized by the remarkable projection of the jaws, and its consequent approximation to the form seen in the skulls of the lower animals. This contour, combined with the "foreheads villanous low," gives an aspect of ugliness to the countenance which betokens sensuality and degradation. It is seen, in its most marked form, amongst the true typical Negroes dwelling on the shores of the Mozambique Channel, and the low alluvial plains bordering the Gambia and the Senegal; but it is not confined to these, or even to the African races generally. It characterizes the Negro races of Blumenbach and Cuvier, including the Alfours and Papuans of New Holland, New Guinea, and Feejee, who are regarded by Dr. Latham as having closer affinities with the Mongol than with the Negro. Wherever the type is found, it is associated with habits of the lowest kind, and indicates the most miserable condition of which humanity is capable.

The second, or Pyramidal, type of skull is very different from the Prognathous, and usually indicates such an advance in civilization as would attend the abandonment of the hunter's life and the adoption of pastoral habits. Its chief peculiarity is conspicuous either in the facial or the basal aspects, but especially the former. It consists in the height and breadth of the cheek-bones, which by their prominence give a remarkable flatness to the face, and which, when combined with a narrow and retreating forehead, cause the cranium to assume that pyramidal aspect whence it derives its name.

This form of skull is chiefly found amongst the wide-spread nomade tribes inhabiting the vast plains or steppes of Asia, including the Chinese race, as well as those who wander along the shores of the Icy Sea. Amongst these latter tribes, the hunter's habits are still retained from imperious necessity; the inhospitable nature of their climate alike preventing the cultivation of the ground, and the formation of herds of cattle: but elsewhere the pastoral life prevails. It is a curious circumstance, that the Pyramidal skull recurs amongst the Hottentots of Southern Africa,—a race having no kind of direct relationship with the Asiatic nations; the two regions being separated by the wide area of Africa, inhabited by true Negroes. Amongst the Chinese, the peculiar physiognomy caused by the Pyramidal skull is made still more striking by the oblique position of the eyes: the outer angles are lifted up, so that lines drawn through the axes of the two eyes meet near the middle of the nose. This

is not a Mongol feature, neither is it exclusively Chinese, since it recurs elsewhere, as in the modern Copts, and amongst some Australians. As a general rule, the Pyramidal head may be regarded as characterizing the Mongolian or Iranian race.

The third form of skull is that which Prichard has termed Orthognathous, because, owing to its more ample development, the forehead ascends from the face in a nearly straight and vertical line. It has also been termed oval or elliptical; because, when perfectly developed, it combines the length of the Negro cranium with the breadth of the Mongol or Pyramidal skull. Heads of the oval or Orthognathous type prevail amongst the potent and intellectual nations of Western Europe, and characterize the Caucasian race of Blumenbach,—the Iranian of Prichard. They indicate that higher development of the brain, through which organ we trace the connexion between external physical peculiarities and moral attributes; and help to demonstrate the correctness of the conclusions at which we arrived respecting the past moral degradation of the Negro, as indicated by his diminished brain and Prognathous skull. Throughout many succeeding ages, the races exhibiting the Orthognathous head, possessing, as they have done, a high combination of mental and moral attributes, and a well-developed physical frame, have become the virtual masters of the world. Amongst them religion finds its purest and loftiest expression,—science and art have attained their fullest expansion. Amongst them even war itself, in which ruder nations might be expected to excel, has assumed its most deadly, but successful, form. Hence, whenever fairly opposed to other races, either in the conflicts of the battle-field, or in the more peaceful callings of social life, the European has obtained dominion over all the other nations of the earth. It is now, and will probably be through much of future time, the arbiter of the destinies of mankind.

But though we admit the existence of three types of heads, let it not be imagined that these occur with clear and definite boundaries, confining them either within geographical areas, or to particular races. The true Negro skull passes into the Mongol type through several lines. The Kaffirs of Lagoa Bay have more of the Negro aspect than the Southern Kaffirs; who, in turn, conduct us to the Hottentots. In these latter people, as already indicated, we have the Mongoliform head, and even the oblique eyes, of the Chinese. We can pass in like manner from the typical Negroes of Sennaar, through the Nilotic nations, to the Semitic races, in whom we find an unmistakeable blending of the Mongol and Iranian or Orthognathic head. Thus we learn that the skull, the most important organ to the ethnologist, affords no countenance to the notion, that mankind are of more than one species.

Ethnologists have drawn attention to other parts of the skeleton; and Professor Retzius has especially dwelt on the *pelvis*.

But the characters derived from this source appear to be of small value, and to indicate habitually half-starved and ricketty tribes, rather than distinctions of race.

None of the outward indications of diversity have made so strong an impression upon the popular mind as that exhibited in the varying hues of the skin. Nor is this to be wondered at, since it is hard to believe that the fair and blooming maidens who grace our hearths and homes, can be of one blood with the native daughters of Africa. But the proof that they are not, remains to be discovered. It was the apparent obviousness of the distinction referred to, that for so many years blinded the advocates of Negro slavery. By coming to the conclusion that the Negro was not a man and a brother, they considered themselves free from all the obligations of the moral law, which defined the relative duties of men to each other. They thus justified themselves in inflicting the most atrocious cruelties upon their hapless victims. Even now, in the great American Republic, a difference of hue, however slight, constitutes a line of demarcation, splitting society into two great sections, in one of which man holds a social position little higher than that of an eastern Pariah. Even the members of the Church are not prepared to receive the eucharistic elements by the side of men for whom the Saviour died, and the skins of many of whom are probably fairer than hers who was the

“Fairest of all her daughters, Eve.”

Over this fearful example of human inconsistency, history would gladly draw her thickest veil.

Ignorance of the anatomy and physiology of the skin, even amongst professional men, long tended to keep alive the popular fallacies respecting it. Some writers taught that in the Negro it contained a greater number of layers than in the European. At that time anatomists supposed that it usually consisted of three layers:—a true vascular skin constituting the innermost layer; an external cuticle or epidermis; and an intermediate layer, called the *rete mucosum*, which latter was thought to be the seat of the differences of hue seen in the inhabitants of various climes.

It is now known that there are but two layers,—a *cutis vera*, or “true skin,” and an *epidermis*, or “scarf skin.” On the upper surface of the inner or true skin, a constant development of small cells or vesicles is in progress. Those which are first formed give place to others subsequently generated beneath them, and are consequently impelled towards the surface, where they become flattened, and form the superficial layer known as the “scarf skin.” The colouring matter is secreted within these small cells, which are so many little bladders full of pigment. It is most abundant when the cells are first developed; and the intensity of the dermal hue depends mainly upon the number of the dark-coloured granules which each individual cell contains. The superficial

specks, commonly known as "freckles," originate in local accumulations of the same kind of colouring matter as that which darkens the skin of the coppery American, the swarthy Arab, and the jet-black Negro of Mozambique.

On endeavouring to trace the extent to which the varying hues of the skin are to be relied on, as indicating diversity of race, we soon find that there exists within the limits of the same race a greater amount of difference than is ordinarily thought. A black skin is commonly regarded as marking the Negro, a tawny one the Mongol, and a fair one the Iranian, race. As a general rule, this is correct; but the number of glaring exceptions to it which exist, is so great as to destroy the value of colour, as a proof of independent species.

If we take the Negro of Mozambique, or of Senegal, as an extreme type of the African family, we shall find the deepest black to prevail amongst the swampy plains of those unhappy regions. But a very small number of Africans exhibit the Negro type of colour, any more than of skull. Wide differences exist, even where the tribes are the undoubted descendants of a common stock. The Negro of Sennaar, in North-eastern Africa, presents very close resemblances to the typical Negro of Western Guinea, with whom his blood-relationship is exceedingly remote. But the same native of Sennaar is closely related to the inhabitants of Kordofan and Abyssinia, being a direct descendant from a common stock, and exhibiting a close relation to them both in manners and in language. Here we see resemblances between those whose relationship is remote, and differences between those who are closely related, since in these and many nearly-allied tribes, especially amongst the Semitic nations, we find the complexion becoming as light and tawny as amongst the typical Mongols. An analogous, but opposite, variation occurs in India, where the nations are Mongolian and tawny. But there are tribes in Northern India and in Ceylon, who, without having the slightest relation to the Negroes of Africa, exhibit skins as black as any to be found on the banks of the Gambia or the Senegal. The gradual transition from the hues found amongst the modern Semitic races, to the pale complexions of Northern Europe, is obvious enough. The dark skins of the dwellers on the northern shores of the Mediterranean establish a connexion between the Syrian and Arab tribes on the one hand, and such Anglo-Saxons as possess the true bilious temperament—with its dark hazel eyes and black hair—on the other. Thus we obtain an unbroken chain, connecting the darkest Negro with our own fairer brethren. Hence we must admit, that so far from variations in the colour of the skin indicating differences of species, they cannot even be relied upon as absolutely characterizing any of the larger divisions of the human family.

Another part of the body to which great importance has been attached, is the hair. This not only varies in colour, but even in

its modes of growth, within the limits of the same family. The colour ranges from black, through all the shades of brown, to a snowy white, within the limits of our own island, where it appears to be much under the influence of temperament; black (and in old age grey, and sometimes white) indicating the bilious; red and brown, the sanguine; and the lighter hues, the nervous and phlegmatic temperaments. From this circumstance, it is evident that the colour of the hair cannot be trusted to, as a means of discriminating between varieties, much less between species. Greater importance has been attributed to variations in its modes of growth; and woolly, crisped or frizzled, flowing or wavy, and straight, are terms frequently applied to its different appearances. There is, doubtless, a considerable distinction between the black, woolly hair of the Negro, and the fair flowing ringlets of an English Blonde. To a certain extent, the wool-like form may be regarded as indicating the extreme types of the Negro race, but it is very far from being characteristic of the Negro. There are tribes, closely related to him by descent, who possess long and curling hair. Thus, in passing from the Negro of Sennaar, with his jet-black skin and woolly hair, we have a transitional form amongst the Nubians, in many of whom, according to Costaz and Rüppell, the hair is long, strongly crisp and frizzled, but never woolly. In the Gallas of the Nile, we have the hair hanging in long twisted plaits; whilst in the closely-allied Semitic races we have not only the curled and wavy locks of the Arab, but the peculiar dark flowing hair which marks the Jewish people in most parts of the world. Between the various races enumerated, close relationships exist, as indicated by their respective languages,—“phenomena which break down the broad line of demarcation that is so often drawn between the Semitic and the African nations.”*

We thus learn that though woolly hair is mainly confined to the typical Negro, the straight black hair is prevalent amongst the Mongol or Turanian races, and a large excess of flowing forms and lighter (xanthous) hues is apparent in the Iranian stock, yet such peculiarities are by no means confined to these respective races. Within each of the groups there exists such an amount of variety as demonstrates the utter impossibility of establishing distinctions of species upon any of the modifications.

Attempts have been made to found specific distinctions upon supposed differences in the functions of some organs of the human body; but these differences have either been proved to have no existence at all, or to have arisen under the influence of external circumstances. The supposed early puberty of the inhabitants of equatorial regions, and the differences in the duration of life and of pregnancy, have each been shown to be purely imaginary.

* Dr. Latham's "Varieties of Man," p. 500.

Thus far we have failed to discover amongst man's physical features any of those well-marked boundary-lines, which, according to the principles laid down in a previous page, indicate distinctions of species. The transitions, as in the hues of the rainbow, are gradual and indefinite. But having thus brought man into court, and, after a candid cross-examination of him, failed to elicit anything that favours the separation of the white man from the Negro or the tawny Mongol, it is but fair to show that there are some testimonies of a positive kind, tending to establish the correctness of the opposite conclusion. We have already pointed out the fact, that hybrids amongst animals are rarely fertile; and that, when they are so, it is but for one or two generations. If we apply this test to man, we find that we have not only a fertile offspring resulting from the union of the European on the one hand, and either the Negro or the Mongol on the other, but an offspring that frequently exhibits the best qualities of both its parents. In New Zealand, for example, the frequent marriages of the settlers with the native women are leading to the production of a fine race of half-breeds, who are destined, at no distant period of time, to play an important part in the movements of the Polynesian world. The inferences to be drawn from facts of this kind are clear and obvious.

When endeavouring to trace back the various races of men to the stocks from which they primarily sprang, written history soon fails us. This failure is the most complete where light is chiefly needed, namely, when we endeavour to ascertain the origin of barbarous nations, possessing, like the Negro, strongly-marked physical peculiarities, or when we seek to know the early movements of once savage people who have subsequently become civilized. Of late years, a new adjunct has been brought to bear upon the inquiry; one which not only promises, but has already led to, important results. This is the comparative study of languages, or what is termed "philology." If we review the history of any language of which the origin and modifying circumstances have been recorded, we shall find that it has from time to time undergone important changes. Some of these only affect the modes of spelling or of pronunciation; but others go further, and affect the radical character of the language. In the latter case, new principles of grammatical construction have been introduced; and not unfrequently the source of these foreign elements, thus engrafted upon a primary tongue, can be accurately ascertained. We have all experienced the difficulty of perusing the "*Fairy Queen*." Shakespeare, as we now read him, has been dressed up in a modern garb. If we recede still further into the past, we shall find that our power of comprehending the vernacular of our ancestors has undergone a proportionate diminution, as the readers of Piers Langtoft and Robert of Gloucester will soon discover; and on reaching the period of our Saxon and Celtic forefathers, we meet with a language which is almost as foreign

to us as Latin or Greek. In the case of our own language, historic records remain, explaining all this. We learn from them that, as successive bodies of men found their way hither from other countries, they brought with them the phrases and idioms of their native lands. They have come in the form of Roman legions, under the eagles of Cæsar and his successors,—as Saxons, led on by the weak-minded Hengist,—as piratical Danes, ravaging the eastern coast,—as Normans, following the triumphant standard of William the Conqueror,—and as banished exiles, seeking a retreat from the persecutions of intolerant Rome. Whatever the causes that led these hordes successively to abandon their continental homes, they have all been instrumental in modifying our native tongue; and their modifications now reflect light upon the history of the nations by whom they were produced. In studying the English language, as it now exists, we must take into consideration, not merely the Anglo-Saxon and Norman, from which it has derived its more essential elements, but also the Latin, the Celtic, the Scandinavian, and the old Teutonic, all of which have left their permanent impress upon our current speech. Thus, the names of places terminating in *ton*, (as Skipton, Bridlington,) as well as those in *ham* and *ley*, (Birmingham, Barnsley,) speak of the Saxon occupancy of this island; *by* (as Whitby) indicates the Danish invasions; whilst *fells*, *becks*, and *dales*, as applied to our hills, streams, and valleys, point to Norway, as the home of the race who first expressed these physical features in the nomenclature which is now so prevalent in Northern Britain. If we turn to our continental neighbours in Southern Europe, we meet with a similar illustration. We find the Latin phraseology of their progenitors gradually yielding to the influence of engrafted tongues, and developing into the Provençal and the French, the Wallachian, the Spanish and the Portuguese.

Though this branch of literature is yet in its infancy, some important results have already been attained; proximate classifications of the known languages have been attempted, and with some degree of success. Though various writers regard the subject from different points of view, some relying upon vocabularies, whilst others properly insist upon a more accurate knowledge of grammatical construction, they agree in the general conclusion that languages are capable of being arranged in several great groups, which have certainly had some common bond of union, and probably a common origin. A recent communication read by Professor Key to the Philological Society of London affords us an excellent illustration of this point. We have in the Latin tongue the verb *torquere*, signifying “to twist,” or “to hurl:” from this verb the Latins have derived a number of other words, as *tornus*, “a lathe;” *teredo*, “a boring worm;” *tortor*, “a hurler;” *tormen*, “a twisting or writhing of the bowels;” *torquis*, “a chain or collar for the neck;” *terebra*, “an auger;” *tortuosus*,

"full of windings and turnings." In English we have many words derived from the same root: *to turn*, *torsion*, *tornado*, and others of the same kind. In Greek we have *τόρνος*, "a lathe;" *τορύνη*, "a stirrer, or ladle;" *τόρμος*, "the socket upon which a door-post turns, or a turning-post in a race-course;" *τορός*, "piercing," from the noise made by the turning of a centre-bit; *τέρ-ε-τρον*, "a gimlet;" *στρόβος*, "whirling;" *στρεβλός*, "twisted." It is unnecessary further to multiply examples: those here enumerated obviously agree in being derived from a primitive base, *ter* or *tor*, signifying "twisting or turning;" this base being modified by the addition of other syllables either before or after the radical one, indicating its special signification. By pursuing inquiries of this kind, we learn that there exists, amongst other subdivisions, one comprehensive group of languages, termed Indo-Germanic, or Arian, which connects the Zend and Sanscrit, the ancient languages of Persia and Hindustan, not only with the classic tongues of Greece and Rome, but also with the ruder speech of the Gothic, Slavonic, and Livonian races. Other similar groups are recognised by the best authorities; each one being characterized by the existence of some common features pervading its various members,—resemblances seen not only in the recurring use of certain radical terms, but in the common existence of fundamental principles of grammatical construction.

By tracing the demonstrable influence which migratory changes recorded in history have had on various languages, we obtain a method of inquiry which is capable of being inverted, and that may be made to throw light upon early movements of nations, respecting which history is either wholly silent, or speaks only in the obscure language of myths and legends. Many important problems are now in process of settlement in the hands of acute men who are devoting themselves to this most fascinating study. The past is yielding up secrets long thought to be irrecoverably lost; whilst the means which have already accomplished so much, afford abundant promise of future harvests.

The time has not yet come when absolute decisions can be obtained respecting the relative antiquity of all known languages. Still less can it be determined which, if any, has the strongest claim to be regarded as the primary tongue,—that which was uttered by our first parents, when

"Such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness."

A recent writer very properly observes, "that these great questions must wait their final solution until the principal languages shall all have passed through the ordeal of comparative grammar." This is undoubtedly true; but, meanwhile, it is satisfactory to the Christian believer to find that all the tendencies of modern

investigations are in the direction of primary unity; and it is much to hear such a high authority as Dr. Prichard declare, as the result of his arduous labours in this field of inquiry, "that, with the increase of knowledge in every direction, we find continually less and less reason for believing that the separate races of men are separated from each other by insurmountable barriers." Let not the biblical student fear that, in adopting this idea of a unity of origin for all languages, he is conceding something that is incompatible with the Mosaic narrative. That "the whole earth was of one language and one speech," is the clear and emphatic declaration of Holy Writ; and, though the Lord came down to "confound their language, that they may not understand each other's speech," it does not follow that all evidences of a common origin at once disappeared from the new dialects that were employed. Such a confusion as time and circumstances have introduced into the Latin tongue, developing out of it the modern Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Wallachian, Provençal, and French, would amply suffice for the purposes of the Almighty, and yet leave the sacred record in strict conformity with the teachings of inductive science.

Having thus glanced at some of the leading differences which now distinguish men in widely-remote regions, it remains to consider how far the reasonings and conclusions advanced in connexion with our notices of the lower animals will apply to man, and explain the origin of the diversities now so apparent. The absence of definite boundary-lines we have seen to be every where obvious, affording us the first great proof of unity. The fertility of mixed breeds, as of the Mestizo of Spanish America, of the Mulatto in the West Indies, and of the mixed descendants of the European and the New-Zealander, gives evidence of a universal law, which again demonstrates man's specific oneness. But how are we to explain the physical differences that have arisen?

From the facts already advanced, it may be admitted, as an ascertained truth, that external conditions—such as climate, temperature, food, and long-continued habits—are capable of modifying animal forms to a material extent, and that these modifications are capable of hereditary transmission, without leading to the production of new or permanent species. The tendencies in this latter direction are counteracted by the operation of another and more potent law, which compels all organisms, sooner or later, to revert to their primary conditions; a tendency against which the florist and horticulturist continually struggle, but in vain. There are abundant reasons for believing that the variations in man's physical frame have been produced in a way similar to those of the lower animals. As a general rule, we find that the colour of the skin is darkest in the tribes residing in the low, swampy plains near the equator; its intensity diminishing both as we approach the poles, and as we ascend to cooler regions on the slopes of tropical mountains. There are,

of course, many exceptions to this rule; but we require more information than we now possess respecting the migratory movements of the exceptional tribes, before we can conclude that they militate against the general law. That exposure to certain atmospheric influences affects the colour of the skin, is as undoubted as that exclusion of light blanches plants, that is, prevents the cells from secreting their coloured granular contents. The terms "freckled" and "sunburnt," applied to those who have freely exposed themselves to the action of the sun's rays, mean the development of an additional quantity of the coloured granules in the cells of the outer skin. In the sunburnt complexion these additional pigments are equally diffused. In freckles they appear in patches. These facts demonstrate the possibility that the dark skin of the Negro *may* be due to the long-continued operation of similar causes. Another proof is afforded by the present condition of the Jewish race. "Scattered among all people from one end of the earth even unto the other" by the mysterious providence of God, their unity of descent is unquestioned; whilst the purity of their blood has been preserved through successive centuries by the agency of their religious creed, which has required them to remain a distinct and peculiar people. But, dispersed through every country and under every climate, they have exhibited a wonderful tendency to assimilate to the condition of the races amongst whom they have dwelt through long periods of time. The black hair, the dark eye, the swarthy skin, and the projecting profile of the western Jew are constantly before us. In Germany and Poland a more florid complexion, with blue eyes, is not uncommon. The Portuguese and Syrian Jews are considerably darker than those of England; whilst there are colonies of the race of Abraham that have been settled in India through many centuries, whose skins are nearly as black as those of any of the native Hindus.

That the character of the hair can be altered by a change of external conditions, is capable of easy demonstration amongst the lower animals, and, by parity of reasoning, in man. It is this potentiality that has enabled the breeders of cattle to accomplish so much in improving the fleeces of the sheep, the goat, and other animals that have been subjected to their fostering care. In the case of the sheep, we have every conceivable variety between the long straight hair of the Spanish breed, and the close, thick, curly wool of our own South Downs. Yet no naturalist doubts that these are merely varieties of one primary stock. What may be the exact influences to which man must be subjected to produce similar results, is not very obvious; but it appears certain, that the woolly covering of the typical Negro has already lost some of its peculiarities amongst the Nubian tribes, — a change which we have many reasons for regarding as the result of cognate alterations of the habits and external conditions of the people.

The chief causes that have produced the diversities of language, have been already referred to,—namely, the migrations and subsequent interminglings of separate races. In some cases, the relative periods at which the offshoots have separated from the primary stocks, may be approximately ascertained; the *numerals* forming, in some instances, one of the chief instruments by which this can be accomplished. The following remarks by Dr. Latham, bearing upon this subject, are full of interest :—

“ Out of two tribes, wherein the intelligence of each is so little capable of generalization as not to have evolved abstract and absolute numerals, like those of the Indo-European nations, (one, two, &c.,) the only way of counting is by the adoption of some material object, in which the number of its parts is a striking characteristic; in which case there is so much room for arbitrary selection, that allied languages may take up different words. It is not to be supposed, unless the English, Greeks, Gaels, Slavonians, and the members of the Indo-European stock in general, had broken off from the common stem at a period subsequent to the evolution of absolute numerals, that their names, for the first ten units, would be so like as they are. On the contrary, there would most certainly have been a difference; “two” being expressed in one quarter by a word like *bracc*, in another by such a term as *couple*, in a third by *pair*, and so on. Now this latitude exists and bears fruit with the American languages. One takes the name for (say) ‘two’ from one natural dualism, another from another: one calls it by the name for a *pair of hands*, another by that of a *pair of feet*, a third by that of a *pair of shoes*, &c.”*

There is also another fact, too peculiar to be passed over without notice. The closest physical affinity may and does exist between races whose languages are the most remote from each other, whilst, in other tribes, there are close philological relations unaccompanied by any corresponding resemblances of physical contour. Resemblances in the languages of two races indicate either a community of descent, or some former connexion between the nations, more strongly than does similarity of physical form. New external physical conditions might have materially modified the outward features of the human frame, without in any degree altering the national dialect. In an analogous, but opposite, manner, distinct nations, employing different languages, may have influenced each other’s speech, without producing the slightest change in their respective physical peculiarities. Some of the cases exhibiting discrepancies of this kind, are capable of easy explanation; but in others the nature of the disturbing causes remains to be discovered.

Slight as this outline has necessarily been, we have probably said sufficient to show the nature and tendencies of modern ethnological science, and especially its relation to the Mosaic record, We are indeed of one brotherhood. The Negro, the Bushman,

* “The Varieties of Man,” p. 377.

and the Australian Alfourou, are "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh;" and, though the mark of Cain is branded upon the foreheads of these unhappy wanderers, they are embraced in the covenant of mercy, and are heirs of eternal life. What may be their final condition upon earth, is hard to say. Many native tribes are fast disappearing. It is but a brief period since the forests of New England resounded with the war-whoop of the red Indian; his hunting-grounds and his battle-fields are now covered with the emblems of European civilization, whilst the miserable remnants of his race are exiled beyond the "Father of Waters." The Islands of the Carribbean have long been inhabited by the stranger. The native Australians are being subjected to analogous depopulating influences; and it would almost seem as if the energetic Anglo-Saxon was finally destined to over-run all lands. Notwithstanding the sad errors that have been committed by our colonial administrations, Britons are predisposed, by their national associations, to deal righteously with all men, and to raise humanity from the state of social and moral degradation which is now so characteristic of the heathen world:—

"Men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic, unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy and keeps it so."

Meanwhile the high mission of the church is unmistakably indicated in Holy Writ. The poor beings who now crouch and tremble before their idol gods, are entitled to become heirs of heaven. Almost lower than the savage beasts which they pursue, they were designed to rise, perhaps, higher than the angels. It is for the Church to perform its sacred duty, and to labour on amidst its manifold discouragements, until the whole earth shall have been regenerated by a pure and practical Christianity.

ART. III.—1. *Report of the Forty-ninth Anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.*

2. *Jubilee Tracts relating to the British and Foreign Bible Society.* Nos. I.—X.

3. *Jubilee Record of the British and Foreign Bible Society.* Nos. I.—III.

4. *Speech delivered by Dr. Duff at the Jubilee Meeting in Exeter Hall, March 8th, 1853.*

5. *The Bible in many Tongues.* London Tract Society.

6. *Bible Triumphs, a Jubilee Memorial.* By REV. THOMAS TIMPSON. 12mo.
 7. *The Bible of every Land.* 4to. London: Bagster. 1851.
 8. *The Bible in India.* 8vo.

BEYOND the multiplication of copies for the use of the more intelligent or affluent believers in Christianity, the early Church seems to have made little or no effort to circulate the sacred Scriptures. When, however, the paucity of books even in the palmiest days of classical antiquity is considered, this can scarcely produce astonishment. Viewing, as we do, the distribution of the Divine oracles as an agency eminently calculated to originate and sustain spiritual life, and to render it permanently operative, and to win access for the truth to persons secluded from all *viva voce* instruction, it appears to us somewhat surprising that the Christians of the purest age did not to a greater extent avail themselves of a machinery so important. It is always, however, the wonder *after* any discovery, that no one saw so simple a thing before. What more simple than steamboats, railroads, the magnetic telegraph, and many of the improvements in the arts of weaving, mining, agriculture, and chemistry,—all the inventions of the present century? and yet these inventions, naturally arising out of self-evident truths, lay hidden from the great wits and profound thinkers who for so many thousand years have been passing through this world. Moreover, the fact is the less surprising, when we remember how savagely and continuously the spirit of Jewish and Pagan persecution assailed the Church throughout and far beyond the imperial territories, for the first three centuries of its existence; while within there raged, for a still longer period, a melancholy passion for dogmatic controversy, which alike defied the anathemas of Councils and the persuasives of Christian love. And by the time that the controversial passion had spent itself, the priestly element in the Church had become intolerantly dominant; and, in proportion to its growth, that Christian fervour which alone can sustain extensive missions and prompt laborious translations, had subsided. So that when the crescent had become the antagonist of the cross, it seems to have placed a gulf between the huge nations of the East,—weltering in their idolatry and wars,—and the Churches of the West; and very few translations of the Scriptures were made during the ages immediately subsequent to the commencement of the eighth century.

Even had the Church, at any time previous to the discovery of printing, conceived the scheme of communicating the Scriptures to all nations, it could not have executed the purpose, noble as it would have been, because each written copy of the Bible would have employed the most dexterous caligraphist for months; and it is questionable whether such a writer could have completed three copies *per annum*. Or, if the desire

had pervaded the Protestant Churches, between the discovery of the art of printing and the close of the eighteenth century,—to omit the mention of other difficulties,—the want of stereotype plates and of the printing-machine would have been an insuperable obstacle to the issue of any very large supply of Bibles, as the utmost that the common printing-press would perform was two hundred and twenty-five sheets per hour, and that on one side only, while, in the same period, the printing-machine now completes one thousand sheets on both sides. We may add to these, that the division of labour, the science of applying large capital, the use of machinery in paper-making and binding, were little understood; and, above all, the absence of translations into the great majority of the living foreign languages would have proved an insuperable bar. Nor were these the only impediments to an earlier formation of an extensive Bible Association; for, until the application of steam to ships and land-carriages, when the Scriptures were printed, they had to travel by waggon, or by the scarcely less tardy coach; and even when fairly afloat on the sea, slow indeed was the rate of progress to their destination; where, again, the selfishness of commercial fears, and the jealousies of local authority, would have often consigned the precious cargoes to warehouses, while the diplomatic battle was fought for their rescue.

The various works, the titles of which appear at the head of this article, are exceedingly diverse in quality. None of them, however, it may be assumed, affect to be considered literary productions, or, at least, are likely to be so regarded, with the exception of the precious and elaborate volume from the Bagster press, without which no Christian library can be complete. This volume contains a classified list of the languages into which the Scriptures have been translated; another, of the typographic specimens; ten important ethnologic maps, exhibiting the districts over which the various languages prevail, with expository illustrations; a series of more than fifty alphabets in these languages, with a critical history of the versions, and a multitude of collateral subjects, which, with the extract, in most of the languages, of some portion of Scripture, furnish the intelligent student with a most important collection of aids to linguistic study. To the intelligent Christian, who desires to know how much has been done towards the transfusion of the Scriptures into the various living, and even the dead, languages, "The Bible of every Land" will prove no less delightful as a companion, than accurate as a book of reference for occasional consultation. Such a volume, compiled with adequate erudition and written in a catholic spirit, has long been a *desideratum*; because, although the facts with which it is filled could scarcely be called recondite, they lay scattered in various works, some of which are rare. Not to mention those which have been derived from oral sources, it was extremely difficult to such students as live remote from libraries like

those of the Metropolis and the Universities, to acquire a general knowledge of the important history of biblical translation. But, by the publication of Mr. Bagster's volume, all Churches may learn what share of the honourable toil has been performed by the members of their respective communities. We regard the memoirs, both of the languages and of the translators, as especially valuable to the student; while the beautiful specimens of the different characters of the languages into which the Scriptures have been rendered, will furnish to younger students ready means of comparison, and, perhaps, suggest, to the more advanced, grounds for a new classification of the various languages. As a manual to ethnologic study, "The Bible of every Land" will, we are persuaded, be found invaluable, and will enable those who consult it to correct many of the obvious errors of the *Atlas Ethnographique* of M. Balbi and his eminent coadjutors, as well as some of the conjectures of Dr. Prichard and others.

The work of Mr. Timpson, entitled "Bible Triumphs," is the fruit of industrious compilation, and is adapted to the use of those for whom it has been prepared. It breathes an excellent spirit, is concise and explicit, and presents a more complete view of the operations of the Bible Society, from its origin to the present time, than is exhibited in any other small volume with which we are acquainted. Possessing neither the eloquence of Mr. Dudley's volume, nor the literary qualities and minute details of Mr. Owen's work, for a numerous class of readers it is superior to both.

The little volume issued by the Tract Society, and entitled "The Bible in many Tongues," is reported to be the production of Dr. Angus, and is written in his characteristic style. It is imbued with a fine spiritual feeling; and, although, for the most part, a mere grouping of facts and figures, it is yet soundly logical, and full of sturdy English sense, that contents itself with an explicit utterance. In addition to these advantages, the reader will find in it a comprehensive view of the relations of biblical knowledge to political and commercial life. We particularly commend to his observation the felicitous use made by the author of the comparative results of distributing the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue,—a policy in which all true Protestants are agreed,—and of either withholding them, as the Papacy does, discouraging their constant perusal, or shutting down the word of life under the dismal hatches of a dead language.

The other publications, issued by the Bible Society itself, are not so much designed to be a formal history of its proceedings, as to supply fresh fuel to lagging zeal, or to stimulate such as may be in danger of concluding, that, because so many biblical victories have been won, the enterprise may now be considered complete. They are, however, well stored with important facts, such as the Society alone could have supplied;

but, we confess, we should have been glad to see, among its publications for the Year of Jubilee, a dignified, terse, and ample history of the entire course of the Institution; and we opine that the library and shelves of the Society contain abundant materials for a history proof against the impugnors of the scheme of making the knowledge of the Book of Revelation co-extensive with the dwellings of men. Whenever that history is written, however, Mr. Owen's volumes must not supply the model; for, much as we admire his ardent Christian wisdom, and especially his magnanimity of faith, in uniting with the Society before a dignitary of his own Church had ventured to approve, his volumes are far too prolix, and are open to the German charge of being *einseitig*.

We are unwilling to controvert any of the statistics of the honoured Institution to which this article chiefly refers; but we regret to see, in No. III. of its "Jubilee Papers," the following assertion, because we feel assured that it cannot be substantiated, and, in our judgment, it is not probable:—"Fifty years ago it was estimated that there could not then be more than 4,000,000 Bibles and Testaments in the world." We are fully convinced that the total number of copies of the Scriptures in existence was, half a century ago, deplorably incommensurate with the wants of even the Christian world, and sadly condemnatory of those who were called by that name. But when we remember that, between 1526 and 1804, there were, at least, 308 editions or reprints of the Bible, or the New Testament, in our own island, and that some of these editions were very large,—that in the space of 111 years there were 140 editions of Luther's Bible alone,—that the Canstein Institute circulated above 3,000,000 copies of the Scriptures in the 95 years succeeding 1712,—that the Naval and Military Bible Society was in operation 20 years before the British and Foreign Bible Society, and had distributed, at least, 130,000 copies of the Scriptures,—that 10,000 Arabic copies of the New Testament were printed in 1720,—to say nothing of the equally numerous editions of the Scriptures in the other Protestant countries of Switzerland, Holland, Bohemia, Scotland, and America, besides the many editions of the Scriptures in France, Denmark, Sweden, and even Spain and Italy; we cannot but believe there must have been considerably more than 4,000,000 copies of the Bible and Testament in existence in 1803. Nor do we think it is quite correct to say,—“Fifty years ago, the Holy Scriptures had not been printed in more than 50 languages.” Having paid some attention to this subject, we were startled by this assertion; and, proceeding to set down the various languages (as they occurred to us at the moment) in which the Scriptures had been printed previously to 1803, we soon found our doubts of the above assertion verified. We regret to find this inaccuracy; for, however trifling it may be, whatever is not rigidly accordant with facts may have the effect of casting doubts

on other statistics proceeding from the same source. We are sure that the inaccuracy of these averments is purely accidental, but we regret their appearance in print,—the more so, as there could be no necessity for their being made. The biblical wants of the world are still appalling, and the position of the Bible Society could well have foregone any assertions which are questionable, or which cannot very easily be verified. The dreadful fact, that from 600,000,000 to 700,000,000 of our fellow-creatures are *still* without the word of life, is enough to warrant all the zeal and sacrifice of any number either of private or associated Christians, to do what, if they had always done their duty to their neighbours, would have been performed long ago.

While we are fully inclined to yield to the British and Foreign Bible Society all the honour that its advocates can claim, for its invaluable services in extending the knowledge of the word of God to some large districts, where it was unknown before,—in multiplying and cheapening the boon where it previously existed,—in aiding meritorious but poor biblical scholars or Societies to acquire a power of usefulness, which, but for the funds of the Earl-street Institution, they could scarcely have attained,—in promoting Christian Missions, and general education, and almost every other enterprise of Christian philanthropy,—we must not forget that this Society owes a large share of its means of usefulness to foreign labourers that preceded itself, or who have subsequently taken part in this great enterprise. We feel this to be the more due, because some indiscreet eulogists, in their laudations of the polyglott results of the Bible Society, have unwittingly indulged in terms calculated to mislead their auditors, and which, we are sure, the true friends of the Bible Society would be the first to deplore. It was this occasional indiscretion which, at an earlier stage of its existence, perhaps, led such objectors as Bishop Marsh,* and some of his Episcopal brethren, unjustly to accuse the Society of pedantry and arrogance; and similar incautiousness is still occasionally made the plea for refusing to aid its income, or to co-operate with its friends. We, therefore, entreat the forbearance of the reader, while we remind him of those honourable precursors who, at remoter periods, and amidst great disadvantages, were animated with a sense of duty, and a compassion for the spiritual wants of mankind, such as led to the formation of our *national* Society in 1804.

The first printed editions in the vernacular dialects of the Holy Scriptures, seem to have been made mostly from the Latin Vulgate. This was partly owing to the high reputation of that authority in Europe, and partly to the scanty knowledge of Hebrew and Greek among the Clergy; a circumstance which almost inevitably led to the grave defects which disfigure many of those proto-vernacular translations. Such was the case with the first printed edition of the

* See "History of Translations of the Scriptures. By Dr. Marsh." 8vo. London, 1812.

German Bible, executed, if we rightly remember, at Leipsic, in 1467, as well as with the Italian, translated and printed at Venice in 1471; with the Dutch, at Cologne, in 1475;* with the first French translation, printed at Paris in 1487; with the Bohemian, printed at Prague, 1488; and with the first printed Spanish Bible, in the Valencian dialect, printed at Amsterdam about 1506. Translations from the Vulgate, however, were not likely long to satisfy the new spirit that was then renovating the world; and, accordingly, we find Germany again taking the lead in the person of Luther, who, between the years 1522-32, published his translation of the Bible, in the mother-tongue, from *the original languages*. But the evil of making translations from versions merely was not yet felt to be intolerable; for, in 1533, at Lubeck, an edition was published from Luther's, in the dialect of Lower Saxony. The Pomeranian Bible was first published at Barth, in 1588: the first Swedish Bible was printed at Upsal, in 1541; the Danish, at Copenhagen, in 1550; the second Dutch, in 1560: the Helvetian, in Zurich, about 1525-29. The Icelandic Scriptures were first printed at Hóla, in 1584; the Finnish, at Stockholm, in 1642; and the Livonian, at Riga, in 1689. The Bible was not printed in the dialect of Upper Lusatia till 1728; nor the Lithuanian (at Königsberg) till 1735. The whole of these eleven translations into the vernacular of the respective countries of continental Europe, seem to have been made chiefly on the basis of the Lutheran,—a fact which, perhaps more than any other, shows the prodigious scholastic, as well as opinionative, authority which the great Teutonic Reformer had already acquired.

In no country does the free spirit of the Reformation seem to have taken a more general hold than in Poland: hence we find a translation of the Scriptures was printed by *the Roman Catholics* in 1561, at Cracow; another by the Socinians, at the expense of Nicolas Radzivil, in 1563; and one by the Calvinists, in 1596. In 1589-90, the first printed edition of the Welsh Bible, and the first Hungarian, made their appearance. A translation of the Scriptures into the Venedi, a branch of the Slavonian, was printed as early as 1584; though the modern Russ Bible, by Glück, was not printed till 1698, and then at Amsterdam.

While this important process of printing the entire Scriptures in the vulgar languages of Europe was adding to the other influences that combined to lay the foundation of the Protestant Churches, *portions* of the Bible were printed, where the lack of funds, or of an adequate translation, did not admit of more. It is thus that we find the New Testament alone was first published in 1553, in the Croatian dialect, at Tübingen; and in 1571 the Basque New Testament first made its appearance at Rochelle, though it was not till 1638 that Geneva had the honour of

* The first edition of the *authorized* Dutch version was not published till 1636.

making the first printed issue of the same part of the Bible. Ten years later, it appears that the New Testament also was translated into the Wallachian dialect, and printed in 1648, at Belgrade; but a copy of it is now so scarce, that many bibliographers have doubted its existence.*

Whilst Providence was thus preparing the materials indispensable to the Society's labours in Europe, it had also, in its world-wide provisions for human indigence, already raised up a noble band of Oriental scholars, who aimed at the diffusion of the Scriptures at a date anterior to the commencement of the nineteenth century. The appearance of that glorious result of Gallic erudition, the Paris Polyglott Bible, first presented part of the Syriac, and also of the Arabic, Scriptures in 1645; and by its publication gave a great impulse to Oriental studies. But, sixteen years previously to the first edition of this Polyglott, Ruyt had published the first two Gospels in the Malay, and in the following year (1646) Van Hassel issued the Gospels of Luke and John in the same language. And to the Christian enterprise of Holland we owe it, that, in 1688,—a year so gratefully celebrated in our own annals,—the whole of the New Testament was published in the Malay language; and, in 1731, the Old Testament was also printed at Amsterdam. In 1723, the entire Scriptures were published at Tranquebar, in Tamul, from a translation which was the joint work of the memorable Missionaries, Ziegenbalg and Schultze. The latter scholastic Missionary completed also translations into Hindustanee of the New Testament and parts of the Old, which were printed at Halle, between the years 1745 and 1758.

We now approach the most extraordinary epoch, in regard to translations, to be found in the history of Christianity! It commenced about the year 1799, with the labours of the celebrated Serampore Missionaries, Messrs. Carey, Marshman, and Ward, who, by the year 1811, had printed the Old and New Testament in Bengalee; the New Testament in Sanscrit,—so important as the tongue of the archives of the Hindu superstitions; the same book in Hindustanee, the Mahratta, and the Guzerattee; two Gospels in the Chinese; the New Testament, and parts of the Old, in the Telinga, the Carnata, and the Sikh tongues; and portions of the Scripture in the Burmese, the Cashmere, and other languages. It is true, that the Bible Society voted £2000, about 1809, to this noble little staff of Christian scholars; but it must not be forgotten, that their plans were laid, and their labours far advanced, before they received any other assistance than such as came through the Treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society, or was subscribed in India or in London. These were the men whom the Twinings would have expelled from India; and

* That this translation was really made and printed, seems to be decided by No. 5,225 of the Catalogue of Bodleian MSS., where it is called "*Novum Testamentum Vallachium impressum.*"

such were the glorious labours which the petulant and timorous Major Scott Waring would have quashed, lest they should alarm the fears of the Hindus ! It is almost impossible for us to over-estimate the important services which these gifted, but long-dereided, Missionaries of Serampore rendered to the Christian Church in general, and to the vast population of India in particular, as well as to the Bible Society, and generations yet unborn. When we remember that the one hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics who inhabit the country bounded by the Indus, the eastern branch of the Ganges, Cape Comorin, and Lahore, speak twelve different languages ; that the venerable Sanscrit is read all over India by the educated ; that the Hindustanee is generally used by the lower and commercial people ; that the Bengalee is used in the country which contains the capital of our eastern empire ; that the Telinga is spoken by the northern Circars ; that the Tamul is employed from the Kristna to Cape Comorin ; that the Malay-alim embraces Travancore on the coast of Malabar ; that the Carnata was the vernacular of the Mysore ; that the Mahratta was of great consequence, on account of the character of its residents ; that the Guzerattee was common from Surat to the borders of Persia ; that the Cashmere covered the north of Hindustan ; and that the Burmese was the dialect of a vast, and then unsubdued, people,—we have no adequate terms in which to describe the comprehensive benevolence which, in less than twenty years, and in the face of incredible difficulties, supplied all these hordes of idolaters with the means of becoming acquainted with the true God. When the logic of the world has become pure, and men estimate all things by their true value, we are persuaded that the Clives, the Hastings, and the other conquerors of India, will be esteemed far less the benefactors of mankind than the Serampore Missionaries ; and it will then, in no small measure, redound to the honour of the Bible Society, that, as soon as it was able, it furnished these champions of biblical literature with means to extend their usefulness, and *that* at a time when shallow politicians in the British Senate were generous only in their witless reproaches and now-forgotten gibes. Such, then, were some of the providential pre-arrangements that facilitated the labours of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and without which it could have accomplished comparatively little of the noble work which it is the delight of all Christians now to behold. We have not room, or we might mention other scholastic harbingers, who had laboured in the translation of the Scriptures into the Turkish, the Armenian, the Sumatran, the Georgian, and some of the more general languages of Africa and America.

Among other Societies which, in our own country, previously to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, promoted the dissemination of the Scriptures, must be mentioned "the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England," which rose from the Long Parliament in 1647, and was owing

to the joint labours of Thomas Eliot, the Nonconformist Missionary to the Indians, and Messrs. Calamy, Marshall, and Whitaker, under the patronage of the Hon. Robert Boyle.* This Society contributed some £300 a-year towards the diffusion of the word of God among the American barbarians. Among many of his other noble plans, Oliver Cromwell projected a Biblio-Missionary Institution, which was to be governed by seven commissioners and four secretaries, who were to have their offices in Chelsea College, with an income of £10,000 *per annum*, but which never came into full activity, on account of the death of the Protector in 1658. "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Wales" owed its origin to Thomas Gouge, one of the ejected Ministers, who printed a large edition (8,000) of the Welsh Bible, for gratuitous distribution, and established between 300 and 400 schools. "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" was formed in 1698; and, though avowedly the representative of the Established Church only, has been the means of putting into circulation several editions of the Bible in different languages. "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," which was chartered by William III., in 1701, pursued the same object, but its exertions have been more particularly devoted to the British Colonies. A "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland," was established in 1705, and rendered essential service to the same hallowed cause, but is more particularly remembered as having sent out from Edinburgh that rare model of the missionary character, David Brainerd. "The Book Society, for Promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor," was founded, in 1750, by several catholic Episcopalians and Dissenters, and directed its principal attention to the distribution of Bibles. "The Naval and Military Bible Society," to which our army and navy are incalculably indebted, has been in operation since 1780. To these, in fairness, we must add, as important auxiliaries in this diffusion of the word of God, "the Wesleyan Missionary Society," which commenced in 1784; "the Baptist Society," formed in 1792, at the suggestion of the then obscure Mr. Carey, who, in twenty-five years from that date, was, by almost universal consent, admitted to be the most extensive Orientalist of his age; "the London Missionary Society," formed in 1795, under whose patronage Dr. Morrison laboured so successfully in the Chinese translation of the Bible; and "the Church Missionary Society," formed in 1800, which has been honoured as having employed some of the best men of the age, though it laboured for a long period without the positive sanction of most of the Episcopal dignitaries.

* This nobleman was very zealous for the distribution of the Scriptures, and, if Bishop Burnet may be relied upon, devoted more than £1000 a-year to this object. It is more certain, that to him was mainly owing an edition of the Welsh and Irish Bibles, upon the latter of which he expended £700.

The gift of the Bible to nations in their vernacular tongues, if not attempted by the Apostles themselves, was evidently undertaken by some of their contemporaries and immediate successors: else, how came we by traditions of the early versions referred to by Jerome and Origen, and by the indubitable evidences that we possess of the existence of early translations of the Scriptures into the Syriac, the Sahidic, the Æthiopic, the Coptic, the Arabic, the Mæso-Gothic, and the Armenian? In fact, it appears to us impossible that Christianity should long continue anywhere pure, unless it be supported and verified by widely diffused copies of the Bible, in the vernacular tongue of the people by whom it may be received. And though such early versions have mostly perished, and the proofs of their existence may therefore have become very obscure, we hold firmly to the belief, that such versions were made, wherever any considerable number of Churches were planted and remained prosperous. Nor would it be difficult to show, that the tendency of erudite Christians and zealous Churches has always been, to translate the Scriptures into the vernacular tongues of nations among whom the true faith had made progress. Yet when the Papacy became rampant, and the Greek and Oriental Churches lost spiritual vitality, and all learning and power had degenerated, and deposited their lees in the hands of the Priesthood, the work of translation shared the fate of all the Christian virtues. Nothing illustrates more emphatically to what a fearful extent Christians had neglected the obvious duty of giving free circulation to the Scriptures, than the fact, that though many of the old versions had become entirely obsolete, some of the languages in which they existed having ceased to be spoken, the Papacy was so far from making new ones, or encouraging their being made, that there was a general Church law, to discountenance the common use of the Scriptures in the vernacular dialects.* And, at the dawn of the arts, when Bartolomeo, Perugino, and Leonardo da Vinci were inaugurating the magnificent era of the *pencil*, which has been so long the boast of the Papacy, *there is no proof that the Scriptures were accessible to the people, as being in authorized vernacular use, in any single nation that avowed homage to Rome.* This, in our judgment, more loudly than any error of doctrine, or even than flagitiousness of manners, proclaims the irredeemable infamy of the Papal system.

This assertion, however, so gravely inculpates the Romish Priesthood, that it is necessary briefly to investigate the fact. Let us look, then, at the biblical state of the European nations in the beginning of the fifteenth century; and let us begin at home, without making the Papacy responsible for any other faults

* That this was the case as early as the twelfth century, is evident; because, when Waldo presented his translation of the Scriptures to the Pope in the Lateran Council of 1179, it was discountenanced; and in 1229 it was prohibited by the Council of Toulouse, *because it was in the vernacular tongue of Languedoc, or the Provençal.*

than its own. When the Anglo-Saxon, about A.D. 1250, had ceased to be the vernacular of our ancestors, how is it that the Papal Clergy allowed two hundred and seventy-six years to elapse between that period and 1526, (when Tyndale's New Testament first made its appearance,) without providing a vernacular translation of the Scriptures for a realm, the third of whose landed estate, virtually or in fact, was in their hands, beside an incredible yearly income, drawn to the Pope's exchequer by the clerical horse-leeches, of Peter's Pence, first-fruits, tenths, confirmation, legatine levies, pensions, appeals, dispensations, indulgences, pardons, relics, jubilees, pilgrimages, offerings, collections, courts, ambassadors, forfeitures, canonizations, masses, &c.? It is true that Wickliffe's translation was finished in 1380; and equally so, that the Clergy and their puissant cronies of the Upper House all but suffocated it. This version had been preceded by some fragmentary efforts of Richard Rolle, the Hampole hermit, who died in 1349, and by the "Ormulum" MSS. now in the Bodleian Library; where also will be found a similar production, called "Sowle-Hele;" both of which, however, were merely rude poetic paraphrases of parts of the Scriptures, but were never approved by the Clergy, who were ready to devour either John de Trevisa, or any one else that projected the liberation of Divine truth from the old patched and dark cells of the Vulgate.

About the time of Wickliffe, Richard Armachanus* made the first known translation into the Irish, but of the New Testament only; and, though a Bishop, he was obliged to conceal his version;† nor was it until 1571 that another was made by John Hearney, Michael Welsh, and Nehemiah Donellan, at the express desire of Queen Elizabeth. We do not even hear of any translation into Welsh much before the appearance of the first printed edition in 1567, although Bede tells us that in his time the Scriptures were "read in their own language by the Angles, Britons, Scots, Picts, and Latins." This is quite unsupported; for there is no trace of a Gaelic translation prior to the Reformation, nor of any into the Manx until the seventeenth century: indeed, we are quite doubtful whether there ever was an Anglo-Saxon version of more than parts of the Bible. The first version into the German was made at the expense of Wenceslaus, about 1405; the MSS., in three volumes folio, are in the Vienna Library; but they comprise only parts of the Old Testament. The Dutch seem to have had none previously to the bad version made from Luther's about 1550, although the Flemings are said to have had a translation as early as 1300; but we suspect it

* Bishop of Armagh.

† This good Bishop, in his Autobiography, said, "The Lord taught him, and brought him out of the profound subtleties of Aristotle's philosophy to the study of the Scriptures of God." Richard Armachanus hid his MS. of the Irish New Testament in the wall of his church; and when the building was repaired in 1530, the treasure was found, having written on its last leaf, "When this book is found, truth will be revealed to the world, or Christ will shortly appear!"

was nothing more than a rude attempt in verse on certain parts of the Scriptures. Of stuff like this there was abundance, where a little knowledge of the Vulgate and an affectation of poetic feeling happened to meet in the same person; and it is possible that the first essays at translation would almost everywhere take a rude poetic form. Gustavus Vasa in 1523 originated the first Swedish translation of the New Testament from Luther's version. Spain is said to have had early versions of the Scriptures in the vernacular, some of which might have been made by the Albigenses; but they existed rather as rarities, against which the Clergy had a strong prejudice, than as well-known books. Portugal had none until the close of the seventeenth century; and what they had was made by the Dutch, and printed out of the country, for the benefit of their Indo-Portuguese subjects! Italy can only boast of one vernacular version before the Malermi, which was first printed at Venice in 1471; and that, the disputed one of Voragine, of which no traces remain, and which is more likely to have been a translation of Comestor's "Synopsis of Sacred History." No Russian version was known previously to the sixteenth century, when a poor translation from the Vulgate was finished by Skorina the physician; and Hungary had no vernacular Bible till 1541, when John Silvestre made an indifferent version of the four Gospels and the Acts.

If such were the biblical destitution of the greater European nations, who, either as serfs or neighbours, were important to the Pope, we may infer how much worse would be the condition of the lesser peoples. It is true that Bohemia seems to have had a vernacular copy of the Scriptures at the end of the fourteenth century, and to it may be attributed the appearance of such noble martyrs as Huss and Jerome of Prague; and it is equally true that at the very period when the Papacy was most inimical to the distribution of Bibles in the mother-tongue of its European subjects, it professed to send the knowledge of the word of God to the nations of India and China! We acknowledge the existence of their Missions, and that many of the Papal agents were men of rare fervour and attainments. But to what did all this pretended biblical scholarship amount? Did these Missionaries leave behind them, at their death or departure from those Pagan territories, copies of the Bible readable by the millions who only knew some one of the Indo-Chinese or Indian tongues? These Missionaries are said to have translated a part of the Scriptures into the Mantchou; but, so far as we know, it was never printed. Similar achievements are carried to the credit of Francis Xavier and others, who are reputed to have bestowed versions of the Bible on the people speaking Mongolian, Malay, Japanese, and Turkish; but where are these versions? If they were good, why were they not preserved and printed? and if inadequately performed, are they worth the boast that is so frequently palmed upon the less-informed Pro-

testant? An active missionary spirit did indeed exist in those times, as before and since, among the Papal auxiliaries; but it was a spirit more akin to the hordes of Tamerlane, or the fanatics of Mecca, than to the Apostles of Jesus Christ: and its object was less to enlighten, to purify, and to console the Heathen, than to change their task-masters; substituting beads for rudier amulets, and images of the Virgin for those of the different incarnations of Brahma, and the shorn and subtle Priests, more expert at shampooing troubled hearts, for the rudier and ancient Bonzes. The cross was no doubt planted on the Himalayas by the heralds of the *Propaganda*, but it was rather as a symbol of enchantment than as one of moral history and aggression; and we need no other evidence to prove how execrably these *quasi*-Christian Missionaries betrayed their trust, by turning artists, mechanicians, doctors, and engineers, than the memoirs which they have thought proper to give to the world. Of such remanent Churches as these and more modern Papal Missionaries have left in India, the reader will find every thing that needs to be known in the Letters of the Abbé Dubois.

The origination of the British and Foreign Bible Society is an illustration of the manner in which the greatest developments may arise from apparently trivial, if not insignificant, causes. The excellent Thomas Charles, of Bala, who, after quitting the Established Church in 1785, had long and successfully devoted his attention to the Sunday-school system in North Wales, was powerfully impressed on one occasion by a little girl of a certain Sabbath-school, (to attend which she had to walk seven miles,) complaining to him with tears, that the severity of the weather, on the previous Sunday, had prevented her reading the Bible as usual at school. Mr. Charles had often mourned over the paucity of copies of the Scriptures in the Principality; but this was the incident that suggested the scheme of a Bible Society, on the catholic basis of the Religious Tract Society. On the next annual visit, therefore, of this apostolic man to the metropolis, in 1802, at a committee-meeting of the latter institution, of which he was a member, he first broached the subject to his coadjutors, among whom were the justly venerated Matthew Wilks, Steinkopff, Hughes, Townshend, Alers, Freshfield, Gouldsmith, Pellet, Shrubsole, Tarn, &c., most of whom have long since ceased from their labours. These capacious-hearted men responded to the appeal of Mr. Charles for a better supply of the word of life to Wales, but asked, "If for Wales, why not for the empire and the world?" At the next meeting of the committee, Dec. 21st, 1802, the secretary "read a paper on the importance of forming a society for the distribution of Bibles in various languages;" other preparatory meetings immediately followed: some drew up rules for the proposed society; others ascertained, by extensive correspondence, the great dearth of Bibles, even in England; while a still greater number investigated the prospect of procur-

ing requisite funds. At the fourth annual meeting of the Religious Tract Society, in 1803, the formation of the Bible Society was the predominant theme; and the title of the institution, after some delay, was decided to be, "The British and Foreign Bible Society." A circular, subscribed by fourteen gentlemen, at the head of whom was Granville Sharpe, produced a public meeting in the London Tavern, March 7th, 1804, attended by some three hundred gentlemen, the result of which was the formation of the Bible Society; and thus, from the opportune tears of an anonymous Welsh child, arose the noblest institution in Great Britain, whose present issues would defy almost any form of arithmetical computation. The importance of the occasion will justify our borrowing the descriptive record of that memorable meeting from the pages of the Rev. John Owen, the first clerical secretary.

"The business of the day was opened by Robert Cowie, Esq.: William Alers, Esq., followed, and he was succeeded by Samuel Mills, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. Hughes. These gentlemen explained the nature and design of the projected Society; demonstrated its necessity, from the great want of the Holy Scriptures, and the insufficiency of all the means in existence to supply it; and, in a strain of good sense, temperate zeal, and perspicuous information, urged the importance of its immediate establishment. After these speakers had sat down, there arose another advocate, in the person of the Rev. Mr. Steinkopff, whose address corroborated what had been already advanced, and in the happiest manner completed the effect." (Mr. Owen adds,) "The author had yielded, he would confess, a reluctant assent to the pleadings of those by whom Mr. Steinkopff was preceded: but the representation which *he* gave of that scarcity of the Scriptures which he had himself observed in foreign parts, the unaffected simplicity with which he described the spiritual wants of his German fellow-countrymen, and the tender pathos with which he appealed on their behalf to the compassion and munificence of British Christians, spoke so forcibly both to the mind and the heart, as to subdue all the author's remaining powers of resistance, and decide him in favour of the institution.

"After Mr. Steinkopff had resumed his seat, the author rose, by an impulse which he had neither the inclination nor the power to disobey, in order to express his conviction that such an institution as that which had been recommended, was needed. His emotions, on rising, were such as he would not attempt to describe. Surrounded by a multitude of Christians, whose doctrinal and ritual differences had for ages kept them asunder, and who had been taught to regard each other with a sort of pious estrangement, or rather of consecrated hostility, and reflecting on the object and the end which had brought them so harmoniously together, he felt an impression, which the lapse of more than ten years has scarcely diminished, and which no length of time will entirely remove. The circumstance was new; nothing analogous to it had, perhaps, been exhibited before the public, since Christians had begun to organize among each other the strife of separation. To the author it appeared to indicate the dawn of a new era in Christendom; and to portend something like the return of those auspicious days, when 'the multitude of them that believed were of

one heart and of one soul;' and when, as a consequence of that union, to a certain degree at least, 'the word of God mightily grew and prevailed.'

"After giving utterance to these feelings, in the best way he could, the author moved, as requested, the following resolutions:

"'I. A Society shall be formed, with this designation,—THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY; of which the sole object shall be to encourage a wider dispersion of the Holy Scriptures.'"

From this unromantic and comparatively recent knot of Christian agents has arisen a movement all but co-extensive with civilized life, and which has collected the following annual amounts from the public, and required its contributions in forms that will appear in the course of the present article.

EXPENDITURE.

| | £. | s. | d. | | £. | s. | d. |
|-------------------------|------------|----|----|----------------------|------------|----|----|
| During First Year | 619 | 10 | 2 | Brought up..... | 1,615,287 | 12 | 2 |
| Second..... | 1,637 | 17 | 5 | Twenty-sixth | 81,610 | 13 | 6 |
| Third | 5,053 | 18 | 3 | Twenty-seventh | 83,002 | 10 | 9 |
| Fourth..... | 12,206 | 10 | 3 | Twenty-eighth..... | 98,409 | 10 | 9 |
| Fifth | 14,565 | 10 | 7 | Twenty-ninth | 88,676 | 1 | 10 |
| Sixth | 18,543 | 17 | 1 | Thirtieth | 70,404 | 16 | 7 |
| Seventh | 28,302 | 13 | 7 | Thirty-first | 84,249 | 13 | 4 |
| Eighth..... | 32,419 | 19 | 7 | Thirty-second | 107,483 | 19 | 7 |
| Ninth | 69,496 | 13 | 8 | Thirty-third | 103,171 | 5 | 2 |
| Tenth | 84,652 | 1 | 5 | Thirty-fourth | 91,179 | 14 | 11 |
| Eleventh..... | 81,021 | 12 | 5 | Thirty-fifth | 106,509 | 6 | 4 |
| Twelfth | 103,680 | 18 | 8 | Thirty-sixth | 110,175 | 8 | 5 |
| Thirteenth | 89,230 | 9 | 9 | Thirty-seventh | 133,934 | 18 | 9 |
| Fourteenth | 71,099 | 1 | 7 | Thirty-eighth | 90,968 | 9 | 5 |
| Fifteenth..... | 92,237 | 1 | 4 | Thirty-ninth | 86,964 | 10 | 6 |
| Sixteenth..... | 123,547 | 12 | 3 | Fortieth | 84,669 | 8 | 3 |
| Seventeenth..... | 79,560 | 13 | 6 | Forty-first | 85,817 | 15 | 9 |
| Eighteenth | 90,445 | 6 | 4 | Forty-second | 105,851 | 2 | 9 |
| Nineteenth | 77,076 | 0 | 10 | Forty-third | 128,525 | 3 | 3 |
| Twentieth | 89,493 | 17 | 8 | Forty-fourth | 105,042 | 19 | 1 |
| Twenty-first | 94,044 | 3 | 5 | Forty-fifth | 88,831 | 1 | 2 |
| Twenty-second | 96,014 | 13 | 7 | Forty-sixth | 97,246 | 2 | 0 |
| Twenty-third | 69,962 | 12 | 3 | Forty-seventh | 103,543 | 10 | 10 |
| Twenty-fourth | 86,242 | 9 | 8 | Forty-eighth | 103,930 | 9 | 10 |
| Twenty-fifth | 104,132 | 6 | 11 | Forty-ninth | 108,449 | 0 | 10 |
| Carried up | £1,615,287 | 12 | 2 | Total..... | £3,963,935 | 5 | 9 |

Thus, at the time when most of the European nations were involved in the martial excitement consequent on their transition from the old forms of worn-out absolutism to a freer condition; when novel theories of civil liberty had matched the ardent, the imaginative, and the discontented labouring classes against the ancient privileged orders; when all the bonds of international amity were in a state of apparent dissolution; when commerce, restrained by feudal laws, was as much in need of freedom as the middle and lower orders of society; when a fierce spirit of infidelity, rising chiefly in France, discovered how congenial it was to other countries, where empty professions of Christianity and a corrupted Priesthood had degenerated, as they ever must, into

various forms of scepticism; and when the vast majority in almost every European country could hardly be said to write or read their own language; Providence was preparing in this institution the means of stemming these various evils, and of enabling the oppressed and the neglected to make reprisals, in a form the most desirable for all. There may, indeed, be readers who think that the distribution of the Scriptures has nothing to do with the extension of commerce, the adjustment of civil institutions, or the impulse of education; but they cannot deny that these have followed the formation of the institution; and we are persuaded that, in combination with other causes, the events are more illustrative of the *propter hoc* than of the *cum hoc*. At all events, it is no ordinary gratification to the friends of the Bible Society, which has derived no part of its income from sectarian zeal, that the institution has maintained the integrity of its catholic foundation, unimpaired by any of those denominational influences, which have gathered around it.

In reviewing the transactions of this Society, and others of a kindred character which arose during the stormy period of the Napoleon wars, a multitude of pleasing and of disagreeable reflections equally solicit our attention. That the Society would become a vast literary establishment for issuing new translations and revising old ones,—and that, as the Queen of all other voluntary institutions for the promotion of Christian objects, it would, in that character, receive from all parties a tribute larger than was ever annually contributed to one object before,—and that, by the continued issues of copies of the Scriptures, it would mould the destinies of nations, which had previously been little the better for the existence of Christianity,—were results such as were scarcely contemplated at the first, to the extent to which they have appeared within so short a period; or, possibly, the magnitude of the scheme might have been a hinderance to its being undertaken. But the founders of the Society began with aiming at what was actually practicable,—not doubting that in the continuance of their work they would be abundantly rewarded. And, if we may believe that minds of kindred taste on earth renew their special fellowships in heaven, and are there still cognizant of the progress of mortal history, with what ecstasy must the group of biblical translators, from Jerome and Origen downwards, to Morrison, Carey, Marshman, and Leyden, now contemplate the rapid transfusion of that word, to which they owe their salvation and earthly fame, into more languages than were known to exist, when Peter dispatched his Epistle from Babylon, or when Strabo finished his Geography!

A singular felicity has attended the Society from its origin, in its having had for Secretaries, Presidents, Editors, and other coadjutors, persons eminently qualified by appropriate talents for business, and that rarest of the gifts of Christian men,—a temper at once energetic and courteous, abounding in charity

without the forfeiture of dignity. Such, we conceive, were, on the whole, its first two Presidents, Lords Teignmouth and Bexley ; the former of whom, himself an eminent oriental scholar, and successor in the government of India to Lord Cornwallis, presided over the Society, and wrote its earlier annual Reports, for thirty years. Lord Bexley, his successor in 1834, filled the same office for seventeen years ; and though, at the time of his accession to the chair, he had lost, in a considerable degree, the political importance which had belonged to him, as the colleague of Lord Liverpool, during the latter period of the war, he was distinguished as a zealous and successful champion of the Society, amidst the controversies by which it was assailed. Of similar qualifications were the Rev. John Owen, who was the first Clerical and gratuitous Secretary for eighteen years ; the Rev. Joseph Hughes, to whom the Society mainly owed its formation, and who was the Dissenting Secretary for twenty-four years ; the Rev. Andrew Brandram, who succeeded Mr. Owen, and ably filled his post for twenty-seven years ; and the Rev. Dr. Steinkopff,—the estimable Pastor of the German Church in the Savoy, and the only survivor of the founders,—who rendered the most important services gratuitously for eighteen years, as the Foreign Secretary to the Society. The institution was not less happy in having for Editors Messrs. Platt and Greenfield ; to the former of whom the Christian world is indebted for the gratuitous superintendence of the Amharic version of the Bible ; and to the latter, for the translation of the New Testament into Hebrew,—since improved by Dr. M'Caul,—and other most valuable productions. Important aid was rendered to the institution, through a series of years, by Drs. Paterson and Henderson, as foreign agents ; and it was by the editorial skill of the latter that the Icelandic translation of the Scriptures was successfully carried through the press ; while Mr. Dudley has for nearly thirty years contributed largely to the triumph of the enterprise, by his felicitous method of engineering into operation the various Bible associations, which constitute the extremities of the organization.

All these gifted officers would, however, have been comparatively ineffectual, if Providence had not opportunely raised a congenial band of translators, among whom were most conspicuous the Baptist Missionaries of Serampore, to whom the East is indebted for the invaluable boon of the word of God in above thirty different languages and dialects ; while Morrison, Milne, and Gutzlaff have performed a similar service for China. Indeed, every section of the Protestant Church that has occupied the missionary field, has shared in the honour of contributing translators of the Scriptures ; and it is but an act of justice to present, as far as we are able, a view of their respective shares in the collateral operations of the Bible Society. Besides these, the twelve MS. volumes in the Earl-street Library contain illustrations of the extensive and gratuitous services rendered by

numbers of domestic and foreign scholars, who, though neither occupying office, nor known to the public as important benefactors to the institution, contributed in no small degree to the perfection of the literary labours on which the credit of the Society mainly depended. Among this class, we have pleasure in selecting the names of Dr. Adam Clarke, Professor Carlyle, and the Rev. Mr. Usko, all of whom combined to enable the Society to correct the text of the Arabic in Walton's Polyglott; and it was owing to the wisdom of the first-mentioned of the three, in constructing a scale of types, that the Society was enabled to print the Scriptures in the Tartar language.*

The progress of a good idea, however self-evident when it has attained its practical maturity, is always slow at first: it has to fight its way through the prejudices of the imbecile, the lukewarm, and the hostile, who, though dissident in their antagonism, virtually combine to preserve the old conditions of hardship on which truth has ever achieved its victories. It was thus with the British and Foreign Bible Society. The project alarmed the orthodox Churchman, and startled the rigid Dissenter, while it excited the sneers of the profane, and to the thrifty worldling of the metropolis and the provinces, appeared nothing better than superlative extravagance. The lifeless religionists of all parties seem to have opined that the siege intended to be instituted by means of the Bible, in every locality of ignorance and vice, boded no other result than either the development of a questionable enthusiasm, or the growth of an inordinate love of theologic controversy. The manufacturer read the programme for the formation of the Society with evident distrust, and thought that some plan to increase the power of human muscles, or that of a more stolid endurance, on the part of his workmen, of long hours and low wages, would have been more opportune.

Magnificent as the auspices of the institution were, after it had existed only a few years, and although a spirit of eminent piety breathed in all its operations, it soon became evident that its goodness was no protection from assault. A small, but pertinacious, band of antagonists, both clerical and laic, appeared, with Bishop Marsh at their head, in a long succession of pamphlets, which were designed to stop the circulation of the Scriptures, except when accompanied with the Book of Common Prayer, issuing under the sanction of the Established Church. Dr. Marsh, Mr. Norris, of Hackney, Bishop Randolph, Dr. Wordsworth, the writers in the "British Critic," Mr. Twining (an East Indian Director), Major Scott Waring, and Mr. John Croker, brought their respective contribu-

* How much the Committee felt itself indebted to Dr. Clarke, was evident from its voting to him for his services £50, which he thus nobly refused: "God forbid that I should receive any part of the Society's funds! Let this money return to its source." It was mainly owing to Dr. Clarke and his colleagues that, in 1809, the Wesleyan Society, by a general collection, presented the institution with the sum of £1,300. At a later period, the Centenary Committee also voted £1,000 to the Society.

tions. Some of these writers accused the Society of being a heterogeneous medley of all parties, whose co-operation could only endanger the Church,—of being officious in obtruding its gifts where they were not needed, or of making an ostentatious display of their patronage and their success. Others represented it as a rival to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; while one of the hostile Clergy appealed against the Society, because he thought “a Bible given away by a Papist will be productive of Popery; the Socinian will make his Bible speak and spread Socinianism; while the Calvinist, the Baptist, and the Quaker will teach the opinions peculiar to their sects. *Supply these men with Bibles, (I speak as to a true Churchman,) and you supply them with arms against yourself!*” Nor was this the worst that was said. One Mr. Norris, a Clergyman, denounced the Bible Society as “a device for extorting their pence from the poor,” nay, as “a revival of the Solemn League and Covenant;” and, in a strain of mawkish ridicule, blamed the “provision of seats for ladies,” which had been announced in some of the advertisements of the Society, as a scheme likely to deteriorate their modesty! Other opponents viewed the Bible Society as a new phase of Antichrist, or a libel on the bench of Bishops; and, while they disowned the need for its existence, they professed to account for its success merely from its novelty, and as confidently predicted its speedy fall. Some affirmed that “to familiarize the poor with the Bible would be to lessen the reverence they felt for it,” and that its distribution among our soldiers and sailors could have no other effect than to foment mutiny, or interfere with discipline. The friends of the institution, who meanwhile looked with complacent pity on this impotent scolding of the wind, had greater cause for alarm, when their operations were assailed by Messrs. Twining, Major Scott Waring,* and other political writers, who were connected with the East India Company, and the *animus* of whose sentiments was in harmony with the following sample of illiberal and self-refuting sophistry, which we quote from Mr. Twining’s pamphlet:—

“*My fears of attempts to disturb the religious systems of India* have been especially excited by my hearing that a Society exists in this country, the *chief* object of which is the *universal* dissemination of the Christian faith, particularly among those nations of the East to whom we possess a safe facility of access, and whose minds and doctrines are known to be most obscured by the darkness of infidelity. Upon this topic, so delicate and solemn, I shall for the present make but one observation. I shall only observe, that if a Society having such objects in view does exist, and if the leading members of that Society are also leading members of the East India Company; and not only of

* Mr. Twining’s pamphlet, which appeared in 1808, was in the form of “A Letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, on the Danger of Interfering in the religious Opinions of the Natives of India,” &c. The title of Major Scott Waring’s performance was, “Observations on the present State of the East India Company,” &c.

the East India Company, but of the Court of Directors; nay, Sir, not only of the Court of Directors, but of the Board of Control; if, I say, these alarming hypotheses are true, then, Sir, *are our possessions in the East already in a situation of most imminent and unprecedented peril; and no less a danger than the threatened extermination of our eastern sovereignty commands us to step forth and arrest the progress of such rash and unwarrantable proceedings.*"

Major Scott Waring, however, demanded "the immediate recall of every English Missionary, and a prohibition to all persons dependent on the Company from giving any assistance to the translation or circulation of our Holy Scriptures!" So that, had the vaticinations of these sages been regarded, we should now have possessed neither a Christian mission on the banks of the Ganges, nor a distributor of the Scriptures among a people second only to the Chinese in number and antiquity. But, though these writers appealed to the strongest passion that moves all wealthy corporations,—the fear of losing estate and power,—and to the not less dominant passion of the many, and the rights of conscience, whatever may have been thought of their productions among the men of Leadenhall-street and the Exchange, they produced no more interference with the current of the Bible Society's fortunes, than does the dabbling of the goatherd's feet in the stream of the Arno. And, in compassion to the friends of many of the earlier antagonists of the institution, some of whom probably lived to abjure their ill-founded fears, it is but charity to wish their productions safely in oblivion.* If they failed to answer the object for which they were written, they accomplished worthier ends: for they instigated to a closer inspection of the biblical necessities of the world,—a calmer retrospect of the principles on which the Earl-street Society was founded; and, while they exhibited a new form of the bigotry that never dies, and, like Cerberus of old, barks at nothing so furiously as at the morning sun, they taught the brave band of good men that belonged to the *true* catholic Church of Christ the importance of more cordial unity; and, what was not less opportune, this controversy reminded the merely political and commercial adventurers, who are always ready to lead the charge against anything, however noble, that moves from Divine impulses alone, that a war against the religious convictions of men who can prove that their projects are warranted by Scripture, is as hopeless an attempt as to command the rainbow from the sky, or to stay the progress of frost in the Polar Seas.

The Society, of course, first applied itself to the wants of our own countrymen, and was thus exempt from the charge, that

* The war against the Bible Society raged, on various grounds, from 1803 to 1818; and in the library of Earl-street there are to be found sixteen volumes in 8vo. of the various controversial pieces that appeared on all sides. Some few other *brochures* have been published since the above period; but they chiefly refer to the translations, &c.

has been often preferred against other institutions, of promoting the welfare of nations remote and unknown, while they entirely neglected the equally necessitous inhabitants of Great Britain. For, though the Society has always availed itself of the resources of art to make its benefactions as nearly universal as possible, it has uniformly done more for our own fellow-subjects than for those of any other nation. Of this the reader will be easily convinced, when he remembers that it has issued, in the English language, 16,023,266 copies, either of the Old or New Testament; 117,543 copies for the use of the Irish; 816,759 copies in Welsh; 143,645 in Gaelic; and 7,250 copies in the Manx language; making an aggregate of 17,108,463 copies of the word of God. To insure the judicious distribution of this almost unimaginable number of volumes, the Society has called into existence, in Great Britain and its colonial dependencies, 8,819 auxiliary associations.

But the Bible Society did not long limit its services to our own country; for it became the means of raising sixty-three other parental institutions, whose localities, names, and issues we learn from one of the publications of the Society.

FOREIGN SOCIETIES,

FORMERLY OR AT PRESENT ASSISTED BY THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY, WITH THE AMOUNT OF THEIR ISSUES.

WESTERN EUROPE.

| | Copies of Scriptures. |
|---|--------------------------|
| <i>French, Breton, Spanish, Catalanian, Portuguese, German, &c.</i> | |
| 1. Protestant Bible Society at Paris, instituted 1818, with 132 Auxiliaries | 261,303 |
| 2. French and Foreign Bible Society at Paris, instituted 1833, with Auxiliaries | 205,877 |
| 3. Strasburgh Bible Society, instituted 1815 (chiefly German Bibles and Testaments) | 73,918 |
| Issued from the Society's Depôt in Paris, from April, 1820, 2,198,366 copies. | |

NORTHERN EUROPE.

| | |
|--|---------|
| <i>Icelandic, Swedish, Finnish, Lapponese, Danish, Faroese, &c.</i> | |
| 4. Icelandic Bible Society, instituted 1815 | 10,445 |
| 5. Swedish Bible Society, instituted 1809, with Auxiliaries | 660,432 |
| The Agency at Stockholm, formed 1832, has issued 508,463 copies. | |
| 6. Norwegian Bible Society, instituted 1816 | 33,733 |
| The Agency at Christiania, formed 1832, has issued 71,302 copies. | |
| 7. Stavanger Bible Society, instituted 1828 | 7,017 |
| 8. Finnish Bible Society, instituted 1812, at Abo, with many Branches... | 110,561 |
| 9. Danish Bible Society, instituted 1814, with Auxiliaries | 193,692 |

CENTRAL EUROPE.

| | |
|---|---------|
| 10. Netherlands Bible Society, with Auxiliaries | 456,420 |
| The Agency at Amsterdam and Breda, appointed 1843, has issued 305,659 copies. | |
| 11. Belgian and Foreign Bible Society, at Brussels, instituted 1834 | 7,623 |
| 12. Belgian Bible Associations, instituted 1839 | 14,909 |
| The Agency at Brussels, appointed 1835, has issued 189,005 copies. | |
| 13. Antwerp Bible Society, instituted 1834 | 439 |
| 14. Ghent Bible Society, instituted 1834 | 8,980 |

Carried forward..... 2,045,229

Foreign Operations.

375

| | Copies of Scriptures. |
|--|--------------------------|
| Brought forward..... | 2,045,229 |
| 15. Sleswick-Holstein Bible Society, instituted 1815, with Auxiliaries | 180,296 |
| 16. Eutin Bible Society, instituted 1817, for the Principality of Lübeck ... | 5,296 |
| 17. Lübeck Bible Society, instituted 1814..... | 14,644 |
| 18. Hamburgh-Altona Bible Society, instituted 1814, with Branches | 97,681 |
| 19. Bremen Bible Society, instituted 1815, with an Auxiliary | 26,913 |
| 20. Lauenburgh-Ratzeburgh Bible Society, instituted 1816 | 10,675 |
| 21. Rostock Bible Society, instituted 1816 | 19,154 |
| 22. Hanover Bible Society, instituted 1814, with Auxiliaries | 125,539 |
| 23. Lippe-Detmold Bible Society, instituted 1816 | 3,569 |
| 24. Waldeck and Pyrmont Bible Society, instituted 1817 | 2,800 |
| 25. Hesse-Cassel Bible Society, instituted 1818..... | 30,000 |
| 26. Hanau Bible Society, instituted 1818 | 3,316 |
| 27. Marburg Bible Society, instituted 1825 | 7,832 |
| 28. Frankfort Bible Society, instituted 1816 | 73,565 |
| The Agency at Frankfort, appointed 1830, has issued 1,230,880 copies. | |
| 29. Hesse-Darmstadt Bible Society, instituted 1817, with Auxiliaries | 31,484 |
| 30. Duchy of Baden Bible Society, instituted 1820, with Auxiliaries | 18,585 |
| 31. Würtemberg Bible Society, instituted 1812, with Auxiliaries | 601,797 |
| 32. Bavarian Protestant Bible Institution at Nuremberg, instituted 1821, with Auxiliaries | 169,849 |
| 33. Saxon Bible Society, instituted 1814, with Auxiliaries | 209,664 |
| 34. Anhalt-Bernburg Bible Society, instituted 1821 | 4,786 |
| 35. Anhalt-Dessau Bible Society..... | 3,310 |
| 36. Weimar Bible Society, instituted 1821 | 3,773 |
| 37. Eisenach Bible Society, instituted 1818 | 4,938 |
| 38. Brunswick Bible Society, instituted 1815 | 700 |
| 39. Prussian Bible Society at Berlin, instituted 1805, with Auxiliaries..... | 1,678,677 |
| Issued to the Prussian troops since 1830..... | 344,938 |
| The Agency at Cologne, appointed 1847, has issued 209,022 copies. | |

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

German, French, Italian, and Romanese.

| | |
|---|---------|
| 40. Basle Bible Society, instituted 1804..... | 423,814 |
| 41. Schaffhausen Bible Society, instituted 1813 | 13,179 |
| 42. Zurich Bible Society, instituted 1812, with an Auxiliary at Winterthur. | 15,163 |
| 43. St. Gall Bible Society, instituted 1813..... | 37,436 |
| 44. Aargovian Bible Society, instituted 1815..... | 19,454 |
| 45. Berne Bible Society | 44,646 |
| 46. Neuchâtel Bible Society, instituted 1816 | 19,016 |
| 47. Lausanne Bible Society, instituted 1814 | 47,692 |
| 48. Geneva Bible Society, instituted 1814 | 69,474 |
| 49. Glarus Bible Society, instituted 1819 | 5,000 |
| 50. Coire or Chur Bible Society, instituted 1813 | 12,267 |
| 51. Waldenses Bible Society at La Tour, instituted 1816 | 4,238 |

GREECE AND TURKEY.

| | |
|---|-------|
| 52. Ionian Bible Society, instituted 1819, at Corfu, with three Auxiliaries . | 7,377 |
|---|-------|

RUSSIA.

| | |
|---|---------|
| 53. Russian Bible Society, St. Petersburg, previous to its suspension by an Imperial Ukase, in 1826, had 289 Auxiliaries, and had printed the Scriptures in various languages, the circulation of which is still allowed | 861,106 |
| 54. Russian Protestant Bible Society at St. Petersburg, instituted 1826, with numerous Auxiliaries | 250,325 |
| The Agency at St. Petersburg, formed 1828, has issued 308,505 copies. | |

Carried forward..... 7,499,266

| | Copies of Scriptures. |
|--|--------------------------|
| Brought forward..... | 7,499,266 |
| INDIA. | |
| 55. Calcutta Bible Society, instituted 1811, with various Branches | 674,654 |
| Serampore Missionaries | 200,000 |
| 56. North India Bible Society, at Agra, instituted 1845 | 46,574 |
| 57. Madras Bible Society, instituted 1820 | 701,409 |
| 58. Bombay Bible Society, instituted 1813 | 185,632 |
| 59. Colombo Bible Society, instituted 1812, with various Branches in Ceylon | 39,263 |
| 60. Jaffna Bible Society | 102,323 |
| AMERICA. | |
| 61. American National Bible Society | 7,572,967 |
| 62. American and Foreign Bible Society | 686,696 |
| 63. Philadelphia Bible Society | 233,039 |
| Total copies of Scriptures..... | 17,941,823 |

There is one aspect, however, of the labours of this Society which, viewed in relation to their ultimate moral results on millions of our fallen world, must be pronounced as purely incommensurable. It was no part of the original design of this institution to become a great scholastic establishment, nor has it ever affected the praise of erudition, at any period of its existence. But we very much mistake the judgment of our scholastic readers, if, when they have carefully examined the following *précis* of the translations of the Bible Society, they do not claim for it the credit of a far greater erudition than could be imputed, at any period, to the most celebrated scholastic institution of any part of the world. We must entreat the reader's forbearance while we lay the substance of these extraordinary achievements before him. We do not intend, for a moment, to assert that the whole of the ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE new translations of parts, or of the whole, of the word of God, have been made on the Society's premises, or immediately by its agents in London or other parts of Great Britain; but, if there be any truth in the old legal maxim, "*Qui facit per alium, facit per se*," then, whether the Bible Society procured such translations of the Scriptures by suitable grants to the poor Christian scholars of other nations, or furnished types, paper, and temporary salaries to learned Missionaries employed in such works, it is only fair to yield to it the credit of that enlightened Christian wisdom, without the aid of which such works could never have been accomplished, or, if performed at all, would probably either have lain on the shelf as mere MSS., or, even if printed, would have appeared in number so ridiculously inadequate, as to be virtually useless.

In reviewing this remarkable array of new translations of the Scriptures, made, for the most part, not into those languages with which the long researches of scholarship had made European *literati* more or less familiar, but into those more recondite

branches of human speech which belong to the Ugro-Tartarian, the Indo-Chinese, the Sanscrit, and the Polynesian families, one can scarcely believe the result, even with the evidence before his eyes. We have not forgotten what a parade of learning has often been thought necessary, in some former instances, when the object was, not to make a new translation, but only to supersede a few obsolete or inept terms in an old version; and what feats were thought to have been performed when the work was done. But here are more than a hundred new translations, wrought for the most part in obscurity, in less than fifty years; and, although Roscommon had long ago justly said,—

“Good translation is no easy art;”

and Jerome had observed, in a sense strongly apologetic for his own work, “*Post priorum studia in domo Domini, quod possumus laboramus;*” and although theorists have marshalled an all but deterrent host of the qualifications indispensable in the translator of the Scriptures,—the work done is not more extraordinary for its amount, than it is for the comparative correctness with which it has been performed. It has happened with this department of labour as in the fabrication of the epic. Critics have framed rules for its formation, which they have insisted upon as essential canons; but those who have written epics worth reading either wrote without a knowledge of these rules, or laughed at them: and so the modern translators of the Bible have performed their work, either in ignorance of the pre-requisites on which collegiate critics have insisted, or certainly without much normal observance of their literary statutes. Necessity, the mother of all good achievements, in concurrence with the Divine aid imparted to conscientious and able Missionaries, has produced the work of translation as far as it has gone; and, under the same influence, in a century more, we have strong faith that the Scriptures will have been rendered into every language on earth, spoken by any considerable number of people. While we trust that such will be the result, we are aware that we cannot expect to find in every Missionary the sacred heroism that enlarged the hearts of Carey, Morrison, Jowett, and Martyn; but we may reasonably hope that their example, the greater facilities we now possess for linguistic studies and travel, and the more profound conviction of the Churches that such translations are a legitimate part of the great work of the Evangelist, will impel our well-educated Missionaries to give adequate attention to a work that must indefinitely increase their posthumous usefulness.

To perceive, however, how far the large editions of the various translations of Scripture are from meeting the wants of the respective nations for whom they are prepared, the reader has only to cast his eye over the portentously disproportionate figures presented on the following page.

| TOTAL KNOWN PRINTED COPIES OF THE SCRIPTURES. | FOR WHAT COUNTRY. | ESTIMATED POPULATION. |
|--|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3,122,121 | India, with its Dependencies | 150,000,000 |
| Not 200,000 | Persia | 7,000,000 |
| 2,000 | Afghans | 5,000,000 |
| 50,000 | Armenians | 5,000,000 |
| About 800,000 | Sweden | 3,100,000 |
| About 400,000 | Denmark | 3,600,000 |
| 2,000 | Albania | 1,200,000 |
| 25,000 | Modern Greece | 1,200,000 |
| 207,000 (Protestant Translation) | Italy | 22,400,000 |
| 280,000 (Ditto) | Spain | 12,000,000 |
| 79,800 (Ditto) | Portugal | 6,500,000 |
| 10,000 | Wallachia | 3,000,000 |
| 1,400,000 in Russian language... | Russia | 60,000,000 |
| None since 1804 | Bosnia | 1,000,000 |
| None since 1804 | Styria, &c. | 2,200,000 |
| 500,000 | Poland | 10,000,000 |
| Less than 100,000 | China | { 352,000,000 |
| About 50,000 | Turkey | { in China Proper. |
| Few or none | Japan | 12,000,000 |
| None known | Formosa | 50,000,000 |
| 3,500 | Java | 2,500,000 |
| About 30,000 | Madagascar | 9,500,000 |
| 250 | North Africa (Berbers) | 4,700,000 |
| None known | Ashantee | 3,000,000 |

The stirring facts that are indicated by these simple figures, and which none but the Christian can be expected adequately to feel, are by no means the whole of the evil; for if some Divine impulse should induce the whole population of Great Britain, Germany, France, and America alone, to resolve on the immediate possession of a copy of the Scriptures, it is questionable whether such a want could be supplied before a large portion of the present generation had passed from the earth.

Very few, probably, of our readers are aware of the important result of the Society's labours, as it appears in the progressive formation of its invaluable biblical Library: we shall therefore be excused for laying before some of our remoter biblical students a general summary of this unique Library. The bulk of the volumes are copies of the Scriptures, including, in addition to those in which the Society has been immediately concerned, rare copies of first or early editions of the Bible in various languages, many of which have been presented to the Library by generous contributors, who wisely concluded that volumes so scarce and precious were thus likely to be more useful and more safely preserved, than if retained in private possession. We well know that some of our Collegiate Institutions may boast even rarer treasures of this nature; but we are persuaded that no national, collegiate, or private biblical library can approach that which is to be found on the Society's premises in Blackfriars. In addition to the printed Bibles there are also valuable copies of more or less of the

Scriptures in manuscript, in about fifty different languages, some of which have never yet appeared in print. The MSS. are, indeed, not all strictly parts of the Bible, but they all relate to it, and form a most important *apparatus* to departments of bibliographic criticism entirely new. A considerable portion of this curious collection consists of lexicons, grammars, and other philologic treatises, which refer to the business of translation. This Library contains also a large assortment of commentaries, liturgies, catechisms, books of topography and travel, and the Reports of all the Bible Societies in the world, together with a great variety of miscellaneous works, all converging on the existence and object of the Society. But the feature of the Library which is most attractive to ourselves, next to the Bibles in all languages, and the MSS. to which we have referred, is a collection of twelve folio volumes, also in manuscript, containing the history of the translations in ninety-four languages, in which the Society had been concerned, down to 1829. And we are informed that similar materials are preserved for continuing these historic records to the present time. It is to these most precious pages that Mr. Bagster is largely indebted for the materials of his "Bible of every Land;" and we doubt not that the literary stores of these memorials will be still more extensively useful.*

In preserving the MS. memorials which contain the substantive history of its respective translations, the Bible Society has acted with great and righteous foresight, not only with a view to the defence of its erudite labours, should they ever be assailed; but also as by these records are preserved important aids to future scholarship, when the era shall have arrived to give to these documents that valuable authority which they must needs acquire from the lapse of time and the progressions of society. It would, indeed, have been an invaluable treasure to biblical criticism now, if we had possessed similar records, illustrative of the manner in which, and in the face of what difficulties, the translations and versions of the Scriptures were made, from the Italic, which were probably the earliest of the post-apostolic translations, down to the later translations, accomplished in the days of the Byzantine scholars, as well as those achieved in the fervour of the Reformation. And even to a greater extent than by the formation of this inestimable biblical Library, the Society has been the means of making contributions to scholastic criticism of the utmost importance; not merely, indeed, as some would imagine, by simply increasing the facilities of study, but by having given a vast impulse to the growth of eminent biblical scholars. In 1804, when the Society started its machinery, there was no lack of celebrated linguists, either in our own or other countries; but

* We confess ourselves to be utterly at a loss to explain the fact that this sumptuous collection of books has no Librarian! Fie, gentlemen of the Bible Society! We love you for the economy that appears in every thing, but this is to be "penny wise and pound foolish" with a vengeance.

until after that time very few—the Missionary agents always excepted—had turned their attention seriously to such a cultivation of the ancient and foreign languages, generally unknown even in the best Universities, as would justify their being trusted to translate the Scriptures. Even yet, except the Missionaries, neither Germany, with all its philological pomp, nor France, with its literary ambition, nor England, with its ample collegiate endowments, possesses more than a very few Orientalists at all deserving the epithet, in comparison with the Serampore band, or even with the continental group consisting of Golius, Erpenius, and Schultens. We have, indeed, long had professorships for these things at Oxford, Cambridge, and elsewhere; but we have yet to learn how much the better biblical scholarship has been for *them*, except it be for the occasional purchase of some valuable manuscripts, or the felicitous accident of becoming possessed of an important legacy of Oriental works,—the purchase or the labour of men who needed no collegiate emoluments to induce them to a preference of these studies. But, through the influence of the Bible Society, Europe now contains a considerable staff of well-tested biblical linguists, who, instead of wasting the ripe years of their intellect in the comparatively barren scholarship of Greek and Roman prosody, and poetic erudition, have spent their hard days and unquiet nights in translating the word of God into some language, which was like opening the doors of heaven, to admit millions of our fallen race to its glory.

Let any honest scholar cast his eyes over the Polyglott copies of the Scriptures, that are now cheaply sold in the biblical market, and ask himself the fair and serious question, “How many years might have transpired before any of the Universities would have troubled themselves with the fact, that 700,000,000 of immortal beings had no means of reading in their own tongue the word of God? and how many centuries would have been required for them to have issued only fifty new translations of the Scriptures?” If they be the Protestant ecclesiastic establishments which they boast themselves to be, such an object, surely, was of a nature congenial to the purposes of their existence. With a few honourable exceptions, and those almost all owing to individual enterprise, the great bulk of the translations have been made, it is true, by Scotch or by Englishmen; but, in most instances, *by men whom those Universities would not have admitted to compete for their ordinary honours!* Let the Heads of Houses and their Professors cast their eyes down the lists that show by whom the Biblical translations have been made within the past fifty years into the Monosyllabic, the Indo-Chinese, the Indo- and Medo-Persian, the Sanscrit, the Turkish, the Ugro-Tartarian, the Caucasian, the Malayan, the African, the Polynesian, and the Oceanic groups of languages; and ask, in the words of the Scribes of a former day, “What do *we*?” It is not, however, our object to reproach those who ought to have done this work long ago,

but to claim "honour for whom honour is due." Providence has always superseded men who might, but will not, work; and we have now another remarkable instance before us, in the brilliant army of Missionary translators, nearly the whole of whom were poor,—often persecuted,—and who, when they left their country for the scene of their respective labours, received more sneers than blessings. For the future purposes of biblical learning, the Bible Society, in the persons of its associated translators and revisers, and such noble printing-offices as Mr. Bagster's, have done more than had been previously achieved by all the collegiate linguists since the day of Pentecost. For a few shillings the poor biblical scholar can now obtain the means of pursuing his studies in almost any language that is vernacular to a great nation, or that ever was so; and thus enter into the inheritance of those stores of intellectual wealth, which have been accumulating from times almost as remote as the days of the Abrahamidæ. Let no one imagine that we have the slightest allusion to the question of the comparative scholarship of Church and Dissent; for letters have always been proverbially a republic. Genius is of all churches, and worth peculiar to no party; but it cannot be denied that the bulk, and the best, of the great translations of modern times have been made by men who neither used the Common Prayer, nor acknowledged any power on earth to impose creeds, but who yet loved good men, of all classes, who, like themselves, went about to do good. We solicit attention to the following lists of the more modern Translators, as belonging to the different sections of the Church.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE AGENTS OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

| | |
|---|--|
| Tahitian Bible..... | { By Rev. Henry Nott, revised by Revs. W. Howe and T. Joseph. |
| Rarotonga Bible | { By Revs. J. Williams, C. Pitman, and A. Buzacott. |
| Samoa New Testament... | { By the Missionaries collectively in those Islands. |
| Malagasy New Testament | { By Revs. D. Jones, J. J. Freeman, D. Griffiths, and others. |
| Sichuana New Testament and portions of Old Testament..... | { By Rev. Robert Moffatt. |
| Buriat Bible | By Revs. W. Swan and E. Stallybrass. |
| Chinese New Testament..... | By Rev. Dr. Morrison. |
| Ditto Old Testament | By Revs. Dr. Morrison and Milne. |
| Ditto New Testament | { By Revs. Dr. Medhurst, C. W. Milne, J. Stronach, and others. |
| revised | { |
| Ditto Old Testament | { By Revs. Dr. Medhurst, C. W. Milne, and J. Stronach. |
| revised | { |
| Malayalim Scriptures | By Rev. J. Kain. |
| Guzerattee ditto | By Revs. J. Skinner and W. Fyvie. |
| Teloogoo ditto | By Revs. E. Pritchett and J. Godon. |

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Canarese New Testament | By Rev. John Hands. |
| Ditto Old Testament | By Revs. J. Hands and W. Reeve. |
| Uron New Testament | By Revs. W. Buyers and J. H. Shurman. |
| Ditto Old Testament | By Revs. J. H. Shurman and Kennedy. |

TRANSLATIONS EFFECTED BY THE AGENTS OF AMERICAN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

| | | |
|-----------|------------------------|-------------------------|
| Ottawa | Matthew and John | American Board. |
| Ojibbeway | Part of Gospels | Ditto |
| Delaware | — | Ditto |
| Seneca | — | Ditto |
| Iowa | Portions of Scriptures | Ditto |
| Chocktau | — | Ditto |
| Cherokee | — | Ditto |
| Pawnee | — | Ditto |
| Ponga | — | American Missionaries. |
| Grebo | — | American Board. |
| Hawaiian | — | American Bible Society. |

WESLEYAN TRANSLATORS.

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| Irish | { Rev. Jas. M'Quig, revised,—his revision now in general use by the Bible Society. |
| Singhalese | By Rev. B. Clough. |
| Indo-Portuguese | By Rev. R. Newstead. |
| Tamul | By Rev. P. Perceval. |
| Tongan | By several. |
| Feejee | By several. |
| Kaffir | By Rev. W. B. Boyce, and others. |
| Bechuana | By Rev. J. Archbell. |
| Chippeway | By Rev. P. Jones, and others. |
| Cree Indian | By Rev. James Evans, and others. |
| Mandingo | By Rev. R. M. MacBrair. |

TRANSLATIONS EFFECTED BY MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES.

| | | |
|---------------|---|---------------------------------------|
| Delaware | Parts of New Testament | By David Zeisherge. |
| Arawack | Ditto | By Theo. Sol. Schleeman. |
| Negro-English | Entire Bible | — |
| Greenlandish | New Testament | By B. C. K. Schmidt. |
| Ditto | Psalter | By Valentine Müller. |
| Labrador | { New Testament and Parts of Old Testament | { By Messrs. Morrkadt and Fritche. |

We should have been glad to add to these lists a statement of translations effected by the valued agents of the Church Missionary Society: but this we have been unable to obtain, and the making of it out would, we are informed, involve much labour on the part of those who have official access to the requisite documents.

The relations which the British and Foreign Bible Society has sustained, from the beginning, with all the various associations which have been devoted to missionary, scholastic, and charitable objects, have been as honourable to itself, as important to them. While they have recruited its resources in some

measure, and at all events made the Bible Society better aware of the indigence of other nations, as well as our own, the Earl-street institution has always found, in the agencies of such philanthropic bodies, the means of insuring a judicious distribution of the Scriptures. The contemporary institutions of a country rising from the same mental level, and breathing the same air, are generally formed so as to supply each other's need. What could the biblical confederation of Great Britain have done for foreign nations, without the living scholarship, the local knowledge, and the proverbial zeal of the Missionary Agents? And if there had existed no such wide-hearted Society as the one before us, in what comparatively attenuated results would many of our Missions have ended, dependent, as some of them would have been, on the precarious life of those whom love to God and his creatures had inspired with the purest bravery, and a wisdom too exalted and practical to have had its origin in any thing but in religion! But the history of Missions is rich in instances that show how the copies of the Bible which they were enabled to put into circulation, have, when the Station was unavoidably abandoned, brought the long-sown seed to an ample harvest; not to mention the important multiplication of the Evangelist's labours, in circumstances that forbade his personal agency.

Much as the Bible Society has, however, accomplished, through its co-operation with missionary institutions, it can scarcely be supposed to have been less useful in the department of education, especially among the poor. Its grants to schools form in themselves an interesting portion of its statistics; and where those grants have not been altogether eleemosynary, its usefulness has not been less, for bringing within the pedagogic army, and the homesteads of the thoughtful poor, cheap and attractive copies of that volume which is at once the best educator and friend. But for the means which the Bible Society has economically furnished, the condition of our Sunday scholars, whom we may now reckon by millions, would have been very inferior to what it is; for though the competitive laws of trade might have cheapened the Scriptures in some degree, Mammon would have always insisted on its *per-centage*, and our Sunday-schools, the best part of our national police, must have been abandoned to a greater measure of imperfect *vivá voce* instruction, or to the equally questionable training of mere catechetic rote. And how shall we measure the utility to which the Bible Society may lay honourable claim, for its services to those nondescript organizations of charity, that have employed themselves in visiting prisons, asylums of the unfortunate, hospitals, the galleys, the poor-house, the emigrant ship, the districts of slavery, rapine, and war, the great establishments of commerce, and even the taverns, the barrack-yard, and the sailors'-home? for the Argus-eyes of Charity have surveyed them all. It may be, that the word of God has often been ridiculed, or long lain neglected, in these haunts of

human sadness; but we have also evidence that the most desperate and callous who are often found in such localities have, through a casual glance at some text of holy writ, or through the patient conning of more taciturn sufferers, been won from their blasphemy and scoffing, into real discipleship to Him who bore all our woes, and converted them into secondary agencies for their permanent cure.

Apart from the especial object of its existence, no reasonable doubts can be entertained, that the Society has conferred important benefits on the community at large. Not to claim credit for the origination of a certain increase of trade, and for the virtual destruction of the Bible monopoly,—the moral condition of the nation is now far better understood, through that extended system of domiciliary visitation, which the agents of the Bible Society have employed, that they might learn and publish the wants of the poor. These visitants have brought to light terrific proofs of educational and religious indigence, which have largely contributed to that better care for the poor which is characteristic of the present age. Most of the friends of Bible distribution are also advocates of education; and many a school and church owe their foundation to the discoveries thus made; while to the same cause is attributable the existence of a great number of new charitable institutions, and the increased activity of old ones. To some adequate cause it must be referred, that the national habits are altogether so ameliorated within the present century, that the races of wine-bibbing Clergy and roystering gentry are almost extinct. The solitary churlishness which, a generation ago, often distinguished the man of property, and the rancid acrimony of political intolerance, are also on the wane. The sons of the older gentry have been made to acknowledge that the *parvenus* of successful commerce have proved their equals, whether in the college or on the hustings; while the well-educated women of the middle classes have approximated to their aristocratic sisters, in almost every particular but that of rank. Drunkenness, improvidence, and rudeness of manners, still remain among the poor; but even *they* reason better than their superiors of a former age, and many working men are better read in the history of the world, and of the sciences that nourish trade, than the mass of those thirsty squires who served the shrievalty half a century back, and hung men without remorse for poaching a shilling's-worth of fish by night, or passing a base crown over the counter. Even Parliament has caught the influence of improvement, and no longer tolerates duels, or shouts stentorian applause to speeches only remarkable for their rank and excessive imagery, or for their maudlin intolerance; nor does it now permit its orators to finish harangues against revolution, by flinging a dirk into the floor.

All classes of the community have, indeed, improved, and exchanged mutual advantages, and have thus learned to find wis-

dom and virtue, where it was once supposed that only atheism and rebellion could dwell. Now, whence all this improvement in forty or fifty years? for we have no other half century as a precedent. We conceive that the improved knowledge of the better read, and the augmented circulation of copies of the Scriptures, have given a new impulse to the general intellect, and to all our Churches; and that few things could be mentioned, that have more largely contributed to this general growth of intelligence, and of improved feelings and manners, than the operations of the Bible Society, which, besides being itself a protest against sectarian bitterness, has had in its constant employ many thousands of agents, whose aim has been, not only to cheapen and universalize the possession of the Scriptures, but to induce their being read. It is hardly possible for mind to become familiar with the pure models of character, the judgments that Heaven passes on mortal deeds, and the overwhelming verities of the Bible, without acquiring a wider compass of view on all moral subjects, and even an elevation of feeling; for we see even these results in those sceptical persons who have been compelled to a more assiduous study of the books which they affect to disbelieve.

The Christian community is, however, far indeed, at present, from indicating any adequate sense of its duty to insure the universal cognition of the Book of Revelation. It is true, there have always been found the few, who have lived mainly under the ennobling inspiration that directed itself to the circulation of the Bible. Some small districts have occasionally been distinguished by spring-tides of renovated zeal, and the Society at large has, at certain epochs, exceeded the amplitude of its usual operations. It is cheering to witness even these transitory flashes of more vital energy in the heart of the Church; but the joy they excite is somewhat counteracted by our witnessing also, among the 20,000,000 of conscripts whom death marches yearly out of this world, many that were foremost for zeal, for hallowed scholarship, and for practical sagacity in this good cause; and by the fact that the fall of leaves, and the change of seasons, are often contemporary with the dissolution of once powerful auxiliaries, or with the extinction of families and churches, that had been the means of an effective co-operation. These are, indeed, occurrences that await all that is human, and that would be fatal to our theories of Christian progression, were it not for that other law of Providence, which so often illustrates its sovereign freedom, by raising other "princes from the dunghill," and thus compensating the world for the rare treasures which it is continually withdrawing. There was, indeed, in the year 1833, a Resolution passed by the various American Bible Societies, "*that, with the blessing of God and the co-operation of other Bible Societies throughout Christendom, the world shall be supplied with the Holy Scriptures in twenty years.*" Among many congenial resolves of the Transatlantic Christians, they seem to have conceived, that this *desideratum*

"would not be attained, unless some body of men should intend, purpose, and resolve, to do it *in a definite time*." It was well that so noble a thought was in the heart of that young nation, that had not much at that period exceeded the jubilee of its own independent existence; but the conception, however magnificent, was rather a proof of the daring temper for enterprise that has marked its whole career, than a judicious resolution, warranted by the possibilities of the case. We are not, indeed, of opinion, that the measure of progression in the first half-century of the Bible Society ought to be indicative of the rate of its future advance; for if it do not transcend the compass of its past achievements, of what use will be the mature experience, the *prestige* of its name, its economized modes of work, its greater command of resources, and the freer intercourse which we now enjoy with the remotest nations of the earth? But we must not forget, that—though it is one of our Christian adages, that truth is a trust, to be freely and faithfully dispensed, at the hazard of entailing upon ourselves the curse of diminished knowledge and enfeebled faculties—it is only "one of a family, and two of a city," that thus recognise the solemn relations of man to the truth they come to know. The bulk of Christian professors, who, indeed, are more active than ever in giving breadth and show to material and numerical Christianity, are either too intent on the dogmatic difficulties which new forms of scepticism have protruded on the Church,—or too much absorbed in the petty projects of denominational extension,—or too ambitious of presenting the forms of religion they have espoused, in new attractions of literature, economy, and art, to the world,—to set themselves seriously to think, how much nobler a preference it would be, in the estimation of Heaven, "to make all men see what is the mystery" of God manifest in the flesh, by the universal extension of the Bible, than to live through their earthly life in that concealed, but refined, species of selfishness, which may too surely exist in connexion with a gorgeous state of Christian profession. We have need, much need, to return to a better schooling of ourselves in the stern fundamentals of our faith. The ideas involved in the phrase, "the worth of the soul," which was the living inspiration of the Puritan literature,—the "Awake thou that sleepest," which ushered-in the successful ministry of the Wesleys,—the "love of Christ," which threw such magnetic power into the veins of Berridge, Gilpin, Jonathan Edwards, the Erskines, and Whitefield,—the modern Church has never yet sufficiently imbibed. The cry, "To arms!"—"To horse!"—which the earnest warriors of old times shouted to their partisans in the city or the field, betokened a state of valorous fervour that must be seen in the Church, before we can bring within our view the reasonable prospect of "supplying the entire reading population of the world with the Holy Scriptures within twenty years." And even then, if this high mood of hallowed enterprise could be insured for the period in question, it would be the utmost

adventure of faith to essay the achievement, however desirable the consummation. If the British and Foreign Bible Society has been able to obtain in half a century, from all sources, scarcely four millions of money, and has only itself issued 26,571,103 copies of the Old or New Testament; and if the sixty-three other great Bible Societies, in the other parts of the world, to which it has given birth, have only issued 17,941,823 copies of the Bible, making together a total of 44,512,926, (which, by the way, wastes at the alarming rate of 15 *per cent. per annum*,) we can scarcely be chargeable with an unreasonable want of confidence, if we hesitate to believe that the object can be accomplished within the present century. It is admitted how rapidly a building proceeds when the foundations are once laid, the scaffolding erected, and the work prepared to be put together; and we rejoice to think how much has been done towards the work, by the translation of the Scriptures into about two hundred different languages. Yet, when we glance at the researches of those ninety-two eminent linguists, geographers, and men of science, who enabled M. Balbi to present in so accurate a form his invaluable Atlas of languages,* in which it is shown how these tongues are constantly breeding new offspring, we fear that if the income of the Bible Society be tenfold, at its second Jubilee, what it is now, there will still be more languages into which it will be the duty of Christians to translate the Scriptures, and millions of the human race still ignorant of the Lord of heaven and earth; unless Providence should, as it has often done before, anticipate human plans, by some overwhelming display of its power to dispense, in whole or in part, with human agency.

Not for a moment, however, can the labours of the Bible Society be remitted; for, although so much has been done, both in the work of translation and in that of distributing printed copies of the Scriptures, one half of its labours is yet untouched. Into 615 languages and dialects known to us,† no part of the Bible has yet been translated, in something like the following proportions of the ordinary ethnologic arrangements:—of the African class of languages, 201; of the American, 170; of the Polynesian or Malayan, 62; of the Ugro-Tartarian, 39; of the Slavonic, 10; of the Indo-Chinese, 31; of the Monosyllabic, 13; of the Sanscrit, 23; of the Indo-European, 20; of the

* We heartily recommend our Christian students to compare the lists of languages and dialects in the "Atlas Ethnographique" of M. Balbi, with the compendious view which the Bible Society has issued to illustrate the languages and dialects in which it has printed the Scriptures.

† Kercher reckoned the languages of America alone at 500, and D'Azara believed them to be, at least, 1,000; while many eminent philologists estimate the total number of languages and dialects in the world at 2,000. Adelung computes the entire number at 3,064; but the Atlas of Balbi presents 800 languages, and above 5,000 dialects; and we agree with that author,—that when we become better acquainted with Central Africa, America, and Australia, as well as with some Oriental countries of which we now know little, the number of languages and dialects will be much increased.

Græco-Latin branch, 10; and of the Celtic, 3 languages. The case of the first four is the more lamentable, because, though the translation of the Scriptures into the language of a semi-barbarous or a savage people is one of the most powerful instruments in their civilization, there have been only 27 translations of the Scriptures—and many of these are fragmentary—into the languages of all Africa; only 30 into those of the American class; only 18 into the Polynesian family; and only 33 into the Ugro-Tartarian. Here, then, is ample work for all the faith, the patience, the Christian scholarship, and the industry of the Church, which will find this part of her work inconceivably more difficult, as most of these languages are either unwritten, and without a grammar, or they contain no literary stores, from which the translator might borrow assistance. Armies, fleets, and colonies, have long tried to subdue the African and his slave-market; but, if that work be ever accomplished, we are persuaded the successful pioneers must be the translator, the missionary, the printer, the schoolmaster, and the artisan; and Africa is amply able to repay them all. The delusions of Budha, of Brahma, and of the Koran, are fast falling in the contest with those European and American agents of Christian benevolence and wisdom; and there is no doubt that the more savage superstitions of Africa, and of South and Central America, will, in due time, share the same fate. We regret that it is not in our power to state the numeric population which these 615 languages and dialects represent; but it must be very great.

Much as the Society has done, we are glad to witness no signs of its becoming supine; for we learn from its Report that “the following are the editions of the Scriptures at present carrying on for the Society in foreign parts:”—

In BELGIUM, at Brussels—

25,000 French Bibles, (Martin,) 16mo.,
M.R.

5,000 ditto (ditto) 8vo.

5,000 ditto (De Sacy) 12mo.

10,000 ditto Testaments (ditto) 32mo.

10,000 ditto ditto (Martin) 24mo.

5,000 Flemish Testaments, 24mo.

In GERMANY, at Cologne—

10,000 German Bibles, 24mo.

50,000 ditto Tests., (Luther) 12mo.

50,000 ditto (ditto) 24mo.

50,000 German Psalms, (ditto) 12mo.

50,000 ditto (ditto) 24mo.

25,000 German Testaments (Kistemaker)
12mo.

At Frankfort—

3,000 Lithuanian Bibles.

In SWEDEN, at Stockholm—

10,000 Swedish Testaments.

5,000 ditto and Psalms.

In NORWAY, at Christiania—

5,000 Norwegian Bibles.

In FINLAND—

20,000 Lettish Testaments and Psalms.

In WALLACHIA, at Bucharest—

1,000 Bulgarian Psalms.

5,000 ditto New Testaments.

In TURKEY, at Constantinople—

2,500 Græco-Turkish Bibles.

1,500 Ararat-Armenian Testaments.

1,500 ditto ditto with
Ancient Armenian in parallel columns.

In the EAST INDIES, at Singapore—

1,000 Malay Testaments, Arabic character.

In CEYLON, at Colombo—

2,000 Indo-Portuguese Testaments.

In China, at Shanghai—

An edition of portions of the New Test., in Mantchou and Chinese, in parallel columns.

In SOUTH AFRICA, at Cape Town—

An edition of the Psalms in the Sesuto dialect.

In NOVA SCOTIA, at Halifax—

750 Luke and Acts in the Mic-Mac Indian dialect.

It is also particularly gratifying to know that the object of its Jubilee efforts in great part is,—

“To open a correspondence with the several Presidencies in India, and with their friends in China, with a view to some more extended efforts for the benefit of those countries; to send out a deputation, consisting of one or two suitable persons, to Australia and New Zealand, possibly to touch also at some of the other islands of the Pacific; and further, to employ some accredited agent of the Society to visit the colonies of British America, and the West India Islands.

“They have also adopted a scheme for a more extensive system of colportage throughout Great Britain, in connexion with the Year of Jubilee.”

We have thus far traced the infant growth of one among many of the products of Evangelic Protestantism, which in ages to come will distinguish the British ecclesiastical history of the nineteenth century. How many scores of other benevolent institutions have arisen within the same period, to disperse their invaluable benefactions abroad without regard to caste, or climate, or any other condition than that of indigence, it is no part of our present business to narrate. But we cannot help feeling, what a magnificent contrast Evangelical Protestantism sustains with the spirit of the Papacy during the past half century. While the former has been reclaiming savages by missions and schools, and reducing numerous rude oral languages and dialects to grammatical systems, and storing them with the knowledge which at once improves earth and leads to heaven, the latter has been industriously dispersing its emissaries to plot revolutions among peaceful kingdoms, and to reduce free churches to that priestly despotism which never exists but to enslave, to pollute, or to destroy. While Protestant zeal and learning have translated the Scriptures, for the first time, into a multitude of languages, and have disseminated nearly 50,000,000 of copies of the word of God, the Papacy has contented itself with sneering at our erudition, denouncing our activity from its altars, and warning those simple votaries who trust Popery with their salvation, of the heresy of our doctrines, and the insidiousness of our aims. While evangelic Christians have founded thousands of Sabbath and other schools, it has been enough for the Priesthood of that system to fulminate from their pulpits intimidation to their flocks, and to hurl florid anathemas at our “godless colleges.” The one has been adapting herself to the wants of the age, in originating city missions, cheap literature, ragged schools, people’s colleges, and various systems of popular improvement; and the other has concentrated its powers in upholding despotic governments, in resisting the freedom of the press, devising tortures for progressive intellect, and barring all that part of Italy, over which it claims control, against the ingress of the light. The senates of Protestant states have been weeding their statute-books of the unjust provisions of ancient bigotry, and conceding, to the nations they represent, rights that were long withheld; but the mock-

senates in Italy, Austria, and Spain, have chiefly concerned themselves, meanwhile, in devising expedients for prolonging the age of tyranny, or in excogitating pretensive pleas for still withholding the inalienable rights of men. Protestantism has, by the free distribution of the Scriptures, given a healthy impulse to the Greek, the Syrian, the Armenian, and the Coptic Churches; but if the Papacy has, in the same period, interfered with other Churches at all, it has rather been in the ambitious temper of invasion; and if it has excused some of its better-endowed agents from their attendance at the Vatican, it has been with the view of foiling the simple Christian communities of Polynesia, or of sowing discord among the academicians of England. Protestant Christians, who have no greater differences of opinion than have been found for ages and still exist among the Papists, have within the past fifty years abandoned much of their controversial asperity, and have learned to trust and respect each other's conscientious differences of dogma; but the Papal system has made in the same period no advance, but is still as arrogant in its conceit as ever, and stands apart from all other Churches, hating all and respected by none. Protestant intelligence has been attentive to every discovery of science, and has drawn from it some new proof of the Christian faith; and it has laboured to repel the obstinate sceptic, and to meet the wants of the sincere doubter, by a more skilful revision of the evidences of our holy religion; while none know better than men of science and art, how perilous a thing it is to publish a discovery in the realms of the Pope, who suspects the very light of heaven, and treats additions to the catalogue of human ideas as impertinent intruders, that may not travel freely without a priestly passport. Reader, consult, if you doubt the justice of our comparison, the latest issue of the *Index Expurgatorius*, and you will find, among the proscribed, the best authors of every class, whose works, however slightly, seem to skirt the borders of Popedom, denounced as writers dangerous to human souls. Rome has long known that China contained 350,000,000 of Heathens, and India half the number; but though it has paraded its credit for having of old established missions in both those countries, the Scriptures were never translated into the tongue of either, by the learned emissaries of the infallible Church, though the Vatican has long possessed such facilities for the work as no other seat of learning can boast. But why should the Papacy be accused of omitting what it never designed to do? Its tendency has always been rather to mutilate, to burn, or to conceal the word of God, than to propagate it. It cannot mention the period when its scholars were given, or permitted, to make vernacular translations; and we may unhesitatingly affirm, that the Protestant Churches have caused within the past fifty years *ten times more translations of the Scriptures to be made, and copies of them to be circulated among nearly all nations, than the Papacy has accomplished throughout the dreary period of its entire existence.*

It is not our intention to trespass further on our readers than

simply to propose one question to such of them as may happen to belong to one or other form of the many-phased school of modern scepticism. While we admit that these new translations of the Bible are not perfect,—that most, and perhaps all, of them will require frequent revision,—and that many thousands of the distributed copies of the Scriptures have lain unheeded, or have even been abused by being sold, burnt, or at least despised,—and that of others in considerable number we are unable to record valid results,—will the scorner of vital godliness, the repudiator of our Scriptures, or the doubter of their historic and internal evidences, yet dare to censure the biblical results of the past fifty years? While he has been debating which of the systems of cosmogony to prefer,—whether the star-studded heaven had a nebulous or an instantaneous origin,—whether states would be happier with new or old forms of government,—what exact results are to be deduced from geology,—in what form, direct or otherwise, taxation should be levied,—by what tenure rulers should hold their dignity,—or when we shall be able to sail through the air,—whether the *ultimatum* of free trade or protection would be more gainful,—and how it were best to settle the volcanic difficulties of poverty, punishment, and crime,—or through what agency wealth, education, and enjoyment can be best diffused,—the Christians of the Bible Society have accomplished a work which has already changed the aspect of nations; for in fifty years they have distributed nearly as many million copies of the Scriptures, in some two hundred different languages! What have the schools of neology, of scepticism, and of pantheism done in the same period, comparable to this? They have debated with incessant ardour, as did their predecessors on Mars' Hill; but their debates have neither fed the poor, reclaimed the evil, nor blessed the unhappy; and, indeed, all the questions are left as undetermined as they were when this century began. As Christians, we acknowledge difficulties in our faith, disputative material in our records, and in our lives we all lament sad short-comings from our standard; but we are practical men, and give ourselves to such works as these of the Bible Society, while our neighbours who deride its authority content themselves with forming hypotheses. As men of this school are wont to favour the application of the utilitarian test, we invite them to apply it in this instance. Is England the better for its speculatists, or for its distributors and expounders of the Bible? Is India more improved by the metaphysical theorists of Europe, than by its Missionaries, its schoolmasters, and its translators? Cook and Vancouver found the Polynesians all savages: was it by the wand of some little knot of adventurous Secularists that so many of those islands flung their idols into the sea, and quenched their cannibal fires? We repeat, Protestant Churches have within the last fifty years reclaimed savages, explored unknown countries, opened markets, and greatly enriched the general happiness, by increasing knowledge through

the translation and distribution of the Scriptures. This is our work; and we wait to learn what in the same period the men that oppose the Bible can present as a counterpart. We are derided by our antagonists, and we at least derive from their contempt the right to interrogate, "Show me thy faith by thy works." The mere speculatists of Egypt, Greece, Arabia, and the East, have left us nothing more substantial than the transient glitter of their controversies; and their modern successors promise us nothing better than a legacy of polemic or fantastic words.

As the supply of any new want generally awakens the consciousness of others, this enlarged communication of our sacred oracles entails on us the obligation to remember, that the Christian schoolmaster is almost as much needed as the Bible. A glance at the map of the world forces upon us the terrific interrogative,—Can half those 850,000,000 of human beings read intelligibly in *any* language? nay, could a sixth part of them write their own name? We fear the reply in either case would be negative. Shall we then suspend our biblical operations until the army of pedagogues has pioneered the way? No; for, by circulating the Scriptures among those who are able to read them, we not only stir the Pagan, the Islam, and the barbarian, with an anxiety to be saved, but with a desire to be taught, and especially to secure for their children the advantages of education: and thus the Bible prepares the path for the schoolmaster. He alone has often tried, and always failed, either to convince the idolater of his folly, or to persuade the cannibal to wear clothes, and to till the land for his subsistence; for the schoolmaster, without the Missionary and the Bible, would be little better than a trumpeter without his regiment. It is true, that an astonishing number of genuine conversions is reported by most of the Missionaries as having been effected by no other visible agency than that of perusing the Scriptures,* and that many of the *colporteurs* and other agents of the Bible Society bear similar testimony; and perhaps, indeed, we who have enjoyed the benefit of an evangelic ministry have undervalued the simple reading of the Scriptures as one means of producing a genuine regeneration. But, while we admit the fact, the hazards of all imaginable errors, both of opinion and conduct, *commence at that point*; and, unless the school and the Missionary be at hand, the one to develop the mental powers, and the other to supply the converts with adequate progressive instruction, a new crop of as "wild tares and darnel" may be expected in our foreign Churches, as ever Melito of Sardis complained of in his day. The missionary and the scholastic movements of the Church must, therefore, keep pace with its biblical enterprise.

So much for the past operations of the Bible Societies; but

* We advise the reader to consult for this purpose "The Bible in India,"—a pamphlet extracted from the Report of the Calcutta Bible Society, and published by Dalton of Cockspur-street.

who will venture to predict their future influence? Fifty millions of copies of the Scriptures put into circulation in some two hundred different languages, constitutes a new predominant element in the contingencies of human destiny. What will be the effect of this great movement,—whether to bring forth a broad crop of politico-moral revolutions from China to the Bosphorus; or to cast the Asiatic mind into some new type of agitation; to renovate those melancholy pretensions, the Coptic, the Abyssinian, the Armenian, and the Syriac Churches, into life; or whether the early result will be “a rushing mighty wind” from heaven, to smite at once the polybrachial idols of India, and the legion of blasphemers from the towers of Moslem,—who can foretell? “Some great thing” must, however, be the consummation of the enterprise.

ART. IV.—1. *Monumenta Historica Britannica, or Materials for the History of Britain, from the earliest Period.* Vol. I., extending to the Norman Conquest. Prepared and illustrated with Notes by the late HENRY PETRIE, Esq., F.S.A., Keeper of the Records in the Tower of London; assisted by the REV. JOHN SHARPE, B.A., Rector of Castle Eaton, Wiltshire; with an Introduction by T. DUFFUS HARDY, Esq., F.A.S. Published by Command of her Majesty. Folio. 1848.

2. *The Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England; also, The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, with illustrative Notes, a Map of Anglo-Saxon England, and a general Index.* Edited by J. A. GILES, D.C.L. 8vo. Bohn. 1849.
3. *William of Malmesbury's Chronicle of the Kings of England, from the earliest Period to the Reign of King Stephen.* By J. A. GILES. 8vo. Bohn. 1847.
4. *The Chronicle of Richard of Devizes, concerning the Deeds of Richard the First, King of England, by Richard of Cirencester, and Description of Britain.* Translated and edited by J. A. GILES. 8vo. London, 1841.
5. *Roger of Wendover's Flowers of History, comprising the History of England, from the Descent of the Saxons to A.D. 1235, formerly ascribed to Matthew Paris.* Translated from the Latin by J. A. GILES. 8vo. Bohn, 1849. Two Vols.

It is justly observed by the late lamented Dr. Arnold, in his “Lectures on History,” that no man can write consistently, efficiently, and spiritedly, upon any one given portion of the long drama of the world's life, which has been slowly enacting, scene after scene, and century after century,—unless he first study, deeply and carefully, the developments of its thoughts, as they presented themselves at the period in question. We must acknowledge to a strong sympathy for the future historian who

shall attempt to fulfil such conditions, for a history of our own country in our own times, when the leading newspapers of every day would fill a quarto volume,—when the literary pulse of the nation beats so strong and high, that one might suppose every vein of its body corporate to flow with ink, and every hair to be a goose-quill. At first sight,—setting apart the Herculean labour of the task,—we should be ready to conclude that the facilities for obtaining precise and definite information on the busy events of the present times, and clear, lucid, vivid impressions of the general tone of thought and feeling, must be immensely superior to those enjoyed by the historian of past ages, whose chief resource for information is the result of the labours of the solitary Monk in his quiet cell, penning on smooth parchment, in characters of uniform precision, such tidings as reached his cloistered retreat, long before the active appliances of modern science had annihilated distance, and made a mockery of time.

But is it so? The value of literary labour may be fairly tested by the honesty of literary purpose. Books are now too frequently written to support a preconceived theory, to promote particular views or interests, to amuse the reader, to enrich the writer. Before we take up a work on any given subject, we wish to know what *side* the author embraces; and we read, mentally prepared to combat unfairness of argument, and one-sided statement of facts. In past ages, the motives of authorship, its destinies and its rewards, were alike totally different. No printer's devil was besieging the doors of the luckless writer, to catch his thoughts, before the ink of their expression was dry, and to waft them on wings of steam to every quarter of the habitable globe; no meed of fame was to reward his quiet labours: during his own life-time, he could scarcely expect them to be heard of beyond the limits of his own and a few neighbouring convents, or, at most, beyond the court of the Sovereign; to which should he be so fortunate as to gain admission, the chances were sorely against him that few, if any, of the princely band could decipher a line of the precious MS., over whose quaint illuminations and costly binding they might linger with admiring wonder. With the chroniclers of the far past, writing was its *own* reward: they felt that the transmission of their country's history to future ages was a sacred duty committed to them, and to them alone;—for, in a period of ignorance almost universal amongst the laity, who else could execute the task?—and they wrote with a single-minded purpose to hand down the truth to posterity.

In addition to general history, the affairs of the particular convent and the legendary lore of the age are transmitted with a minuteness and prolixity of detail which would become tedious, were it not that they present a phase of human mind which it is curious and interesting to study. The intellectual path of

nations, like that of individuals, leads from simple, child-like trustfulness, through eagerly questioning incredulity, to firm and rational belief. To these various phases of the world's mental history, the God of the world has pre-eminently adapted his own revealed communications. In the infancy of mankind, visible appearances, and absolute, unexplained precepts, contained the manifestations of his parental will to the people whom He ruled by the simplest and most sublime form of government,—a pure theocracy. Later on, prophecies, grand, mysterious, vague, aroused the expectant awe of the awakening intellect, which was further gratified by their gradual, but visible, fulfilment; whilst the concluding books of Sacred Writ meet man disposed to search into the reason of "the hope that is in him;" meet him with a code of moral law that addresses itself to his understanding, as well as to his heart; meet him with argument, clear, terse, and decisive; meet him with proof, logical and conclusive; and thus guide him, through the mazes of doubt, to the grand temple of truth. The genius of Romanism, essentially hostile to the spirit of free inquiry, ignored the second of the mental phases to which we have alluded, required from the maturing nation or individual an unquestioning belief in the dogmas prescribed to its early faith, and frowned upon and punished the strugglings of the out-bursting spirit to know "whether these things are indeed so." An investigation into the reasons of this policy is beyond our present scope: its results are obvious. It prolonged, materially and sensibly, the intellectual childhood of the nations.

The pages of modern histories convey a very imperfect picture of the prevailing tone of thought and feeling in remoter ages. They deal with the *facts* of the past, not with its inner life. The *modus operandi* of the modern historian presents a strong contrast to that of his literary predecessors.

He marks out the period which he intends to illustrate by his labours; he is careful in selecting his authorities; and, if he rises above the rank of a mere compiler, he collects his materials with a due consideration of their different degrees of authority. He either enters on a field which has not been occupied before, or he avails himself of the labours of his predecessors. He does so on the supposition that he can add to the information already possessed: he treats his subject more philosophically, or with more precision, or greater latitude; and he brings to bear upon it the age of thought of the period in which he lives. He would not dream of reproducing, in his own work, in exactly the same form, and in the same words, the labours of another writer who had preceded him.

But with the monastic chronicles of the middle ages the *author* entirely disappears, and the *man* is lost in his *order*. He is not an independent writer, who plans and executes a work after his own taste and ability; but he is the servant of his house, appointed

to his work. Sometimes, indeed, he is but the chronicler of affairs which concern his own monastery and order. If general events are entered in his work, it is often no more than as they influenced the fortunes of the establishment of which he was a member; and thus that which, to us, is of the greatest consequence, was to him quite of secondary importance.

He is often no more than a continuator or an interpolator; sometimes only a mere transcriber. He avails himself of the labours of his predecessors, and incorporates them with his own, without the least alteration; or he continues the work where it was left by his predecessor, without innovation or change. He builds up the chronicle of his house, just as the architect adds a story or a tower to the building, which had been planned and erected long before; and it is not always easy to detect where he commences, or from what point his work is continued by his successor. Perhaps he adds at the conclusion of his work, "*Ego, frater Johannes, scripsi*," "*confeci*," or words of the like import, and fences it well with anathemas against those who may mutilate or falsify it; but whether by these words he means to insinuate that he was author, compiler, continuator, or merely transcriber, we have not always data to ascertain. Thus the early part of Matthew Paris is a mere transcript of Roger of Wendover; Florence of Worcester, of Marianus Scotus; William of Malmesbury copies Bede, and enlarges upon Eadmer, &c. This was neither meant nor understood as plagiarism; it was simply done with the view of rendering the chronicle as complete as possible.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that constant repetitions should be found in the works of the mediæval writers; that compilers were much more numerous than original writers, as their labours were easier; and that the same work was reproduced over and over again, with scarcely any difference, or with some few original facts which are easily separated from the main body of the work. When we come to examine a chronicle, we find that a small portion only is original, and that all the rest has appeared before, under the name of its real author. Let it be supposed, for example, that every time a continuation were written to Hume's History of England, the whole were published as a new and independent production, by the person supplying the continuation: thus Smollett's Continuation, published with Hume's work, would be called "Smollett's History of England;" again, the same work, continued by Adolphus, would be equally styled "Adolphus's History of England." This instance, absurd as it may seem, will give no exaggerated idea of the mode in which monastic chronicles were compiled. The result is, that the same works have assumed different forms, and been quoted under different titles, as independent authorities, in the pages of modern histories.

But another cause rendered still more extensive the practice of reproducing the same work under a different title: every

important monastic establishment adopted some chronicle of general history,—such as that of Bede or of Marianus Scotus,—into which they introduced a notice or history of the foundation of their house; a biography, or at least a necrology, of their benefactors, and of persons who, either by their rank or by their connexion with the monastery, were recommended to the notice of the compiler; also, the dates of grants and charters, which are sometimes entered at full length.

A chronicle, therefore, in itself identical, would vary slightly, according as it was preserved and interpolated at Worcester, Ely, Abingdon, &c. It would be the same work in the main, though each of the several MSS. might contain some entries, of mere local interest, not found in the others; and according to the practice of naming chronicles from the depositories where they were written or kept, it would assume different titles, as the Chronicle of Ely, Worcester, or Abingdon, as the case might be.

The existence of such repetitions has caused some of the ablest editors of our chronicles to retrench, without scruple, such portions as were merely copied from earlier authorities. Thus, in his edition of Matthew Paris, Archbishop Parker omitted all that preceded the Norman Conquest. Dr. Gale did the same in the first volume of his collection of British writers; and Henry Wharton, as he excelled all his predecessors in a critical knowledge of the writers of the middle ages, exceeded all editors in retrenching useless repetitions and superfluities. Nor has this method of retrenchment been confined to our own writers: on the Continent it has been adopted by Mabillon, Duchesne, Bouquet, and Pertz, and is the foundation of the plan of the English Historical Society.

The monkish period of English history may be said to commence with the Saxon invasion, and to close with the reign of Henry VII. The number of volumes containing materials for the history of that period, published up to the close of the last century, was about fifty, besides numerous detached pieces in different collections. These, however, do not embrace the *Monasticon Anglicanum*; the biographies in Mabillon's collection; those in the great *Acta Sanctorum*, &c. During the present century, numerous works, bearing upon the history of the same period, have appeared: their number amounts to upwards of one hundred and sixty, and some of them form a series of volumes. These works have been printed independently of each other, and therefore without uniformity, and without any regard to connexion or chronological arrangement: consequently the writer who is engaged in studying any given portion of our early history must seek, in this ill-digested mass of materials, whatever will bear upon his purpose,—happy if he knows of the *existence* of some of the works, to say nothing of *possessing* them, and being himself master of their contents.

It is an astounding fact that, until within the last few years, no country in Europe, with the single exception of France, has

made any attempt to bring out its original chronicles in a consecutive series, adapted to the reading of its intelligent public. France has nobly led the way, not only in the collection and publication of her ancient chronicles in their original forms, for the libraries of the learned, in the great *Recueil des Historiens de la France*, edited by Bouquet and his successors, the Benedictines of St. Maur, of which twenty-two folio volumes are already before the public, but also in the collections and translations—edited, in a popular form, by Guizot, Buchon, Petitot, Monmerqué, and others—of the materials of history, both for earlier and more recent periods.

Since the appearance of Bouquet's work, a similar collection of the national histories of Germany has been sent forth, under the care and editorship of Dr. Pertz. Nine volumes have already been issued; and, when completed, it will probably surpass all other collections of the kind which have yet appeared, in the careful attention, research, and unwearied labour observable in all its pages. We have reason to know that Dr. Pertz is so far from shrinking from the toil involved in his laborious undertaking, that where a MS. requires more than ordinary skill in deciphering, he frequently undertakes the labour of the copyist, and himself carefully collates every syllable that forms part of his work.

In England, until the present century, no attempt has been made to collect and publish our historical materials in a uniform and continuous series. Gibbon and Pinkerton had combined in directing the attention of the public to the subject, in a series of letters, published in the "Gentleman's Magazine," preparatory to a projected collection, to be issued under their joint auspices, after the plan of Bouquet's great work. Gibbon wrote an eloquent prospectus for the undertaking, expressing his hope that he might live yet twenty years, in order to witness its completion; but his death, on the very day on which the prospectus was to have been published, put a stop to the project.

In the years 1818–19 Government took the matter into their own hands, under the conviction that the undertaking was of too great magnitude and importance to be intrusted to private individuals or companies; and the late Henry Petrie, Esq., Keeper of the Tower Records, was requested to draw up a plan for collecting and editing our historical muniments. In some respects his plan was more enlarged than that of Bouquet, since it included copies of inscriptions on marble or stone, coins and medals, and seals, which do not find their way into the French collection. He toiled at his responsible task with indefatigable zeal and assiduity, amidst many discouragements and disappointments, until the year 1835, when a misunderstanding arose between himself and the Record Commissioners, which led to the suspension of his labours. This augmented, if it did not cause, the long course of ill health which terminated in Mr. Petrie's death,

in 1842. He left the text of the first volume in type; and, after ten years' farther delay, a final arrangement was made with Mr. Petrie's executors; and the drawing up of the general introduction, and the supervision of the work, were confided to Mr. T. Duffus Hardy, of the Tower Record Office, already honourably known to the antiquarian world, as the author, amongst other works, of the very elaborate and valuable introductions to the Close, Patent, and Charter Rolls, edited by him for the Record Commission, and also for the able editorship of William of Malmesbury's Chronicle, printed for the English Historical Society. This national volume, published under the title of *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, is a most important boon to the community. It commences with extracts relating to Britain, from one hundred and twenty-seven Greek and Roman historians,—the former accompanied with English translations,—beginning with Herodotus of Halicarnassus, who flourished 445 years before Christ, and ending with Nicephorus Callistus, who was born at the latter end of the thirteenth century: so that we have, within the brief compass of a hundred pages, all that the classic or the low Latin and Greek historians of seventeen centuries have left us on record concerning the "*penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*," of whose future position in the category of nations its Roman conquerors little dreamed.

We diverge a moment from our more immediate object, to listen to what the classic Greek and hardy Roman have to say concerning our remote ancestors. Diodorus Siculus, who wrote about forty-four years before the birth of Christ, after a geographical description of the island, speaks of its aboriginal inhabitants as

"Still preserving the primitive modes of life; for in their wars they use chariots, as the ancient Greek heroes are reported to have done in the Trojan war; and they have mean habitations, constructed, for the most part, of reeds or of wood; and they gather-in their harvest by cutting off the ears of corn, and storing them in subterraneous repositories; that they cull therefrom daily such as are old, and, dressing them, have thence their sustenance; that they are simple in their manners, and far removed from the cunning and wickedness of men of the present day; that their modes of living are frugal, and greatly different from the luxury consequent on riches; that the island is thickly inhabited, and the temperature of the air exceedingly cold, inasmuch as it lies directly beneath the north; and that they have many Kings and Princes, and, for the most part, live peaceably together."—P. ii.

Of the peaceable disposition of the early Britons, other writers speak far less favourably. The Irish are, by one author, declared to be "more savage than the Britons, feeding on human flesh, and enormous eaters, and deeming it commendable to devour their deceased fathers." But he is candid enough to add that this is related, perhaps, without very competent authority.

Caius Julius Solinus, who flourished about A.D. 80, speaks of the Irish as a warlike and inhospitable race.

"The victors smear their faces with blood drawn from the slain. Right and wrong are alike to them. When a mother gives birth to a male child, she puts its first food on the point of her husband's sword, and lightly inserts this foretaste of food into the mouth of the infant on its very tip, and, by family vows, wishes that it may never die, save in war and under arms. Those who study ornament adorn the hilts of their swords with the teeth of fishes swimming in the sea: they brighten them up to an ivory whiteness; for the chief glory of a man is the brilliancy of his arms."—P. 9.

The more lengthened descriptions of Britain by its conqueror, Julius Caesar, and by Tacitus, are too well known to need quotation, and later Latin writers principally borrowed their ideas from them. The fact, that in Britain Constantine was raised to the imperial dignity, led one of his panegyrists to indulge in the following burst of eulogy upon the country itself:—

"O fortunate Britain! now happiest of lands, since first thou hast seen Constantine a Cæsar! Nature has deservedly endowed thee with all blessings of climate and soil, in which is neither too great winter's cold nor summer's heat,—in which so great is the fruitfulness of the harvest that it suffices alike for the gifts of Ceres and Bacchus;—whose groves are free from fierce beasts,—whose land from noxious serpents. On the other hand, innumerable is the multitude of tame flocks, distended with milk, or laden with fleeces. Certainly, too,—which is most favourable to life,—the days are very long, and no nights are without light, since the extreme flatness of the shores does not cause shadows, and the aspect of night passes over the limit of the sky and of the stars; so that the sun itself, which to *us* appears to set, *there* appears to pass by. Ye good gods! how is it that ever, from some farthest end of the world, new deities descend to be worshipped by the whole world?"—P. lxix.

Distance gives licence to the imagination; and when Britain itself became too well known to be made the stage of marvels, they were transferred to the neighbouring islands. Plutarch writes that—

"Demetrius said that there are many desert islands scattered around Britain, some of which have the name of being the islands of genii and heroes; that he had been sent by the Emperor, for the sake of describing and viewing them, to that which lay nearest to the desert isles, and which had but few inhabitants, all of whom were esteemed by the Britons sacred and inviolable. Very soon after his arrival, there was great turbulence in the air, and many portentous storms; the winds became tempestuous, and fiery whirlwinds rushed forth. When these ceased, the islanders said that the departure of some one of the superior genii had taken place. For as a light when burning, say they, has nothing disagreeable, but when extinguished is offensive to many; so, likewise, lofty spirits afford an illumination benignant and mild, but their extinction and destruction frequently, as at the present moment, excite winds and storms, and often infect the atmosphere with

pestilential evils. Moreover, that there was one island there wherein Saturn was confined by Briareus in sleep; for that sleep had been devised for his bonds; and that around him were many genii, as his companions and attendants."—P. xcii.

At the close of these classic extracts, the *Monumenta Historica* give us the Roman inscriptions,—that is, those bearing upon history,—with the coins and medals: these close the first part of the work. The second part contains what we may call the national history, *i. e.*, the writings of our British chroniclers, showing how insular predilections and traditions enlarged, modified, and, in some instances, contradicted, the classic story. The principal authors given in this portion are, Gildas, Nennius, Bede, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, Florence of Worcester, Simeon of Durham, Henry of Huntingdon, Gaimar; and last, though not least important, from its not having been before published, comes the "Song on the Battle of Hastings,"—a Latin poem of eight hundred and thirty lines, recently discovered by Dr. Pertz in the Royal Burgundian Library at Brussels, which comprises a period of four months only, but still a period of stirring interest; and, though, in many places, it resembles the Chronicle on the same subject by William of Poictou, presents some original and independent particulars. In each instance the chronicle, if it extended far beyond the Conquest, is cut short at the year 1066, the period at which the present volume closes. The care bestowed upon the text of the different chronicles, the laborious collation with the best MSS., English and foreign, and the critical ability shown in the selection of the readings, are obvious throughout almost every page. The introduction contains a mass of well-digested information respecting the characters and works of our early historians, lucidly and comprehensively brought together.

So much for the contents of the volume before us: when are we to see its successor? A large mass of materials, collected by Mr. Petrie, still remains undispersed. The extent of his researches upon English historical muniments, as preserved in the libraries of Europe, abundantly appears (though their source is not acknowledged) in an appendix to the Commission on Public Records, published by Mr. Charles Purton Cooper; and, for the later periods of our history, much valuable and inedited *matériel* might be thence derived. That editorial ability has not passed away with Mr. Petrie, the introduction to the volume before us abundantly testifies; and, moreover, we have reason to know that a plan has been carefully drawn up, and laid before her Majesty's Government, by which, at a cost of £1,250 a year, an annual volume of the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, with preface and index complete, might be given to the public; yet nothing is done, nor doing. Are our great national publications ever to prove abortive? and is this "first volume" to be added to the "first volumes" of Patent, Charter, and Close Rolls, already commenced and discontinued, as an

additional proof of the indifference with which the first nation in the world regards the steps by which it reached its greatness?

The *Monumenta Historica*, however, even if completed, would be a book for the student, from which to gather, with facility, his *materials* of history; but could never become a book which should convey to the English public a mirror-like representation of by-gone times. The language of the chronicles—Latin, Norman-French, or Anglo-Saxon—would alone suffice to preclude this; and the bulk and expensiveness of the work would also prevent its frequent admission into private libraries. Until within the last few years, the only translation of any of our monkish historians was that, by the Rev. Mr. Sharpe, of William of Malmsbury; a work ably done, but got up in a costly form. Recently, however, several translations have been made by Dr. Giles; and a consecutive series of these is now in course of publication,—forming portions of Bohn's "Antiquarian Library,"—which, for the first time, place within the reach of an ordinary English reader the opportunity, not only of testing the accuracy of historical facts, as contained in the pages of modern writers, but of forming a true idea of the spirit of the earlier ages. The translations themselves are not what might have been expected from the scholastic reputation of Dr. Giles. They are occasionally inaccurate, and fail to convey the true spirit of the original. In reference to one portion of his work, we regret to say, that Dr. Giles has laid himself open to the charge of breach of faith, in borrowing from the Record Commission a portion of Mr. Petrie's then unpublished work, "for common purposes of reference during a certain time," pledging himself "to show it to no one, and return it when done with;" and then employing the portion of the work thus obtained, as the foundation of his own translations. Apart from these considerations, we gladly accept Dr. Giles's works as a boon to historical literature, and shall now endeavour, from them, to give our readers some idea of the modes of thought of past ages. It must be premised that the instances will be generally, if not invariably, selected from the period when the writer himself was a living witness of what he records; for, as William of Malmsbury observes in the Preface to his history,—

"I vouch nothing for the truth of long-past transactions but the consonance of the time; the veracity of the relation must rest with its authors. Whatever I have recorded of later times, I have either myself seen, or heard from credible authority."

And again:—

"There will, perhaps, be many, in different parts of England, who may say that they have heard and read some things differently from the mode in which I have recorded them; but, if they judge candidly, they will not, on this account, brand me with censure; since, following the strict laws of history, I have asserted nothing but what I have learned either from relaters, or writers of veracity. But, be these

matters as they may, I especially congratulate myself on being, through Christ's assistance, the only person, or, at least, the first, who, since Bede, has arranged a continued history of England."

The same writer opens the third book of his history, by observing,—

"I now attempt to give you a clue to the mazy labyrinth of events and transactions which occurred in England during the year 1141; lest posterity, through my neglect, should be unacquainted with them, as it is of service to know the volubility of fortune, and the mutability of human estate, God only permitting or ordaining them. And, as the moderns greatly and deservedly blame our predecessors for having left no memorial of themselves or their transactions since the days of Bede, I think I ought to be very favourably regarded by my readers, if they judge rightly, for determining to remove this reproach from our times."—P. 513.

It need scarcely be said, that one of the most prevailing characteristics of the early ages was the love of the marvellous, and the strong tendency to look upon the *marvellous* as the *supernatural*. The same mental phase which leads a child to revel in Jack the Giant-killer and Tom Thumb, Cinderella and Blue Beard, far more intensely than in all the tales of properly-behaved little boys and girls, which the sense of modern educational propriety has prepared for them, and to revel in them the more from the vague feeling of delighted wonderment which they elicit,—led the monkish writers to a strong susceptibility for the preternatural; and we may readily imagine how easily such a taste could find ample scope for exercise, before the lights of modern science had been brought to bear upon the wonders of nature and art constantly developing, and, by explaining them, to rob them of their mysterious fascination. We may trace another strong point of resemblance between the infancy of humanity and that of its literature. No child can be made to feel satisfied with a tale, however amusingly or elaborately wrought out, unless it concludes with rewarding all the good, and punishing all the naughty, people. The sense of retributive justice is remarkably developed in the temperament of childhood, which yet wants scope and comprehensiveness of grasp, to enable it to look beyond the immediate future, for the final balancing of right and wrong. Similarly, in our early literature, we find instances recurring, not only in which any incidental misfortune is considered as the direct retribution for some known or marked crime, but in which a series of misfortunes leads to the supposition, that the victim must *necessarily* have been "a sinner more than others." If the life of the individual did not afford sufficient satisfaction to this retributive feeling, it was no unusual thing for the excited imagination to overstep the portals of the grave, and endeavour to wring out the solemn secrets of future destiny, which, it need scarcely be added, were in exact coincidence with the preconceived notions of desert.

Bede records the following story :

"I knew a brother myself,—would to God I had not known him!—whose name I would mention if it were necessary, and who resided in a noble monastery, but lived himself ignobly. He was frequently reproved by the brethren and elders of the place, and admonished to adopt a more regular life; and though he would not give ear to them, he was long patiently borne with by them, on account of his usefulness in temporal works,—for he was an excellent carpenter. He was much addicted to drunkenness, and other pleasures of a lawless life, and more used to stop in his work-house, day and night, than go to church, to sing and pray, and hear the word of life, with the brethren. For which reason, it happened to him according to the saying, that he who will not willingly and humbly enter the gate of the Church, will certainly be damned, and enter the gate of hell, whether he will or no. For he, falling sick, and being reduced to extremity, called the brethren, and with much lamentation, and like one damned, began to tell them, that he saw hell open, and Satan at the bottom thereof; as also Caiaphas, with the others that slew our Lord, by him delivered up to avenging flames: 'In whose neighbourhood,' said he, 'I see a place of eternal perdition provided for me, miserable wretch!' The brothers, hearing these words, began seriously to exhort him, that he should repent even then, whilst he was in the flesh. He answered, in despair, 'I have no time now to change my course of life, when I have myself seen my judgment passed.' Whilst uttering these words, he died, without having received the saving *viaticum*, and his body was buried in the remotest parts of the monastery; nor did any one dare either to say masses, or sing psalms, or even to pray for him. This happened lately, in the province of the Bernicians; and, being reported abroad, far and near, inclined many to do penance for their sins without delay; which we hope may also be the result of this our narrative." —P. 257.

Malmsbury records the following amongst other miracles attendant on the death of William Rufus, whose quarrels with, and expulsion of, the good Archbishop Anselm, with his general contempt for religion, rendered him an object of vehement reprobation.

"They relate many visions and predictions of his death; three of which, sanctioned by the testimony of credible authors, I shall communicate to my readers. Eadmer, the historian of our times, noted for his veracity, says, that Anselm, the noble exile, with whom all religion was also banished, came to Marcigny, that he might communicate his sufferings to Hugo, Abbot of Clugny. There, when the conversation turned upon King William, the Abbot aforesaid observed: 'Last night, that King was brought before God, and, by a deliberate judgment, incurred the sorrowful sentence of damnation.' How he came to know this, he neither explained at the time, nor did any of his hearers ask; nevertheless, out of respect to his piety, not a doubt of the truth of his words remained on the minds of any present. Hugo led such a life, and had such a character, that all regarded his discourse, and venerated his advice, as though an oracle from heaven had spoken.

"The day before the King died, he dreamed that he was let blood

by a surgeon, and that the stream, reaching to heaven, clouded the light and intercepted the day. Calling on St. Mary for protection, he suddenly awoke, commanded a light to be brought, and forbade his attendants to leave him. They then watched with him for several hours, until daylight. Shortly after, just as the day began to dawn, a certain foreign Monk told Robert Fitz-Hamon, one of the principal nobility, that he had that night dreamed a strange and fearful dream about the King; that he had come into a certain church with menacing and insolent gesture, as was his custom, looking contemptuously on the standers-by; then, violently seizing the crucifix, he gnawed the arms, and almost tore away the legs; that the image endured this for a long time, but at length struck the King with its foot in such a manner that he fell backwards; from his mouth, as he lay prostrate, issued so copious a flame, that the volumes of smoke touched the very stars. Robert, thinking that this dream ought not to be neglected, as he was intimate with the King, immediately related it to him. William, laughing repeatedly, exclaimed, 'He is a Monk, and dreams for money like a Monk; give him a hundred shillings.' Nevertheless, being greatly moved, he hesitated a long while whether he should go out to hunt, as he had designed; his friends persuading him not to suffer the truth of the dreams to be tried at his personal risk. In consequence, he abstained from the chase before dinner, dispelling the uneasiness of his disturbed mind by serious business. They relate that, having plentifully regaled himself that day, he soothed his cares with a more than usual quantity of wine. After dinner, he went into the forest, attended by few persons, of whom the most intimate with him was Walter, surnamed Tirel, who had been induced to come from France by the liberality of the King. This man alone remained with him, while the others employed in the chase were dispersed as chance directed. The sun was now declining, when the King, drawing his bow and letting fly an arrow, slightly wounded a stag which passed before him; and, keenly gazing, followed it still running a long time with his eyes, holding up his hand to keep off the power of the sun's rays. At this instant Walter, conceiving a noble exploit,—which was, while the King's attention was otherwise occupied, to transfix another stag which, by chance, came near him,—unknowingly, and without power to prevent it,—O gracious God!—pierced his breast with a fatal arrow. On receiving the wound, the King uttered not a word; but, breaking off the shaft of the weapon where it projected from his body, fell upon the wound, by which he accelerated his death. Walter immediately ran up, but, as he found him senseless and speechless, he leaped swiftly upon his horse, and escaped by spurring him to his utmost speed. Indeed, there was none to pursue him; some connived at his flight; others pitied him; and all were intent on other matters: some began to fortify their dwellings; others to plunder; and the rest to look out for a new King. A few countrymen conveyed the body, placed on a cart, to the cathedral at Winchester, the blood dripping from it all the way. Here it was committed to the ground within the tower, attended by many of the nobility, though lamented by few. Next year, *the tower fell*; but I forbear to mention the different opinions on this subject, lest I should seem to assent too readily to unsupported trifles; more especially as the building *might* have fallen through imperfect construction, even though *he* had never been buried there."—P. 344.

This confession on the part of Malmesbury, that he will not declare positively the fall of the tower to have been caused by the interment in it of the bones of a king so sacrilegious as William Rufus, is a wonderful instance of candour. The same historian records, with great minuteness, a very different death-scene,—that of Lanzo, a Clugniac Monk, Prior of St. Pancras, Lewes, Sussex, one of the first establishments of the order in England, founded by William Earl of Warren, supposed son-in-law of William the Conqueror. He records with minuteness his seizure with illness, whilst celebrating mass, his resignation during five days of extreme suffering, and his calm and devout preparations for death; and thus continues his narrative:—

“A short time before he became speechless, he gave his benediction to the brethren singly, as they came before him, and in like manner to the whole society. But, lifting his eyes to heaven, he attempted with both hands to bless the Abbot, with all committed to his charge. Being entreated by the fraternity to be mindful of them with the Lord, to whom he was going, he most kindly assented by an inclination of his head. After he had done this, he beckoned for the cross to be presented to him; which adoring with his head, and, indeed, with his whole body, and embracing with his hands, he appeared to salute with joyful lips, and to kiss with fond affection, when he distressed the standers-by with signs of departing; and, being caught up in their arms, was carried, yet alive, into the presbytery, before the altar of St. Pancras. Here surviving yet a time, and pleasing from the rosy hue of his countenance, he departed to Christ, pure and freed eternally from every evil, at the same hour of the day on which, for his purification, he had been stricken with disease. And behold how wonderfully all things corresponded:—the passion of the servant with the passion of the Lord,—the hour of approaching sickness with the hour of approaching eternal happiness,—the five days of illness with the five senses of the body, through which none can avoid sin, and for the purification of which he endured them. Moreover, from his dying ere the completion of the fifth day, I think it is signified that he never sinned in the last sense, which is called the touch. And what else can the third hour of the day, in which he fell sick, and by dying entered into eternal life, signify, than that the same grace of the Holy Spirit, by which we know his whole life was regulated, was evidently present to him, both in his sickness and his death? Besides, we cannot doubt but that he equalled our fathers Odo and Odilo,* both in virtue and in its reward; since a remarkable circumstance granted to them was allowed to him also. For as the Lord permitted them to die on the octaves of those festivals which they loved beyond all other, (as St. Odo chiefly loved the Feast of St. Martin, and St. Odilo the Nativity of our Lord, and each died on the octaves of these tides,) so to Lanzo, who, above all of his age, observed the rule of St. Benedict, and venerated the Holy Mother of God and her solemnities with singular regard, it happened that, as according to his usual custom, both on the demise of St. Benedict and on the Festival of St. Mary, which is called the Annunciation, he celebrated high mass in the convent; so, on the octave of the aforesaid anniversary of St. Benedict, he was stricken with sickness, and on

* The third and fifth Abbots of Clugny.

the octave of the Annunciation departed to Christ. Wherefore he who is unacquainted with the life of Lanzo, may learn from his death how pleasing it was to God, and believe with us, that those things which I have mentioned did not happen after the common course of dying persons, as he was a man surpassed by none in the present times for the gift of the Holy Spirit."—P. 473.

The fame of a pious man did not expire with his life, neither did his power of conferring blessings, if we may credit our chroniclers. Roger of Wendover, after recording several particulars of the life of Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, who died A.D. 1200, records, that whilst he was laid out after death,—

"A certain soldier well known to the Canons of the Church, whose arm was eaten away by a cancer till the bone appeared deprived of flesh, placed his arm over the body of the Bishop, and frequently wetted his face with his tears, in imploring him to heal his diseased limb; and immediately the flesh and skin of his arm were compassionately restored by the Lord, through the merits of his saint; for which the soldier returned thanks to God and to the holy prelate, and often showed himself to the Deacon of the Church and other credible persons. At the same time a certain woman, who had been for seven years blind of one eye, in the view and to the wonder of all, recovered her sight. At the same time, a certain cut-purse, in the press and crowd which was assembled around this servant of God, cut away a woman's purse; but, by the merits of the blessed Bishop, who showed that he was not dead but alive, both hands of the wicked thief were so contracted, and his fingers became so firmly fixed to the palms of his hands, that, not being able to hold the property he had stolen, he threw it down on the pavement of the church, and, looking like a madman, he became an object of derision to the people; and so, after he had been disturbed by an evil spirit for a length of time, he came to himself, and stood motionless. At length he began to weep bitterly, and, in the hearing of all, he then confessed his most base crime to all who would listen to him. At length, when he had no other means of escape, he turned to a Priest, saying, 'Pity me,—pity me, ye friends of God; for I renounce Satan and his works, to whom I have till now been a slave; and pray to the Lord for me, that he may not confound me in my penitence, but may rather deal compassionately with me.' And immediately after a prayer had been uttered to God on his behalf, the chains of Satan, by whom his hands had been bound, were loosed, and, becoming sound, he returned thanks to God and the blessed Bishop."—P. 199.

Another instance of the miraculous punishment of crime is recorded by the same author. The hero of the story was one of a band of freebooters who, during the troublous times of the close of King John's reign, were prowling about the country, and had pillaged the church of St. Amphibalus, stripping the Monks, and polluting, by the touch of their unholy hands, the relics which still they all shrank from stealing, with the exception of one desperado, more audacious than his comrades.

"One among them seized on a silver and gold ornamented cross, in which was contained a piece of our Lord's cross, and hid it in his

wicked bosom, unknown to his companions ; but, before he had left the oratory, he was possessed by a devil, and fell down, grinding his teeth, and foaming at the mouth ; then, rising quickly, on the instigation of the devil, he endeavoured to strike at his companions with his sword : they, however, tied his hands, and, pitying his agony, and not knowing the cause of it, took him to the church of Flamstead, in a state of the wildest frenzy. As these robbers were entering that church for the purpose of plundering it, they were met by the Priest, clad in white robes, in order to check the evil dispositions of these impious men : however, being alarmed about their mad companion, whom they had brought with them, they refrained from plunder ; and there, in the presence of the Superior and many others, the aforesaid cross leapt forth from the madman's bosom and fell on the ground. The Superior then took it up with reverence and astonishment, and, holding it up, asked the robbers what it was. At length, on consideration, they found out, by means of this visitation of God, that he had clandestinely taken it from the Monks whom they had robbed in an adjoining town ; and they were all in a state of great perplexity and fear, lest the evil spirit should possess them also, and torture them, as it had done their companion. They therefore, in great alarm, delivered the cross up to the Superior, beseeching him, by the virtue of God and in peril of his order, before he took any food, to go to the place and restore the cross to the Monks. The Superior, therefore, made all haste to the oratory of St. Amphibalus, and with due reverence delivered the cross, and related all the wonderful events connected with it, to the Prior and brethren."

It followed, as a necessary consequence upon the state of feeling in which this intense reverence for sacred things was entertained, even by those whose notions of morality were extremely faulty, that scepticism was all but unknown, and that even doubtful or ambiguous expressions were esteemed crimes of the gravest order. Matthew Paris records the following :—

"In these days [A.D. 1201] a schoolmaster of Paris, by birth a Frenchman, named Simon Churnay, a man of extensive talent and great memory, after having successfully conducted schools ten years in the *trivium* and *quadrivium* which make up the seven liberal arts, turned his attention to theology ; in which he, after a few years, made such progress, that he was thought worthy of the professorial chair ; whereupon he gave lectures, and held subtle disputations, wherein he ably solved and elucidated the most difficult questions ; and he was attended by so many hearers that the most ample hall could scarcely contain them. One day, when he had publicly disputed, using the most subtle arguments about the Trinity,—and the settlement of the disputation was put off till the next day,—all the theological students in the city, forewarned that they would hear many solutions of difficult questions, flocked together in numbers and filled the school. The Professor then resolved all the aforesaid questions, inexplicable though they appeared to the audience, so plainly and elegantly, and in so Catholic a sense, that all were struck with astonishment. Some of his more familiar scholars, who were the most eager to learn, came to him when the lecture was over, and requested him to dictate to them, that they might take notes of his solutions, which, they said, were too valuable to

be lost to posterity. Elated at this, the Professor swelled with pride, and, with eyes uplifted, laughed aloud: 'O my little Jesus!—my little Jesus! how have I exalted and confirmed your law in this disputation! Truly, if I wished to act the malignant, and attack your doctrines, I could find still more powerful arguments to weaken and impugn them.' He had no sooner said these words than he became dumb, and not only dumb, but ridiculously idiotic, and never read nor disputed afterwards; and so he became a laughing-stock to his former auditors. Within two years afterwards, he learned to distinguish the letters, and his punishment was a little mitigated, so that he could, though not without difficulty, learn to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, and remember them. This miracle checked the arrogance of many of the scholars. Nicholas de Fuley, afterwards Bishop of Durham, witnessed this fact, and communicated it to me. From this high authority I have set it down in writing, that the memory of so great a miracle might not be lost to posterity. It is a story altogether worthy to be received."

As the climax of crime consisted, not in violations of the moral law by which man is bound to his fellow-man, but in those actions or opinions which militated against Holy Church, so the standard of sanctity was placed, not so much in the "heart right with God," nor in the exercise of social and domestic virtues, as in the external demonstrations of liberality to the Church, and in those penances by which the sin-stained spirit vainly yearns to purify itself from the actual guilt, and to subdue the depravity, of a corrupted nature. The following account of a pious Monk is given by Bede:—

"He had a private place of residence assigned him in the monastery, where he might apply himself to his Creator in continual prayer; and as that place lay on the bank of the river, he was wont often to go into the same to do penance in his body, and many times to dip quite under the water, and to continue saying psalms or prayers in the same as long as he could endure it; standing still sometimes up to the middle, and sometimes to the neck, in water; and when he went out from thence ashore, he never took off his cold and frozen garments till they grew warm and dry on his body. And when, in the winter, the half-broken pieces of the ice were swimming about him, which he had himself broken to make room to stand or dip himself in the river, those who beheld it would say, 'It is wonderful, brother Drithelm,' (for so he was called,) 'that you are able to endure such violent cold.' He simply answered, (for he was a man of much simplicity and indifferent wit,) 'I have seen greater cold.' And when they said, 'It is strange that you will endure such austerity,' he replied, 'I have seen more austerity.' Thus he continued, through an indefatigable desire of heavenly bliss, to subdue his aged body with daily fasting, till the day of his being called away; and thus he forwarded the salvation of many by his words and example."—P. 258.

The legend of the Wandering Jew has been long devoutly believed through half the western world. Perhaps our readers may not object to an interview, if not with the veritable "Sala-thiel," at least with one who had seen and known him:—

"In this year, [A.D. 1228,] a certain Archbishop of Armenia Major came on a pilgrimage to England, to see the relics of the saints, and visit the sacred places in this kingdom, as he had done in others; he also produced letters of recommendation from his Holiness the Pope to the religious men and prelates of the Churches, in which they were enjoined to receive and entertain him with due reverence and honour. On his arrival he went to St. Albans, where he was received with all respect by the Abbot and Monks: at this place, being fatigued with his journey, he remained some days to rest himself and his followers; and a conversation was commenced between him and the inhabitants of the convent by means of their interpreters; during which he made many inquiries concerning the religion and religious observances of this country, and related many strange things concerning eastern countries. In the course of conversation, he was asked, whether he had ever seen or heard any thing of Joseph,—a man of whom there was much talk in the world,—who, when our Lord suffered, was present and spoke to Him, and who is still alive, in evidence of the Christian faith; in response to which, a Knight in his retinue, who was his interpreter, replied, speaking in French, 'My Lord well knows that man; and a little before he took his way to the western continent, the said Joseph ate at the table of my Lord the Archbishop, in Armenia, and he has often seen and held converse with him.' He was then asked about what had passed between Christ and the said Joseph, to which he replied, 'At the time of the suffering of Jesus Christ, he was seized by the Jews and led into the hall of judgment, before Pilate the Governor, that he might be judged by him on the accusation of the Jews; and Pilate, finding no cause for adjudging him to death, said to them, "Take him and judge him according to your law;" the shouts of the Jews, however, increasing, he, at their request, released unto them Barabbas, and delivered Jesus to them to be crucified. When, therefore, the Jews were dragging Jesus forth, and had reached the door, Cartaphilus, a porter of the hall, in Pilate's service, as Jesus was going out at the door, impiously struck him on the back with his hand, and said in mockery, "Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker; why do you loiter?" And Jesus, looking back on him with a severe countenance, said to him, "I am going, and you shall wait till I return." And, according as our Lord said, this Cartaphilus is still awaiting his return. At the time of our Lord's sufferings he was thirty years old, and, when he attains the age of one hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was when our Lord suffered. After Christ's death, when the Catholic faith gained ground, this Cartaphilus was baptized by Ananias, (who also baptized the Apostle Paul,) and was called Joseph. He often dwells in both divisions of Armenia and other eastern countries, passing his time amidst the Bishops and other prelates of the Church. He is a man of holy conversation, and religious,—a man of few words, and circumspect in his behaviour: for he does not speak at all, unless when questioned by the Bishops and religious men; and then he tells of the events of old times, and of the events which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of our Lord, and of the witnessings of the resurrection; namely, those who rose with Christ, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto men. He also tells of the Creed of the Apostles and of their separation and preaching; and all this he relates without smiling or levity of conversation, as one who is well

practised in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with fear to the coming of Jesus Christ, lest, at the last judgment, he should find Him in anger, whom, when on his way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. Numbers come to him from different parts of the world, enjoying his society and conversation; and to them, if they are men of authority, he explains all doubts on the matters on which he is questioned. He refuses all gifts that are offered to him, being content with slight food and clothing. He places his hope of salvation on the fact, that he sinned through ignorance; for the Lord, when suffering, prayed for his enemies in these words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—*Wendover*, vol. ii. p. 512.

Long before almanacs were dreamed of, the compatriots of Alphonso the sage, well remembered by his declaration that, had *he* assisted at the creation of the world, he could have better arranged its movements, had sufficiently directed their attention to astronomical subjects for them to hazard predictions with the utmost confidence. The earnest simplicity of good faith with which the following letter is penned is very amusing: (A.D. 1229:)

"To all the faithful followers of Christ to whom these letters shall come, Master John David, of Toledo, and all the other masters of the same place, wish health, and the consolation of the Holy Spirit. From the year of our Lord one thousand two hundred and twenty-nine, for seven years, in the month of September, the sun will be in the sign of *Libra*; all the planets will then come together, and the sun will be in the tail of the *Dragon*, and this will be a sign of wonderful and dreadful events; and there will be a storm of wind, and the sea will rise unusually high; and there will be such a great clashing together of the winds that they will blow almost together, and will obscure and darken the whole world; and they will give forth dreadful sounds, putting the hearts of men in disorder, destroying buildings and trees; and several valleys will be raised to a level with mountains; and they will hurl many cities to the ground, especially *Babylon*, *Baldach*, *Methas*, and *Tripolis*; and chiefly cities lying in gravelly and sandy places. But, before all these things come to pass, there will be an eclipse of the sun, and from the third hour of the day till mid-day the sun will be of a fiery red colour, which denotes great effusion of blood; and after this will follow an eclipse of the moon, of mingled colours, which will denote great confusion among nations; and after this there will be battles and slaughter in the East and in the West, and there will be universal earthquakes throughout the whole world, and a great mortality and disputing of nations and kingdoms one with another, and a great Emperor will die; and after this tempest of winds few will remain alive, but as many as do survive will abound in delicacies and wealth; a doubtfulness will spring up amongst the Saracens, and they shall leave their mosques, and become one with the Christians. Therefore we, in common with all the magistracy and all our learned fellow-astrologers of Toledo, having discovered these facts, have thought proper to disclose them to you, and enjoin you, in remission of your sins, and for the salvation of your souls, to publish them to persons not aware of them, and to provide places of safety for yourselves to remain in, as long as these winds shall continue. They will blow in the month of September, and then it will be difficult to find

on the earth a safe dwelling-place. Prepare, therefore, caves, on plains surrounded by mountains, not covered with sand or gravel, and let the caves be covered with planks, and place earth upon them, and let no trees be near, by which the mouth of the cave can be blocked up: and in these caves lay up food for yourselves for forty days. Know also that in this all the philosophers and astronomers of Spain, Greece, Arabia, Armenia, and the Hebrews, are of the same opinion as ourselves. We have heard, too, that the King of Manichin is building a tower, of excellent materials, in which all his neighbours are assisting him, and the tower will be as large as a mountain. And we also declare to the King of Sicily the dangers which seem to us impending. Nothing, therefore, remains for Christians, at this present crisis, but for each and all of them to endeavour to prepare their minds, by fruitful repentance, by pure and humble confession, and by proper atonement, that when the Bridegroom cometh, they may not meet him with empty lamps, like the foolish virgins who had no oil, and (which God forbid) find the door shut against them; but rather like the wise virgins, with their lamps trimmed, and may be allowed to enter with the Bridegroom to the marriage-feast.

"We confidently believe," (adds our chronicler, by way of comment,) "that within the seven years following we shall see some things happen, in which, either by analogy or in reality, we may find some adaptation to these letters of the astronomers."—*Wendover*, vol. ii. p. 514.

The incidental notices which occur of the ordinary astronomical and meteorological phenomena, with which even the children of the present day are so familiar, are amusing, in the tone of marvel with which they are related; and any extraordinary contemporaneous event was surely considered as caused, or at least heralded, by them. The following example relates to the death of Henry I.

"This year, (A.D. 1135,) at Lammas, King Henry went over sea; and on the second day, as he lay asleep in the ship, the day was darkened universally, and the sun became as it were a moon three nights old, with the stars shining round it at mid-day. Men greatly marvelled, and great fear fell on them, and they said that some great event should follow hereafter: and so it was; for the same year the King died in Normandy, on the day after the Feast of St. Andrew."—*Ang.-Sax. Chron.*, p. 501.

William of Malmesbury had, however, some conception that natural causes produced the obscuration of the heavenly bodies. He mentions that, in 1140, in Lent, there was an eclipse throughout England, and adds, "With us, indeed, as with all our neighbours, the obscuration of the sun was so remarkable, that persons at first feared that Chaos was come again." Afterwards, learning its cause, they went out and beheld the stars around the sun; "but," he adds, "it was thought and said by many, not untruly, that the King would not continue a year in the government."

An eclipse was said to have similarly portended evil on the last departure of Henry I. from England, which took place on

the nones of August, "the very day on which he had formerly been crowned at Westminster."

Our chronicler writes,—

"This was the last, the fatal voyage of his reign : the providence of God, at that time, bore reference in a wonderful manner to human affairs ; for instance, that he should embark, never to return alive, on that day on which he had originally been crowned so long and prosperously to reign. It was then, as I have said, the Nones of August, and on the fourth day of the week the elements manifested their sorrow at this great man's last departure. For the sun that day, at the sixth hour, shrouded his glorious face, as the poets say, in hideous darkness, agitating the hearts of men by an eclipse ; and on the first day of the week, early in the morning, there was so great an earthquake that the ground appeared absolutely to sink down, a horrid sound being first heard from beneath the surface. During the eclipse I saw stars round the sun ; and at the time of the earthquake the wall of the house in which I was sitting was lifted up with two shocks, and settled again with a third."—P. 488.

Notices of earthquakes in England are not unfrequent, and comets also excited a large share of mysterious wonder.

"[A.D. 1088.] In the second year of this reign, (William Rufus,) on the third before the Ides of August, a great earthquake terrified all England with a horrid spectacle ; for all the buildings were lifted up, and then settled again as before. A scarcity of every kind of produce followed. The corn ripened so slowly, that the harvest was scarcely housed before the Feast of St. Andrew.

"On the night of the 8th, before the Kalends of August, [A.D. 1122,] there was a great earthquake throughout Somersetshire and Gloucestershire. After this, many shipmen were at sea and on the water, and said that they saw a fire in the north-east, large and broad, near the earth, and that it grew in height into the welkin, and the welkin divided into four parts, and fought against it, or it would have quenched it ; nevertheless the fire flamed up to heaven. They observed this fire at daybreak, and it lasted until it was light everywhere ; this was on the seventh before the Ides of December."—*Ang.-Sax. Chron.*, p. 489.

The electric light called "St. Elmo's fires," frequently seen playing on the mast-head of a ship at sea, just after a storm, was of course construed into a supernatural appearance.

"About this time, [A.D. 1225,] the Earl of Salisbury, who had been fighting with Count Richard in the transmarine provinces, embarked to return to England ; but, being exposed to great danger at sea, and being driven in different directions, by the violence of the winds, for several days and nights, he, in common with his sailors, and all the rest of those on board his ship, gave up all hopes of safety ; and therefore committed to the waves his costly rings, and all his property in silver, gold, and rich garments, which he had on board, in order that, as he entered naked into mortal life, so he might pass to the regions of eternity, deprived of all earthly honours. At length, when they were in the last state of despair, a large and bright shining light was seen, at the top of the mast, by all on board the ship ; and they also saw, standing near the light, a female of great beauty, who kept alive the

light of the taper, which illumined the darkness of the night, notwithstanding the force of the winds and rain which beat upon it. From this vision of heavenly brightness, the Count himself, as well as the sailors, conceived hopes of safety, and felt confident that Divine help was at hand. And though all the rest of the people were ignorant what this vision portended, the aforesaid Earl William alone assigned the honour of this mercy to the blessed Virgin Mary; for the aforesaid Earl, on the day when he was first made a belted Knight, had assigned a wax taper to be kept constantly burning before the altar of the blessed Mother of God, during the mass which was usually chanted every day at the hour of prayer, in honour of the said Virgin, and that he might receive an eternal, in exchange for a temporal, light."—P. 460.

The comparative silence of birds in the warmer latitudes, during the mid-day heats, probably originated the following marvellous tale recorded of St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Friars-Minors, whose righteous indignation was roused against the Roman people, for neglect of his preaching:—

" 'I much grieve,' said he, 'for your wretchedness, because you not only reject me, a servant of Christ, but also despise him in me, since I have preached the Gospel of the Redeemer of the world to you: I, therefore, call on him who is my faithful witness in heaven, to bear witness to your sin; and I go forth from the city to your shame, to preach the Gospel of Christ to the brute beasts, and to the birds of the air, that they may hear the life-giving words of God, and be obedient to them.' He then went out of the city, and, in the suburbs, found crows, sitting amongst the dead bodies; kites, magpies, and several other birds, flying about in the air; and said to them, 'I command you, in the name of Jesus Christ, whom the Jews crucified, and whose preaching the wretched Romans have despised, to come to me, and hear the word of God, in the name of Him who created you, and preserved Noah in the ark from the waters of the Deluge.' All that flock of birds then drew near and surrounded him; and, having ordered silence, all kind of chirping was hushed, and those birds listened to the words of the man of God, for the space of half a day, without moving from the spot, and the whole time looked in the face of the preacher. This wonderful circumstance was discovered by the Romans passing and repassing to and from the city; and when what was done by the man of God to the assembled birds had been repeated, the Clergy, with a crowd of people, went out from the city, and brought back the man of God with great reverence; and he then, by the oil of his supplicatory preaching, softened their barren and obdurate hearts, and changed them for the better."—P. 495.

So slight was the foundation necessary for a marvellous tale, that the mere play of light and shadow over a crucifix, caused by the flickering tapers at an early service, wrought on the dauntless heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, the "pious King Richard," as our chronicler terms him, the impression of miraculous intervention. This King mitigated the severe game-laws, by which his Norman predecessors had condemned all transgressors to severe personal mutilation, and commuted the penalty

to imprisonment or banishment. A Knight, convicted of deer-stealing, had been deprived of his estates, banished with his wife and children, and reduced to beg his bread in a strange land.

"The Knight, after some reflection, at length determined to implore the King for mercy, and for his estate to be restored to him; and he accordingly went to the King, in Normandy, where he found him, early in the morning, in a church, about to hear mass. The Knight tremblingly entered the church, and did not dare to raise his eyes to the King, who, although he was the handsomest of men to look upon, had still something dreadful in his glance. He therefore went to an image of Christ on the cross, and, weeping incessantly, he humbly, on his bended knees, besought the Crucified One, through his unspeakable grace, compassionately to make his peace with the King, by which means he might recover his lost inheritance. The King, seeing the Knight thus earnestly, and with unfeigned devotion, praying and weeping, witnessed an occurrence wonderful and worthy of narration; for whenever this Knight, whom he knew not to be one of his own retinue, bent his knees to worship the image, the image, in all humility, bowed its head and shoulders, as it were in answer to the Knight; and the King was struck with wonder and astonishment, to see this repeated frequently. As soon as the service of mass was ended, he sent for the Knight to speak with him, and inquired of him who he was, and whence he came. The Knight then replied with fear, and said, "My Lord, I am your liege subject, as my ancestors also have been!" And then, beginning his history, he told the King how he had been deprived of his inheritance, and banished, together with his family, having been caught with some stolen venison. The King then said to the Knight, 'Have you ever in your life done a good action in respect and to the honour of the holy cross?' The Knight then, after carefully thinking over the events of his past life, related to the King the following deed, which he had done in his reverence for Christ:—

"My father," said he, "and another Knight, divided between them a town, which belonged to them by hereditary right; and whilst my father abounded in all kinds of wealth, the other Knight, on the contrary, was always poor and needy; and becoming envious of my father, he treacherously murdered him. I was then a boy; but when I arrived at manhood, and was installed in my paternal inheritance, I made a resolute determination to slay that Knight, in revenge for my father's death. He was, however, forewarned of my purpose, and for several years, by his cunning, escaped the snares I had laid for him. At length, on the day of the Preparation, on which day Christ Jesus bore his cross for the salvation of the world, as I was going to church to hear mass, I saw my enemy before me, also on his way to church. I hastened on behind him, and drew my sword to kill him, when, by some chance, he looked round, and, seeing me rushing upon him, flew to a cross which stood near the road, being worn with age, and unable to defend himself; and when I threatened, with upraised sword, to slay him and dash out his brains, he encircled the cross with his arms, and adjured me, in the name of that Christ who, on that day, was suspended on the cross for the salvation of the world, not to slay him,

and faithfully promised and vowed that he would appoint a Chaplain to perform a mass every day, from that time, for the soul of my father whom he had killed. When I saw the old man weeping, I was moved to pity; and thus, in my love and reverence for Him who, for my salvation and that of all, ascended the cross, and consecrated it by his most holy blood, I forgave the Knight for my father's murder.' The King then said to the Knight, 'You acted wisely; for now that Crucified One has repaid one good turn by another.' He then summoned the bishops and barons who were there with him, and, in the hearing of all, related the vision he had seen,—how at each genuflexion made by the Knight the image of Christ had humbly bowed its head and shoulders. He then ordered his Chancellor to come, and commanded him, by his letters-patent, to order the Sheriff whom the Knight should name, at sight of the warrant, to restore to the Knight the whole of his property, in the same condition as he received it at the time of his banishment."—*Wendover*, p. 549.

Occasionally curious incidental facts in natural history or science are brought before our notice, generally tinged with the marvellous.

"A year after that, [A.D. 894,] and then provision failed in Ireland; for vermin of a mole-like form, each having two teeth, fell from heaven, which devoured all the food; and, through fasting and prayer, they were driven away."—*Chron. Princes of Wales, Mon. Hist.*, p. 846.

"This year [A.D. 1114] there was so great an ebb of the tide everywhere in one day, as no man remembered before; so that men went through the Thames, both riding and walking, east of London Bridge."—*Ang.-Sax. Chron.*, p. 484.

"About that time [A.D. 1219] many in the army were assailed by a disease for which the physicians could find no remedy in their art; for the pain suddenly attacked the feet and legs, on which the skin appeared corrupt and black, and in the gums and teeth a hard black substance took away all power of eating; and numbers who were attacked, after suffering thus for a long time, departed to the Lord; some, however, who struggled against it till the spring, were, by the beneficial warmth of that season, preserved from death."—*Wendover*, p. 413.

The state of our own country, as represented by our early writers, presents a laughable contrast to its present condition. Bede, who wrote in the early part of the eighth century, commences his history by a description of Britain, in which he dilates at some length on its natural productions, and its veins of metal, copper, iron, lead, silver, and jet, which last, when heated, drives away serpents, but, being warmed with rubbing, holds fast whatever is applied to it, like amber.

"The island," (he adds,) "was formerly embellished with twenty-eight noble cities, besides innumerable castles, which were all strongly secured with walls, towers, gates, and locks. And from its lying almost under the North Pole, the nights are light in summer, so that at midnight the beholders are often in doubt whether the evening twilight

still continues, or that of the morning is coming on; for the sun in the night returns under the earth through the northern regions at no great distance from them. For this reason, the days are of a great length in summer, as, on the contrary, the nights are in winter; for the sun then withdraws into the southern parts, so that the nights are eighteen hours long.

"The island at present, following the number of the books in which the Divine law was written, contains five nations,—the English, Britons, Scots, Picts, and Latins,—each in its own peculiar dialect cultivating the sublime study of Divine truth. The Latin tongue is, by the study of the Scriptures, become common to all the rest."—*Bede*, p. 5.

"Ireland," (says the same author,) "in breadth, and for wholesomeness and serenity of climate, far surpasses Britain; for the snow scarcely ever lies there above three days; no man makes hay in the summer for winter's provision, or builds stables for his beasts of burden. No reptiles are found there, and no snake can live there; for, though often carried thither out of Britain, as soon as the ship comes near the shore and the scent of air reaches them, they die. On the contrary, almost all things in the island are good against poison. In short, we have known, that when some persons have been bitten by serpents, the scrapings of leaves of books that were brought out of Ireland, being put into water and given them to drink, have immediately expelled the spreading poison and assuaged the swelling. The island abounds in milk and honey, nor is there any want of vines, fish, or fowl; and it is remarkable for deer and goats."—*Bede*, p. 7.

Richard of Devizes, writing four centuries later, puts the following words into the mouth of a Jew, counselling one of his fellows, about to visit England, as to his place of residence:—

"Canterbury is an assemblage of the vilest people, entirely devoted to their somebody, I know not whom, but who has been lately canonized, and was the Archbishop of Canterbury.* Here, as everywhere, they die in open day by the streets for the want of bread and employment. Rochester and Chichester are mere villages, and they possess nothing for which they should be called cities but the sees of their Bishops. Oxford scarcely—I will not say, satisfies, but—sustains its Clerks. Exeter supports man and beast with the same grain. Bath is placed, or rather buried, in the lowest parts of the valleys, in a very dense atmosphere and sulphury vapour, as it were at the gates of hell. Nor yet will you select your habitation in the northern cities,—Worcester, Chester, Hereford,—on account of the desperate Welchmen. York abounds in Scots,—vile and faithless men,—or rather, rascals. The town of Ely is always putrefied by the surrounding marshes. In Durham, Norwich, or Lincoln, there are few of your disposition among the powerful; you will never hear any one speak French. At Bristol, there is nobody who is not, or has not been, a soapmaker, and every Frenchman esteems soapmakers as he does nightmen. Account the Cornish people for such as you know our Flemings are accounted in France."—*Idem*, p. 61.

The simple earnestness with which legal documents were drawn up,—the Monks being the sole lawyers,—presents an

* Thomas à Becket.

amusing contrast to the dry technicalities of the present day. It was not the mere hand and seal which subscribed and authenticated a charter. The general ignorance of writing, even in the highest classes, caused the adoption of the cross as confirming the signature; and the Prelates and Ecclesiastics, who could have written their names, either from courtesy, or to preserve uniformity, used the same symbol. Thus, this mode of signature, originated by ignorance, became invested with a sacred character, and was considered a more formal and solemn authentication than would have been a signature with the hand. To the crosses were frequently added expletive sentiments. In the "*Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*," after a long account of the foundation (A.D. 655) of St. Petersburgh Abbey, and its enrichment by Wulfhere, King of the Mercians, its consecration is thus described:—

"At the hallowing of the monastery, King Wulfhere was present, and his brother Ethelred, and his sisters Kyneburg and Kyneswith; and Deus-dedit, Archbishop of Canterbury, hallowed the monastery; and Ithamar Bishop of Rochester, and the Bishop of London, who was called Wina, and the Bishop of the Mercians, who was called Jeruman, and Bishop Tuda; and there was Wilfrid the Priest, who was afterwards a Bishop, and all his Thanes who were within his kingdom were there. When the monastery had been hallowed in the names of St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Andrew, then the King stood up before all his Thanes, and said with a clear voice, 'Thanked be the high Almighty God for the worthy deed which here is done, and I will this day do honour to Christ and St. Peter; and I desire that ye all assent to my words. I Wulfhere do this day give to St. Peter and Abbot Saxwulf, and the Monks of the monastery, these lands and these waters, and meres, and fens, and wears,' &c.,

—recapitulating large tracts of land, stretching twenty miles in one direction, ten in another, six in a third, &c., given in free and entire possession to the Monks subject to Rome alone; since it was the King's good will, that all who were unable to go to Rome should perform a pilgrimage to this second St. Peter's. The needful forms being already prepared, he then called upon those around him to witness the grant.

"I beg of thee, my brother Ethelred, and my sisters Kyneburg and Kyneswith, that ye be witnesses, for your soul's redemption, and that ye write it with your fingers. And I beg all those who come after me, be they my sons, be they my brothers, or Kings that come after me, that our gift may stand, even as they would be partakers of the life eternal, and would escape everlasting torment. Whosoever shall take from this our gift, or the gifts of other good men, may the heavenly gate-ward take from him in the kingdom of heaven; and whosoever will increase it, may the heavenly gate-ward increase in the kingdom of heaven.' Here are the witnesses who were there, who subscribed it with their fingers on the cross of Christ, and assented to it with their tongues. King Wulfhere was the first who confirmed it by word, and afterwards subscribed it with his fingers on the cross of Christ, and said thus: 'I, King Wulfhere, with the Kings, and Earls, and

Dukes, and Thanes, the witnesses of my gift, do confirm it before the Archbishop Deus-dedit, with the cross of Christ, †. And I, Oswy, King of the Northumbrians, the friend of this monastery and of Abbot Saxwulf, approve of it with the cross of Christ, †. And I, King Sighere, grant it with the cross of Christ, †. And I, King Sibbi, subscribe it with the cross of Christ, †. And I, Ethelred, the King's brother, grant it with the cross of Christ, †. And we, the King's sisters, Kyneburg and Kyneswith, we approve it, †. And I, Deus-dedit, Archbishop of Canterbury, grant it, †. After that, all others who were there, assented to it with the cross of Christ, †."

The Pope confirmed the gift, with the prayer that, if any one violated the charter, St. Peter might exterminate him with his sword; and that for its observers St. Peter might open the gates of heaven. Among the signatures to a later deed, conferring, on the part of the Pope, fresh privileges, and, on that of the King, fresh lands to the abbey, confirmed with "Christ's token," are the following:—

"I Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, am witness to this charter, and I confirm it with my signature, and I excommunicate all those who shall break any part thereof, and I bless all those who shall observe it, †. I Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, I am witness to this charter, and I assent to the same curse, †. I Saxwulf, who was first Abbot and am now Bishop, I give those my curse, and that of all my successors, who shall break through this." "I Cuthbald, Abbot, assent to it, so that whoso shall break it, let him have the cursing of all Bishops, and of all Christian folk. Amen."

The seals, in earlier ages, before heraldic charges gave them their specific distinction, were often mere lumps of wax appended to the document by parchment bands, and not unfrequently bore the impress of the thumb-nail or the fang-tooth of the principal covenanting party, sometimes a few of his hairs, to add to its identity.

The above cases afford a sample of a few of the leading points in a class of literature which will amply repay the investigation, not only of the historian and antiquary, but of the moral philosopher who interests himself in the investigation of a phase of the human mind, of which scarcely a type now remains in the civilized nations of Europe, and which, in some of its peculiar features, is as incapable of reproduction as is the childhood of a matured life. The attempts, skilful and ingenious, but fallacious, made in the present day, to imitate our ancient literature, and, by a false coinage of black-letter and quaint phraseology, to evoke the spirit of the past, only prove how impossible it is (were even the technical difficulties of language and modes of expression well mastered) for the age to grow young again, to divest itself of its maturity of thought, and to return to the simplicity of its childhood; and we would, *en passant*, deprecate an innovation which can only lead to an entire misapprehension, on the part of the uninitiated, of the true genius of our Monkish Literature.

ART. V.—*History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena; from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe, and official Documents not before made public.* By WILLIAM FORSYTH, M.A. Three Vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1853.

A GREAT nation cannot with impunity become indifferent to its moral interests, and aim exclusively at material success. As in private life character is found to second the efforts for advancement of the individual, so in national affairs the reputation which a country bears for good faith and elevated principle, is a fund to its credit, from which it can draw in the attainment or increase of external prosperity. The position which England occupies among the nations of the world, enabling her, on occasions, to achieve by the exercise of her moral influence much that in former times would have been yielded only to physical force; and the comparatively stationary position, amidst surrounding prosperity, of certain States of America which have dared to repudiate acknowledged engagements,—amply testify to the truth and potency of the principle. No government or people can, either from conscious innocence or from indifference to the opinion of mankind, safely neglect to rebut any charge brought against its honour, and thus let judgment pass by default, if it possess the means requisite for a defence. By such conduct history becomes falsified, and the negligence of one generation leaves a stain upon the escutcheon of its posterity. It is for these reasons that we now propose briefly to examine the volumes placed at the head of this article, in which are made public, for the first time, those documents from which alone historical evidence can be derived, to enable the world to judge of the truth or falsehood of the charge, credited by millions throughout Europe, and we believe by many amongst ourselves, that England disgraced herself by her treatment of Napoleon when in exile.

We would here make two observations: first, the volumes we are about to notice consist not simply of the answer of the defendant, but contain all the documents, on both sides, by which the judgment of the court must be formed; and, secondly, the delay in the production of the evidence, though much to be regretted, is to be attributed partly to the unhappy procrastination of the chief defendant himself, and partly to the death of a previous editor, and must not be laid to the charge of those who will themselves be affected by the verdict passed upon the person principally accused. Indeed, it must ever be a matter of surprise that Sir Hudson Lowe, overwhelmed as he was with charges so deeply affecting his own honour and the honour of his Government,—loaded with the burden of asserted crimes and still darker suspicions,—should have gone down to the tomb, leaving to the risk of accident those precious documents, which he should have

cast into the faces of his accusers, and which we honestly believe would have freed him from at least the most onerous part of the accusations brought against him.

We trust to be able to show that no just cause exists for asserting that England was vindictive or ungenerous in her conduct towards the wonderful man placed in her power by the chances of war.

Our readers are acquainted with the circumstances under which Napoleon came into the hands of the British. The battle of Waterloo had effectually shattered his army. Fear of the Republican and Constitutional parties in the capital, some of whose leaders had, previously to his joining the army, urged his abdication as the only remedy for the distresses and dangers of France, led to his hasty retreat to Paris. On his arrival he found the Chambers intractable, disposed to act independently of his authority, and more than hinting an opinion that nothing less than abdication would meet the case. His brother Lucien, neglected and slighted in prosperous times, exerted all his powers to restrain the hostile proceedings of the Chambers, but in vain; whilst Napoleon declined to employ force to maintain his authority, from well-founded fear lest the National Guard should take the part of the Representatives,—Davoust, who was sounded, having previously refused to act against the Chambers. "On the morning of the 22nd of June," we are told, "only four days after the defeat at Waterloo, the Chamber of Representatives assembled at nine in the morning, and expressed the utmost impatience to receive the Act of Abdication." This was finally signed, after many struggles on the part of Napoleon, and appeared in the *Moniteur* of the following day. There were various reasons, in the existing state of things, why the popular party should desire the absence of the abdicated Emperor from the neighbourhood of Paris, in addition to the fact that the British and Prussians were approaching the capital; and a gentle compulsion was used to induce him to depart for Rochefort, where two frigates were ordered to transport him to the United States.

But here the difficulty of making his escape meets him. It is true there are two French frigates, with a corvette and a brig, ready to convey him; but how escape the watchful guard of British cruisers, which dotted the waters from Brest to Bayonne, from Ushant to Cape Finisterre? Now the circumstances which follow are of much importance to the national honour, since it suited Napoleon's purpose afterwards to insist that he voluntarily came on board the "*Bellerophon*" as the guest of England, not as her prisoner. The facts of the case are these. The "*Bellerophon*," commanded by Captain Maitland, was appointed to cruise off Rochefort. Her Captain, a man of high birth and unsullied honour, had received instructions of which the following formed a part. Admiral Hotham writes to Captain Maitland, July 8th, 1815, the following order:—

"The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, having every reason to believe that Napoleon Buonaparte meditates his escape, with his family, from France to America, you are hereby required and directed, in pursuance of orders from their Lordships, signified to me by Admiral the Right Honourable Viscount Keith, to keep the most vigilant look-out, for the purpose of intercepting him, and to make the strictest search of any vessel you may fall in with; and if you should be so fortunate as to intercept him, you are to transfer him and his family to the ship you command, and, there keeping him in careful custody, return to the nearest port in England, (going into Torbay in preference to Plymouth,) with all possible expedition; and, on your arrival, you are not to permit any communication whatever with the shore, except as hereinafter directed; and you will be held responsible for keeping the whole transaction a profound secret, until you receive their Lordships' further orders."

Now it is quite clear that Captain Maitland had no authority to make any terms or conditions with Napoleon, should he come into his power; and with equal certainty we may rely upon his well-known and honourable character for assurance that he was incapable of merely pretending to possess any such power. We therefore fully credit the statement of Captain Maitland, in his letter to Mr. Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty, dated "Basque Roads, July 14th, 1815:—That no misunderstanding might arise, I have explicitly and clearly explained to the Count Las Casas, that I have no authority whatever for granting terms of any sort; but all I can do is to convey him and his suite to England, to be received in such manner as His Royal Highness may deem expedient." After several visits from two of Napoleon's suite, Savary and Las Casas, in which Captain Maitland repeatedly, and in the presence of other officers, refused to make any promise whatever, on the 14th the well-known letter to the Prince Regent was sent to Captain Maitland, and the following day Napoleon came on board the "Bellerophon." The above circumstances being borne in mind, and it being also remembered that the latter step was not taken until, as we learn from officers in the ex-Emperor's suite, a variety of plans of escape from the ubiquitous British war-ships had been canvassed and rejected, —it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion, that the surrender of Napoleon was simply the case of a fugitive giving himself up as a prisoner of war, when he found it impossible to do otherwise. He preferred to rely upon the generosity of the British, rather than to fall into the hands of the Prussians;* but the circumstances of the case gave him no right to claim, nor did Captain Maitland give him any promise that he should receive, any treatment different from that which might be resolved upon by the Government of Great Britain and her allies.

* What would have been his fate, had he fallen into the hands of the Prussians, we learn from the recent publication of Baron Von Müffling's "Memoirs." From this interesting work we find that it was the expressed intention of Marshal Blücher, to have had him conveyed to the grave of the Duc d'Enghien, and there shot.

This is not the place to discuss the propriety of banishing Napoleon to St. Helena. That the British Government had the right so to dispose of a prisoner of war, seems undoubted; and the only question appears to be as to the generosity of the measure. Now generosity is not a virtue to be exercised at the risk of others; and the safety of the lives of thousands required that he should be effectually restrained from again lighting up the flames of European war. To rely upon his word, after the escape from Elba, would have been fatuous; and his detention near the scenes of his recent exploits, retaining as he did such influence over the minds of men, would have been attended with much danger, and led to constant disquietude. England may well be excused for having desired to prevent the recurrence of wars, which had cost her so much blood and money; but it was also impossible she should neglect the interests of her ally the King of France. Sir Walter Scott justly remarks that, "while France was in a state of such turmoil and vexation, with the remains of a disaffected army, fermenting amid a fickle population,—while the king (in order to make good his stipulated payments to the allies) was obliged to impose heavy taxes, and to raise them with some severity, many opportunities might arise, in which Napoleon, either complaining of some petty injuries of his own, or invited by the discontented state of the French nation, might renew his memorable attempt of February 28th."

We are strongly of opinion that the British Government were bound to inflict no greater hardship upon Napoleon than the circumstances of the case required:—

"Since he, miscall'd 'the Morning Star,'

Nor man, nor fiend, hath fallen so far:"—

and, notwithstanding his moral deficiencies, and the appalling amount of suffering he had inflicted upon Europe, it is impossible to view without interest and pity the condition of one hurled from such power and splendour; or to contemplate without sorrow the future of a man to whose happiness activity and command were essential.

But we cannot agree with Mr. Forsyth, that the refusal of the title of Emperor was a mistake. To grant, under then existing circumstances, what had been peremptorily and continuously refused during the whole period of his power, would have been ridiculous. If Emperor,—Emperor of what country? He had twice abdicated the throne of France; and Lord Castlereagh expressly declined to accede to the Treaty of Paris because he was there acknowledged as Emperor of Elba. But could we have allowed him the title of Emperor, which, if it had any meaning at all, must have referred to France, without insult to our ally, the King of France? And again,—the title would have led to practical difficulties of a serious kind. It would have appeared to necessitate a mode of treatment which might have nullified every regulation necessary to his

security as a prisoner. It may be asked,—Who ever heard of an Emperor restricted in his promenades, or subjected, in certain cases, to the surveillance of an officer, and the restraint of sentinels? Or how could those precautions against escape have been taken, without irreverence to the person of so high a prince, which, in the circumstances of Napoleon Bonaparte, were indispensably necessary? As it was, he fenced himself around with the forms of etiquette, rendering access to his person, even to ascertain his presence, difficult. But what additional facilities to his meditated escape would have been afforded by a title, which would seem to carry with it a claim to imperial respect!

Assuming that the British Government would have incurred a most serious responsibility, had they neglected to secure the person of Napoleon at a distance from the scenes of his mighty triumphs,—was the choice of St. Helena one of which we can approve? Napoleon and his friends pertinaciously insisted that the island was unhealthy, and was chosen in order to shorten his life. From some of the passionate expressions that fell from Napoleon's lips, on being informed of his destination, one would suppose he had been condemned to experience such rigours and fearful alternations as Milton's genius has embodied; and was doomed to

—“Feel by turns the bitter change

Of fierce extremes,—extremes by change more fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice.”

Now, with respect to the question of salubrity, not to dwell upon the fact that the island was continually being chosen as a place for recruiting the health of invalids from India,—was, in fact, a sanatorium of the East India Company,—we have the distinct evidence of persons competent to decide the point. In a report made in March, 1821, by Dr. Thomas Shortt, Physician to the Forces, it is stated that at that period the proportion of sick among the military in the island was as one to forty-two; a proportion smaller than at that time prevailed in the service. Dr. Shortt imputes it to the circumstance of the island being situated in the way of the trade-winds, where the continued steady breeze carries off the superfluous heat, and with it such effluvia, noxious to the human constitution, as may have been generated. Lieut.-Col. Jackson, who resided several years on the island, states, that, owing to the above-mentioned circumstance, there is, perhaps, no finer climate to be found than in certain parts of St. Helena; and that he scarcely ever saw the thermometer higher than 80° in James Town, while the average throughout the island was about 75°. A fire, he says, was seldom requisite, and the duration of life he takes to be about the same as in England.

The evidence of Mr. Henry, who was stationed at St. Helena, as assistant-surgeon, during the time of Napoleon's residence, is to the same effect. He states, that during a period of twelve months not one man died from disease out of five hundred of the

66th regiment quartered at Deadwood, in the vicinity of Longwood. In 1817, 1818, and 1819, Fahrenheit's thermometer, kept at the hospital, ranged from 55° to 70°, with the exception of two calm days, when it rose to 80°. The very fogs which occasionally prevail, he thinks, more than compensate for the inconvenience they cause, by the fertility and salubrity they create. No endemic disease prevailed; and certain organs, as the lungs, appeared to be privileged. In conclusion, he states, that "the upper parts of St. Helena, including the residence of Bonaparte, are decidedly the most healthy; and we often moved our regimental convalescents from James Town to Deadwood for cooler and better air. The clouds moved so steadily and regularly with the trade-winds, that there appeared to be no time for atmospheric accumulations of electricity, and we never had any thunder or lightning. No instance of hydrophobia, in man or any inferior animal, had ever been known in St. Helena."

This evidence, as to the true nature of the climate chosen as the future residence of the ex-Emperor, is, we think, conclusive; and after all that has been said on the subject, Las Casas, in a suppressed passage of his journal, let out the truth:—" *Les détails de Ste. Hélène sont peu de chose; c'est d'y être qui est la grande affaire.*"

Napoleon landed at James Town, the capital of the island, on the 17th of October, after a passage of ninety-five days. Admiral Sir George Cockburn speedily took for his residence the country-house known as Longwood,—the best residence on the island, with the single exception of the Governor's. In the mean time, at his own request, he remained at a house called the Briars. The Admiral, whom we have but lately lost, appears to have acted throughout with the utmost consideration for his illustrious prisoner, but failed to elicit anything in return, save invective and insult. As it subsequently answered the purpose of Napoleon and his friends to institute a comparison between Sir Hudson Lowe, their chief and long-abused victim, and the Admiral, greatly to the disadvantage of the former, it may be well to state the tenor of the language and correspondence which passed between them and the Admiral:—

"On the 20th of December," says Count Montholon, "the Admiral came to Longwood, but the Emperor would not receive him: he was always angry that he had not the whole island for his prison, and refused to believe that the restrictions upon his liberty were the orders of Ministers. He commanded me to write a series of complaints to the Admiral on this subject."

And then follows a letter of complaints, written in an insolent and dictatorial tone. This letter is but the commencement of a series, alike distinguished by their intemperance and indecency. Soon after we find threats of a complaint to the Prince Regent.

An angry discussion ensues upon the Admiral insisting on carrying out that part of his instructions which ordered that—

“Any letters addressed to him (General Bonaparte) or his attendants, must be first delivered to the Admiral, or to the Governor, as the case may be, who will read them before they are delivered to the persons to whom they are addressed. All letters written by the General or his attendants must be subject to the same regulation.”

This paragraph deserves particular attention; for, as Mr. Forsyth remarks, the enforcement of this rule by Sir Hudson Lowe was one of the grievances most bitterly complained of by the French, and he was accused of having innovated in this respect upon the practice of his predecessor. In a letter written by O'Meara to his friend Mr. Finlaison, but *omitted in his published account*, he reports a conversation in which Napoleon accuses Sir George of having gathered together for his use all the *rotten* furniture in the island; says, that if he heaped every kind of benefit upon him, the manner of doing so would lead him to conceive it as an insult; asserts his manner to be contemptuous and peculiarly grating; and concludes by asking,—

“Who is the Admiral? I never heard his name mentioned as conquering in a battle, either singly or in general action. 'Tis true he has rendered his name infamous in America, which I heard of, and he will now render it so here on this detestable rock. I believe, however, that he is a good sailor. Next to your Government exiling me here, the *worst* thing they could have done, and the most *insufferable* to my feelings, is sending me with such a *man* as him! I will make my treatment known to all Europe. It will be a reflection and a stain to his posterity for centuries.”

Much of the same character might be adduced to show that during the period when Sir George Cockburn had charge of the exile, the most frank and forbearing demeanour, and the most gentle and generous attentions, were alike unappreciated; and we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that these incessant complaints, these everlasting petulances, these reiterated reproaches and insults, were parts of a systematic plan intended to further some ulterior, but unacknowledged, object.

Leaving Napoleon on his island prison, let us examine briefly the existing evidence of his treatment there.

The history of the captivity of Napoleon has hitherto been written by men bitterly hostile to Sir Hudson Lowe, and having each a personal quarrel with him. National prejudices have naturally been brought to bear upon the strife, and each succeeding French writer has laboured to elevate his hero into a martyr. The “Voice from St. Helena” was the revenge of O'Meara upon the man whom he believed to have been the main cause of his dismissal from the post of Physician to Napoleon, and from the British naval service. It bears the marks of the deepest

hatred to those who were the authors of his disgrace. The times were favourable to his object, and the work had immense influence upon the sympathies of Englishmen. Though it bore evidence of, at least, gross exaggeration, for want of rebutting testimony, its essential truth was taken for granted. But the volumes before us contain the most indisputable answer to every important charge contained in O'Meara's book, *under O'Meara's own hand*. Seldom has falsehood been brought home so clearly and decisively.

The second great authority against Sir Hudson is Las Casas. Now it is sufficient to say of this writer, in passing, that not only was he a Frenchman and a devoted admirer of Napoleon, but he was sent away from the island by the man whom he vilified, for having persisted in infringing the rules laid down to insure the safe custody of his idol. The falsehood of many of his assertions, moreover, can be proved by totally independent testimony.

We shall presently show the estimate formed of Montholon's veracity by Napoleon and O'Meara themselves;—and as to Antommarchi, in addition to the offence which he took in consequence of the restrictions under which he was placed, he never forgave the earnestness of Sir Hudson, in pressing upon the attendants of Napoleon the necessity of having recourse to further medical advice, when his illness became serious.

But who was Sir Hudson Lowe? and what character did he bear? Was he a suitable person to be intrusted with a charge of so much delicacy and responsibility?

The answer is, that his previous military career had been distinguished, and had called forth the warmest approval of his superiors. Born in 1769, and connected with the army from his cradle, his father being a Surgeon-Major, he was an Ensign, and actually passed a military review in uniform, before he was twelve years of age. Not favoured by fortune or influential friends, his strict attention to his duties led to his appointment to various responsible posts. For several years he commanded the Corsican Rangers,—a body of troops in the British service, which served with distinction in Egypt and elsewhere. He was present at the battle of Alexandria, and during the campaign was the means of saving the life of Sir Sidney Smith. A picket having mistaken Sir Sidney for a French officer, from his wearing a cocked hat, (the English army then wearing round hats,) they levelled their pieces at him, when Major Lowe struck up their muskets, and saved him. His zeal and ability in command of the outposts, during the campaign in Egypt, called forth the flattering encomium from General Moore: "Lowe, when you're at the outposts, I always feel sure of a good night's rest."

At a later period he was appointed a permanent Assistant Quartermaster-General, chiefly through the influence of Sir

John Moore, who wrote him, "If I have had the good fortune to get you employed in the way you wish, I am glad of it. I have known you a long time; and I am confident your conduct, in whatever situation you are placed, will be such as to do honour to those who have recommended you."

After serving in Portugal and elsewhere, in May, 1806, he was placed in military charge of the Island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples. His troops were too few in number, and, Murat sending a considerable expedition against the little island, after a gallant defence, he was compelled to make a capitulation, which he did on favourable terms. This failure, however, against a superior force, was unattended by any loss of reputation, as it was admitted that he had maintained his ground with unusual gallantry. Sir John Stuart, in answer to the report of the event, says, "I am happy to express my perfect satisfaction at your own able, gallant, and judicious conduct, as well as at the zealous and animated support which you acknowledge to have received from your officers, and those brave soldiers who adhered to and returned with you hither, in the defence of the town of Capri." Lord Forbes, Major-General Campbell, and other officers of rank, expressed themselves warmly on his bold and judicious bearing on this occasion, though the issue of the contest was unsuccessful.

Much active service followed on the coast of Italy, and in the Greek islands; in the civil administration of which latter, Colonel Lowe was for some time engaged, when he was employed by Lord Bathurst in some delicate negotiations in Sweden, and other parts of the north of Europe.

When occupied in certain duties, under the direction of Lord Cathcart, at the head-quarters of Alexander, Colonel Lowe was fortunate enough to witness the battle of Bautzen, and for the first time saw Napoleon Bonaparte, with whose future fate his own subsequently became so strangely linked. The passage of his letter to Lord Bathurst, describing this event, is interesting.

"Between the town of Bautzen and the position taken up by the combined armies is a long elevated ridge, which descends rather abruptly towards the town, but inclined in a gradual slope towards the position. This ground had been yielded up on the preceding day, together with that which the advanced guard had occupied near the town of Bautzen and on the banks of the Spree. In the morning, a body of the enemy's troops was observed to be formed on its crest. Immediately in their front a small group was collected; which, by aid of spy-glasses, was soon discovered to be composed of persons of consequence in the enemy's army, amongst whom was most clearly distinguishable Napoleon Bonaparte himself. He advanced about forty or fifty paces in front of the others, accompanied by one of his Marshals, (conjectured to have been Eugene Beauharnois,) with whom he remained in conversation, walking backwards and forwards, (having dismounted,) for nearly an hour. I was on an advanced battery in front of our position, and had a most distinct view of him. He was dressed in a plain uniform coat and a star,

with a plain hat, different from that of his Marshals and Generals, which were feathered; his air and manner so perfectly resembling the portraits given of him, that there was no possibility of mistake. He appeared to be conversing with the person near him, as on some indifferent subject, very rarely looking towards our position, of which, however, the situation in which he stood commanded a most comprehensive and distinct view."

Subsequently, Col. Lowe served with great distinction in the allied Russian and Prussian army, under Blücher, and was with him in every action, from the battles of Möckern and Leipsic until the surrender of Paris. Having brought the news of the abdication of Napoleon from Paris, he was knighted by the Prince Regent;—the Prussian Order of Military Merit, and the Russian Order of St. George, were also conferred upon him, accompanied by very gratifying letters.

We have said enough of the military antecedents of Sir Hudson: let us now examine the evidence as to his manners, conduct, and general bearing towards his officers and others, as well as his illustrious captive, during his residence in St. Helena, as given by competent, disinterested, and honourable witnesses.

Mr. Henry, a military surgeon, who was on duty at St. Helena from July, 1817, to May, 1821, gives an account of some of the incidents of the captivity, very different to that given by O'Meara and the French writers. Of the Governor he says,—

"From first impressions, I entertained an opinion of him far from favourable: if, therefore, notwithstanding this prepossession, my testimony should incline to the other side, I can truly state that the change took place from the weight of evidence, and in consequence of what came under my own observation in St. Helena. Since that time he has encountered a storm of obloquy and reproach enough to bow any person to the earth; yet I firmly believe that the talent he exerted in unravelling the intricate plotting constantly going on at Longwood, and the firmness in tearing it to pieces, with the unceasing vigilance he displayed in the discharge of his arduous and invidious duties, made him more enemies than any hastiness of temper, uncourteousness of demeanour, or severity in his measures, of which the world was taught to believe him guilty."

And again:—

"It is extremely probable, and I believe it to be the fact, that Sir Hudson Lowe went to St. Helena determined to conduct himself with courtesy and kindness to Napoleon, and to afford him as many comforts and as much personal freedom as were consistent with his safe custody. I was intimately acquainted with the officer charged with the care of Longwood for nearly three years; and he assured me that the Governor repeatedly desired him to consult the comfort of the great man and his suite; to attend to their suggestions, and to make their residence as agreeable as possible. Two of the orderly officers at Longwood—namely, Majors Blakeney and Nicholls, of the 66th regiment—have given me the same assurance. I have myself seen courteous notes from Sir Hudson Lowe to these officers, accompanying pheasants and other delicacies, sent from Plantation House for Napoleon's table.

Even after two unfortunate interviews, when the Emperor worked himself into a rage, and used gross and insulting expressions to the Governor, evidently to put him into a passion, but without success; (for Sir Hudson maintained perfect self-possession and self-command throughout;) even after this open breach the above civilities were not discontinued. Still, when a pheasant, the greatest rarity in the island, appeared on the Governor's table, one was sure to be sent to Longwood."

Col. Jackson remarks :—

"Few persons, if any, are better acquainted with Sir Hudson Lowe than myself. When he was Quartermaster-General in the Netherlands, in 1814 and 1815, I was a Deputy-Assistant in the department, and attached to the office, when I was with him every day, and had, indeed, more communication with him than others, and sometimes of a confidential character. I also at that time saw him when certain circumstances gave him much annoyance, but cannot recollect any single instance of his breaking out into any unseemly bursts of anger, or showing real uncourteousness. He was very much liked by all who served under him, being at all times kind, considerate, generous, and hospitable.....I have good reason to believe that towards Napoleon and his suite the Governor's bearing was at all times correct and proper. Except Las Casas, I was intimate with all the individuals of the suite, especially so with Montholon, (even after his return to Europe,) and I never heard any of them complain of Sir Hudson Lowe's carriage towards them.....Depend upon it, the reports spread of Sir Hudson Lowe's bursts of undignified and reprehensible passion were wholly without foundation as regards the persons at Longwood, and most grossly exaggerated with reference to his behaviour to others. I have heard Sir George Bingham speak highly of Sir Hudson; your friend, General Nicol, did the same; and, in fact, most of the officers of rank who were at St. Helena; and I cannot remember to have heard any one complain of Sir Hudson's temper. Like other men, he is liable to the infirmities of our nature; but want of proper self-command has never been one of his defects."

In some subsequent remarks upon the character and conduct of Sir Hudson written after his death,* the same gallant and experienced officer makes use of expressions of which any man might be proud, and which are singularly at variance with the popular portrait of the same individual :—

"I was honoured with the friendly notice of Sir Hudson Lowe, and enjoyed much of his confidence, during a course of thirty years. I knew him when his military reputation marked him as an officer of the highest promise. I witnessed his able conduct at St. Helena. I saw him when the malice of his enemies had gained the ascendant, and covered him with unmerited opprobrium. I beheld him on his death-bed; and throughout these various phases in his career I admired and respected his character, while I truly loved the man."

Many additional proofs might be adduced of the opinion entertained of him by men of high standing and keen observation,

* "United Service Magazine."

relating to those very points in which he was said to be so deficient; but we will conclude our evidence upon this subject by quoting the words of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Keating, who visited St. Helena on his return from the Mauritius:—

“As long as Sir Hudson Lowe continues Governor, I will answer with my head for the safety and secure custody of Bonaparte. Sir Hudson, to great wisdom, perseverance, and judgment, adds the most conciliatory conduct, and a desire that everything consisting with the safety of Bonaparte’s person should be most strictly attended to, in the most delicate manner, and with a proper regard to the feelings of the fallen man.”

We have said that Napoleon brought many charges against, and heaped much insult upon, Sir George Cockburn, during the short period of his command. That it continued till his departure is evident from the remarks of Napoleon on the occasion of his leaving:—

“It showed the greatest want of generosity in him to insult the unfortunate; because insulting those who are in your power, and, consequently, cannot make any opposition, is a certain sign of a low and ignoble mind. I, in my misfortune, sought an asylum, and, instead of that, I found ill-treatment, contempt, and insult.”

It was scarcely, perhaps, to be expected that the soldier should succeed in conciliating, where the honest, open-hearted sailor had so emphatically failed. And equally emphatic was Sir Hudson’s failure. Had Sir George Cockburn remained in charge of Napoleon nearly six years, like Sir Hudson, instead of a few months, there can be no doubt he would have been subject to the same reproaches, and had his reputation assailed by the same calumnious reports. And why?—Because Napoleon had laid down a plan of operations which he pertinaciously carried out. He hoped to effect his recall to Europe by exciting the sympathies of Englishmen, aided by the parliamentary opposition; and he was not a man to let the reputation and the dearest interests of any mortal thwart his designs.* Well might Montholon say in long after years, “*Mon cher ami, an angel from heaven could not have pleased us as Governor of St. Helena.*”

Sir Hudson Lowe had five interviews with Napoleon during his governorship. The first was not marked by any of those bursts of rage which signalized some of the others. In the course of the second, which the Governor sought in order to consult about the site of the house which the British Government had sent out, Napoleon exclaimed, “Shall I tell you the truth, Sir? Yes, Sir, shall I tell you the truth? I believe that you have received orders to kill me,—*oui, de me tuer,*” &c.

* In confirmation of this statement, we may quote the following from the original manuscript of Las Casas’ Journal:—“*Qu’il ne nous restait que des armes morales; que pour en faire l’usage le plus avantageux, il fallait reduire en système notre attitude, nos paroles, nos sentimens, nos privations mêmes; qu’une nombreuse population en Europe prendrait une tendre intérêt en nous; que l’opposition en Angleterre ne manquait pas de combattre le ministre dans la violence qu’ils ont exercée contre nous.*”

The following remarks of Napoleon, in allusion to this interview, afford the best defence of Sir Hudson against the charge of want of temper:—

"I behaved very ill to him, no doubt, and nothing but my present situation could excuse me; but I was out of humour, and could not help it; I should blush for it in any other situation. Had such a scene taken place at the Tuileries, I should have felt myself bound in conscience to make some atonement. Never during the period of my power did I speak harshly to any one without afterwards saying something to make amends for it. But here I uttered not a syllable of conciliation, and I had no wish to do so. However, the Governor proved himself very insensible to my severity; his delicacy did not seem wounded by it. I should have liked, for his sake, to have seen him evince a little anger, or pull the door violently after him when he went away. This would at least have shown that there was some spring and elasticity about him; but I found nothing of the kind."

We will now extract Sir Hudson Lowe's account of his fifth and last interview with Napoleon, premising that Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who was present, states that the details are so faithfully given, "that I could vouch for every one of them."

"Having called at Longwood, in company with Sir Pulteney Malcolm, we found General Bonaparte was walking in his garden. He went off immediately as he saw us; but having inquired for Count Montholon, and sent a message by him to say we were there, Bonaparte returned to the garden, and the Admiral and myself joined him. He spoke solely to the Admiral, in which I made no attempt to interrupt him; but, profiting by the first interval of silence, I commenced, and addressed him as follows:—That I was sorry to be under the necessity of saying anything which tended to incommode him, but I was placed under such peculiar circumstances, from the conduct towards me of General Bertrand, that it became a matter of indispensable necessity I should make known the details of it to him, and endeavour to establish some rule for my future communications in regard to his affairs. He was aware of the instructions I had received from my own Government in regard to the expenses of his establishment."

Sir Hudson Lowe related to him what had occurred between Counts Montholon and Bertrand on the subject, and described Count Bertrand's rude demeanour and offensive expressions. He then observed to Napoleon that it was obvious after this that he could have no intercourse with Count Bertrand, who had thus insulted him when he called on the business of the person whom he called his Emperor,—conduct which was therefore a want of respect to the latter; and wished to know therefore with whom he should communicate in future on such matters. Bonaparte then broke out, in a hollow angry voice, with an eulogy of Bertrand, remarking that he had commanded armies, and was known throughout Europe; and after a series of vituperations against Sir Hudson, the interview thus concluded:—

"‘There are two kinds of people,’ he said, ‘employed by governments,—those whom they honour, and those whom they dishonour:

he is one of the latter; the situation they have given him is that of an executioner.' I answered, 'I perfectly understand this kind of manœuvre,—endeavour to brand with infamy, if one cannot attack with other arms. I am perfectly indifferent to all this. I did not seek my present employment; but, it being offered to me, I considered it a sacred duty to accept it.'—'Then,' said he, 'if the order were given you to assassinate me, you would accept it.'—'No, Sir.' He again proceeded (to the Admiral), and said I had rendered his situation forty times worse than it was before my arrival; that, though he had some disputes with Sir George Cockburn, he always treated him in a different manner; that they were content with each other, but that I did not know how to conduct myself towards men of honour; that I had put General Bertrand under arrest in his own house; and had taken away from him the permission to give passes to Longwood. The Admiral said it was Sir George Cockburn who had done this. Bonaparte replied, 'No, Sir; he told you so,' (alluding to me,) 'but it is not true.' The Admiral again told him it was not I, but Sir George Cockburn, had told him so. Bonaparte then said he could not even write a *billet de galanterie* to my Lady Malcolm without my seeing it; that he could not now have a woman come to see him without permission; and that he could not see the Lieutenant-Colonel and the officers of the 53rd. I interrupted him here by saying he had refused to see the Lieutenant-Colonel and the officers of the 66th regiment. If they wanted to see him, he answered, why did they not apply to the 'Grand Maréchal?' I had mentioned it to General Bertrand, I observed. 'But the Lieutenant-Colonel ought to have spoken to him, and not to you.' He again broke out into invectives on my mode of treatment; said I had no feeling; that the soldiers of the 53rd looked upon him with compassion, and wept (*pleuraient*) when they passed him. Continuing, he said to the Admiral, 'He kept back a book which had been sent me by a Member of Parliament, and then boasted of it.'—'How boasted of it?' I exclaimed, struck with the falsehood of the assertion.—'Yes, Sir,' (interrupting me,) 'you boasted of it to the Governor of the Island of Bourbon;* he told me so. You took hold of him, he said, on his arrival here, and made him believe that you were on the best footing with us all, and treated us all particularly well; but this was not true.' He was proceeding with a further repetition of what had passed between Colonel Keating and him, when the Admiral interrupted him with a defence of my not having sent the book to him; said, a book with such an inscription on it I could not send, and that I ought not to have been made the instrument of delivering it to him. The Admiral added, 'Colonel Keating was wrong in mentioning such a thing to him.' 'Yes,' he said, 'in one to boast of it, and the other to repeat it.' He then remarked that I had sent letters to him with the title of Emperor. 'Yes,' replied I, 'but they came from the Secretary of State's office, and were from your own relations or former subjects, and not from English persons. I am personally acquainted with the gentleman who sent the book; he left it to my choice to send it or not, and I am certain he will fully approve of what I did in not sending it.' He paused at this, and dropped the topic. He

* Colonel Keating, who is here alluded to, denied in the strongest terms that he had made any such communication to Napoleon.

again addressed himself to the Admiral; accused me of having published the contents of a letter he had received from his mother. The Admiral defended me; said he knew I never published the contents of any private letters received from the family. I replied, it was not me that had done so, it must have been his own people that did it; that everything was misrepresented to him. 'You have *bad people about you*, Sir,' I said. The Admiral shortly afterwards repeated a similar remark, saying, 'You have bad people around you.' He appeared to me struck by both our observations in this respect, and made no attempt to reply, but went on again in his strain of invective, general and personal; told me, as he had done once before, 'You are a Lieutenant-General, but you perform your duty as if you were a sentinel; there is no dealing with you; you are a most intractable man. If you are afraid that I should escape, why do you not bind me?' I answered, I merely executed my instructions; that, if my conduct was disapproved of, I might be readily removed. 'Your instructions are the same as Sir George Cockburn's,' he replied; 'he told me they were the same.' He said he was to be treated as a prisoner of war; that the Ministers had no right to treat him in any other way than as prescribed by the Act of Parliament; that the nation was disposed to treat him well, but Ministers acted otherwise; accused me of being the mere instrument of the blind hatred of Lord Bathurst. I remarked, 'Lord Bathurst, Sir, does not know what blind hatred (*haine aveugle*) is.' He talked about our calling him General; said he was '*Empereur*;' that, when England and Europe should be no more, and no such name known as Lord Bathurst, he would still be Emperor. He told me he always went out of the way to avoid me, and had twice pretended to be in the bath that he might not see me. 'You want money; I have none, except in the hands of my friends; but I cannot send my letters.' He attacked me about the note which had been sent back to Count Bertrand, saying, 'You had no right to put him under arrest; you never commanded armies; you are nothing but the scribe of an *Etat-major*. I had imagined I should be well among the English, but you are not an Englishman.' He was continuing in this strain, when I interrupted him with saying, 'You make me smile, Sir.' 'How smile, Sir?' he replied, at the same time turning round with surprise at the remark, and, looking at me, added, 'I say what I think.' 'Yes, Sir,' I answered, with a tone indicative of the sentiment I felt, and looking at him, 'you force me to *smile*; your misconception of my character, and the rudeness of your manners, excite my *pity*. I wish you good day;' and I left him (evidently a good deal embarrassed) without any other salutation. The Admiral quitted him immediately afterwards, with a salute of the hat."

We have remarked that these volumes contain ample evidence of the falsehood of many of the statements of O'Meara, in his "Voice from St. Helena." This officer, who had been Surgeon to the Bellerophon, was chosen by Napoleon as his medical attendant. The recorded conversations of Napoleon given by him are highly interesting; and, where Sir Hudson Lowe is not concerned, have all the appearance of truthfulness. But he seems to have had a selfish and intriguing disposition, and his

conduct to the Governor was disingenuous and obstructive to the last degree. He appears early to have fallen under the fascinations of Napoleon, and received from him the offer of a pecuniary recompense, which offer he afterwards urged as a reason for increased pay. He appears to have treated the Governor rather cavalierly, relying upon his peculiar and confidential relation to his patient, who absolutely refused to see any other medical person. But though conscious that his dismissal would raise an outcry from the friends of the captive, Sir Hudson Lowe was not a man to flinch from the performance of what he considered a duty; and after a series of thwartings and impertinences on the part of O'Meara, he was finally dismissed from his situation and the island, to be followed, on his arrival in England, by dismissal from the service. His subsequently published work was compiled from copious notes kept throughout the whole period of his residence in St. Helena, in which not only are facts and dates altered, so as give an entirely new aspect to events that did really occur, but imaginary scenes are introduced to add to the dramatic effect.

But unhappily for the reputation of O'Meara, Mr. Forsyth's volumes present, for the first time, a collection of confidential and gossiping letters to his friend Mr. Finlaison, now the eminent actuary, then a clerk in a Government office; which letters contain numerous details of the conversations and proceedings of Napoleon, his suite, and the officials at St. Helena. They are written in a style of freedom and *abandon*, and are obviously the faithful records of the impressions of the time. Now the facts and opinions here expressed are in numerous instances totally at variance with the assertions of the "Voice;" so that the latter might be published with a running commentary of contradictions, these having the advantage of being written at the date of the occurrences to which they refer.

For the details of these discrepancies of the same man when speaking of the same event, we must refer to the work itself, of which they form the principal novelty; but we cannot resist giving one proof of O'Meara's treachery to Napoleon, or falsehood to Sir Hudson. From his arrival at Longwood, O'Meara had been in the habit of spontaneously communicating to the Governor such circumstances and conversations as he could remember; and the Governor encouraged him so to do, as by this means he was sometimes enabled to ascertain the wishes of Napoleon and his suite, and to judge how far the restrictions were conformed to or avoided. In the progress of the strife between the Governor and the Surgeon, however, the latter became intractable on this point; and, when hard-pressed by Sir Hudson on the subject, in December, 1817, declared he had come under a pledge to Napoleon since May, 1816, not to reveal the conversations that passed between them, unless they related to his escape. And all these twenty months he was reporting such conversations to Sir Hudson, and to his friend, Mr.

Finlaison ! The effrontery of the man approaches the sublime, and can only be equalled by him who shall hereafter quote his book as evidence against any person whatever.

These letters of O'Meara, which constitute, as we have said, one of the chief novelties of the work before us,—apart from their value as a record of the opinions of the writer at the time, in contradistinction to his subsequent publication,—are full of interesting information relating to Napoleon. They contain many details of his private habits ; numerous instances of declamation against the British Government and its officials ; and not a few evidences of the acuteness, originality, and grasp of thought, which characterized the cold and selfish, but capacious, intellect of the ex-Emperor. We must refer our readers to the work itself for fuller details, contenting ourselves with a specimen or two. In one of the Finlaison letters we are told,—

“He frequently breaks out into invectives against the English Government for sending him to this island, which he pronounces (with some reason) to be the most detestable spot in the universe. ‘Behold the English Government,’ said he, gazing around at the frightful and stupendous rocks which encompassed him. ‘This is their liberality to the unfortunate, who, confiding in what he so blindly imagined to be their national character, in an evil hour gave himself up to them. But your Ministers laugh at your laws.’ ‘I thought once that the English were a free nation, but I see now that you are the greatest slaves in the world,’ said he to me one day ; ‘you all of you tremble at the sight of *that man*. In my greatest power I could not do such things as I have seen done to your sailors and others, since I have come to this Isle de Brouillard.”

On another occasion a conversation with Bonaparte is recorded, in which the latter expressed his opinion upon a point of etiquette, and described what were his intentions, in case he had succeeded in his descent upon England :—

“In the course of a conversation, a few days back, with General Bonaparte respecting our late embassy to China, on being informed by me that Lord Amherst had refused to comply with some humiliating ceremonies required of him, (the nature of which I explained to him,) he observed, ‘that he thought the English Ministers had acted wrong in not having ordered Lord Amherst to comply with the custom of the place he was sent to, or that they ought not to have sent him at all.’ I replied, that I thought the English would have considered it as debasing the nation if Lord Amherst had consented to prostrate himself in the humiliating manner required ; that, if such a point had been conceded to the Chinese, in all probability they would not have been contented there, but would subsequently require similar ceremonies to those insisted upon by the Japanese, and complied with so disgracefully by the Dutch ; that, besides, Lord Amherst had offered to render the same obeisance to the Emperor as he would have done to his own King. He replied, ‘It is quite a different thing. One is a mere ceremony, performed by all the great men of the nation to their Chief ; and the other was a national degradation, required of strangers,

and of strangers *only*. It is my opinion that whatever is the custom of a nation, and is practised by the first characters of that nation towards their Chief, cannot degrade strangers who perform the same. Different nations have different customs. In England, at Court, you kiss the King's hand. Such a thing in France would be considered ridiculous, and the persons who did it held up to public scorn; but still the French Ambassador who did so in England would not be considered as having degraded himself by so doing. In England, some hundred years back, the King was served kneeling; the same ceremony now takes place in Spain. In Italy you kiss the Pope's toe; yet no person is considered degraded by having done so. A man going into a country must comply with the ceremonies in use there; and it would have been no degradation whatever for Lord Amherst to have submitted to such ceremonies before the Emperor of China as are performed by the first Mandarin of that empire. You say that he was willing to render such respect as that paid to your own King. You have no right to send a man to China to tell them that they must perform such and such ceremonies, because such are practised in England.' Shortly afterwards, I entered upon the subject of universal dominion with him, and his meditated views upon England. I said that we had thought for a length of time that nothing short of universal dominion would have satisfied his ambition, and that it was his positive intention to have united England to France as a province. He replied, 'As to universal dominion, I certainly aimed at rendering France the most powerful of all; but so far from desiring more, it was my intention to have formed Italy into an independent kingdom, and to have given it to my second son, as I had hopes of having another. There are natural bounds to France which I did not intend to pass. With respect to uniting England to France, I had no idea of the kind.' Here I observed that he had said to me that *perhaps* he might have done so if he had succeeded in his invasion. He replied, 'No, no; you must have misunderstood me. I intended, if I had succeeded in my projected descent, to have abolished the monarchy, and to have established a republic. I would have separated Ireland from England, and made her an independent republic. I would have made them both republics, and independent of each other. I would have sown the seeds of republicanism in their *morale*, and then left them to themselves to manage things between them as well as they could. As to annexing England to France, upon mature deliberation I conceived that it would have been impossible to have united two nations so dissimilar in ideas, and that it would have been as difficult to effect, as to have brought together India and Europe.' He also said that, after Amiens, he would have concluded a *good peace* with England,—that is to say, a peace which would establish the commercial relations of the two countries upon a similar and equal footing: for example, that, if a million in value of English colonial or other goods was taken by France, the value of a million in French products should in like manner be taken by England."

But these Finlaison letters involve certain members of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet in a serious charge of disingenuous conduct to a public servant. One of the most important regulations having reference to the security of Napoleon, was that which

forbade all correspondence to or from the captives, except such as passed unsealed through the hands of Sir Hudson Lowe. Without such power it would have been impossible to prevent the prisoners concerting measures for escape. Now some revelations are brought to light in Mr. Forsyth's work.

It seems that Mr. Finlaison hands over the clandestine correspondence to Mr. Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty, who is so pleased with its interesting gossip about the great man, that he speedily makes Lord Bathurst, and others of the Ministers, sharers in his delight. Nay, we are told that the letters were "a feast to very great folk;" and it is hinted that the Prince Regent himself had received amusement from their perusal, and their continuance was requested. Need we point out the gross impropriety of all this? Think of men of high official station encouraging what was a dishonourable breach of professional confidence, as well as a direct contravention of the regulations of the island, to which the writer was bound to submit. Well might Sir Hudson Lowe, on discovering the correspondence, and learning the sanction under which it was continued, express his annoyance. It is impossible not to see that in this particular Sir Hudson was most unfairly used. An inferior officer permitted to hold a clandestine correspondence with the Government, dated from Napoleon's house, unknown to the Governor of the island! The whole subject requires explanation; and it is fortunate that Mr. John Wilson Croker still survives, to defend, if possible, the reputation of himself and his colleagues from the damaging effect of these "revelations."

One of the chief causes of complaint, on the part of the occupants of Longwood, had reference to the restrictions upon their liberty to traverse the island. The precincts of Longwood comprised a circumference of about four miles. The estate itself was of an irregular figure, and fenced by a low rough stone wall. The space, however, within which Napoleon might ride or walk unattended by an officer, and in complete seclusion, was triangular in form, and embraced a circuit of twelve miles. Within it was situated nearly all the tolerably level ground in the island; and both Longwood and Deadwood adjoining, where the British troops were encamped, were nearly flat, and well covered with turf. Beyond these limits, and, indeed, wherever there were no fortifications, they might pass, if accompanied by a British officer, one being accessible at all times on giving a very short notice. This restriction upon his right of locomotion was a constant source of complaint and uneasiness to Napoleon, who for a length of time refused to go out, to the manifest injury of his health, in the hope of obtaining some relaxation in the orders. The Governor, however, like his predecessor, the Admiral, positively refused to take upon himself the responsibility of altering the regulations laid down by his Government. And if we bear in mind that during the greater part of the time rumours

were abroad of an intended escape; that the British Government from time to time referred to such plans in their dispatches; that it was certain large sums of money were deposited in various parts of England and America to the order of the ex-Emperor;—we cannot but conclude that it was the duty of those to whom the Allied Powers had committed this important charge, to insist upon this needful restriction being carried out, as well as that which forbade any written communications, except such as passed, unsealed, through the Governor's hands. As Mr. Forsyth remarks, a dash down a ravine, and the strokes of a few oars, might have set Napoleon free, if the most unremitting care had not been taken to prevent secret concert and intelligence with the external world. We have it on the authority of Bertrand that the hopes of the French exiles were turned to America, and,—

“Had any relaxation of the stringency of our watch rendered the design practicable, there would have been no lack of adventurers ready to attempt it, who would have deemed themselves sufficiently rewarded by the *éclat* of the enterprise if it had proved successful. Many a romantic scheme was formed for the purpose, and abandoned. But why? Because it was known that the regulations opposed an invincible obstacle in the way of its execution, and the sleepless vigilance of Sir Hudson Lowe was not to be deceived.”

But another class of complaints were much talked about, of a kind likely to excite the commiseration of all generous Englishmen. It was said that the household at Longwood were scantily supplied with provisions, and that Napoleon had been obliged to break up and sell a quantity of his plate to meet the deficiency. Now it is true that Napoleon did cause a quantity of plate to be broken up and sold; but it is also quite certain that at the very time this took place, he offered to deposit with Mr. Balcombe (the Purveyor) a bill for £30,000; and Mr. O'Meara himself, at the time, “fully acknowledged he thought the breaking up of the plate had been for the purpose of effect.” If further evidence were required to prove that he could command any funds he wanted, we may take the assertion of Bertrand, who exclaimed on one occasion,—“The Emperor has only to speak to have millions. He has only to give a bit of paper of the size of this,” showing a scrap of paper of the size of an inch, “which would be worth a million.” If this were true, it affords sufficient reason why sealed communications should not be allowed between Longwood and Europe; and fully justifies the determination of Government, that if they would carry their household expenses beyond the sum allowed, the surplus must be found by Napoleon himself.

The British Government allowed £12,000 *per annum* for the expenses of the household. At one time Lord Bathurst, believing the number of his attendants would be lessened, had thought £8,000 sufficient; but Sir Hudson Lowe ventured to continue

the larger allowance, and the step was approved of by the authorities.

That £12,000 a-year should have been amply sufficient to afford the *detenus* every comfort, and even luxury, most persons will conclude; but it is necessary to consider what were their habits. In a conversation on the subject, reported by Major Gorrequer, Military Secretary to the Governor, O'Meara (then at enmity with the Governor) stated:—"It would have been quite sufficient with English people, but he was of opinion it was not sufficient for French; that they used thirty pounds of beef in soup every day, which was boiled down to rags, and not fit for anything else afterwards; their *consommés* required a great deal of meat, and they ate two dinners in the day." The Governor might well say that if they used their meat in that way, there was no saying what would be enough; a couple of hams, or one hundred pounds of meat, would go little way in *consommés*. Without troubling our readers with a detailed statement of the meat, wines, confectionery, &c., supplied to the household at Longwood, we extract the following portion of a conversation with Montholon, reported by Major Gorrequer:—

"On the 21st of March I again saw Count Montholon, who, in the course of conversation respecting the supplies for the establishment, said, '*Nous n'avons aucun reproche à faire au Gouverneur; nous ne nous plaignons de rien, et nous avons abondance de tout ce qui est nécessaire;*' that he found, since he last saw me, 8 bottles of claret daily would be sufficient, and 1 of *vin de Grave*; that from 10 to 15 bottles of champagne monthly would be quite ample; 1 of Constantia daily was more than was used; (particularly as they had received 360 bottles of Constantia the preceding year, besides what was regularly furnished by the Purveyor;) that they always had an ample provision of champagne, even, at times, too much; for at the very moment he was speaking there were no less than three cases in their possession untouched, and more than a case of *vin de Grave*; that sending them more of those wines than they used was '*inutile*,' as they would be obliged to say, 'You give us too great a quantity;' and it was therefore better they should apply for it when wanted. '*Presque toutes les fois,*' continued he, '*que Mr. Darling vient ici, il me demande, Avez vous assez de vin? vous manque-t-il quelque chose? et je lui réponds toujours, que nous ne manquons de rien.*'"

We add a quarterly account of wines supplied to the household, assuring our readers that it is an average one:—

| | | | |
|--------------|-----|-----|--------------|
| Claret | ... | ... | 830 Bottles, |
| Vin de Grave | ... | ... | 72 " |
| Champagne | ... | ... | 36 " |
| Cape | ... | ... | 2038 " |
| Teneriffe | ... | ... | 552 " |
| Madeira | ... | ... | 104 " |
| Constantia | ... | ... | 92 " |

3724

—in addition to an average supply of about 400 bottles of malt liquors during the same period of three months. Had the niggard parsimony charged upon the authorities existed, according to all analogy, it would have first shown itself in dealing with the luxuries of the household; and the admission that there never was any want of the latter,—an admission invariably made when no momentary irritation interfered,—may be taken as convincing evidence that there was no lack of the more solid requisites of domestic comfort.

The exhibition, afforded by these volumes, of the character and proceedings of the French officers in attendance upon Napoleon, is distressing to contemplate. At enmity with each other; unabashed by the discovery of the greatest falsehood; and humbling themselves to write, from the dictation of their master, letters which, when they failed of their object, that imperial master disavowed, and abused the writer,—they seem to have had as little self-respect or regard to the soldiers' law of honour, as they had to the higher law of moral rectitude. Montholon's inveterate habit of lying was well known and often alluded to by Napoleon, who on one occasion said, previously to a visit of the Count to James Town, "Now, Montholon, do not bring me back any *lies* as news, as Marshal Bertrand is going to town to-morrow, and I will *then* hear the truth."

The motive of these gentlemen, on first consenting to accompany Napoleon, was doubtless that of attachment to their fallen Sovereign: but the lassitude and *ennui* of the mode of existence, the miserable squabbles among themselves, and the vile and petty intrigues in which they were employed, appear to have led each in his turn to wish for his escape.

General Gourgaud, denied the privilege of a duel with Montholon, insulted by his companions, and neglected by Napoleon, leaves the island in disgust. Las Casas breaks the law in order to get sent away; and, when Sir Hudson offers to permit him to remain, begs to be allowed to go. Bertrand and his wife implore the Emperor to let them depart, and appear only to have been detained by the rapidity with which her confinements followed each other. And, finally, Madame Montholon takes her leave, her husband being prevented from accompanying her solely by the absolute refusal of Napoleon's consent.

But of the central figure of that group what shall we say? That the resources and consolation of religion should be absent, was to be expected from his previous career; but where was the so-called philosophy, the Pagan's cold support, which has rarely been wanting in the adversity of those to whom the world has given the name of "great?" The spectacle affords a commentary upon the value of the epithet, and a vindication of the supremacy of moral worth.

With respect to the chief point involved in this controversy, we have preferred to leave the reader to draw his own inference

from the simple facts of the case thus briefly related. We believe this will lead him to our own opinion, that the British Government had the desire to give every comfort and solace to Napoleon consistent with his security; and that Sir Hudson Lowe endeavoured to carry out the intentions of his superiors with real kindness and delicacy, but was deficient in polish of manner and diplomatic tact, and failed to conceal the almost overwhelming sense of responsibility under which he laboured. His greatest fault in the eyes of posterity will be that he neglected to publish, during so many years, the documents requisite for the defence of the nation and himself.

We think that Mr. Forsyth's volumes fully justify his demand for a change of public opinion upon the conduct of the British Government and of Sir Hudson Lowe in the events of the captivity. Although exception may be taken to the extent of the work, which occupies three bulky octavos, and fifteen hundred pages, yet we believe the importance of the subject demanded he should so enlarge; and the documents appended, in the nature of *pièces justificatives*, will hereafter be valuable historical records of the period to which they relate.

ART. VI.—*Histoire des Ducs de Guise.* PAR RENÉ DE BOUILLÉ, ancien Ministre Plénipotentiaire. Four Vols. 8vo. Paris: Amyot.

IN the pleasant spring-time of the year 1506, a little boy, mounted on a mule, and accompanied by a serving-man on foot, crossed over the frontier, from Lorraine into France. The boy was a pretty child, some ten years old. He was soberly clad, but a merry heart beat under his grey jerkin; and his spirits were as light as the feather in his bonnet. The servant who walked at his side was a simple yet faithful follower of his house, but with no more speculation in his face than there was in that of the mule. Nothing could have looked more harmless and innocent than the trio in question; and yet the whole—joyous child, plodding servitor, and the mule whose bells rang music as he trod—formed one of the most remarkable invasions of which the kingdom of France has ever been the victim.

The boy was the fifth child of René and Philippa de Gueldres, the ducal Sovereigns of Lorraine. This duchy, a portion of the old kingdom of Lotharingia, in disputes for the possession of which the children of Charlemagne had shed rivers of blood, had maintained its independence despite the repeated attempts of Germany and France to reduce it to subjection. At the opening of the sixteenth century, it had seen a legal succession of sovereign and independent masters during seven centuries. The reigning Duke was René, the second of that name. He had

acquired estates in France, and he had inherited the hatred of Lorraine to the Capetian race, which had dethroned the heirs of Charlemagne. It was for this double reason that he unostentatiously sent into the kingdom one of his sons,—the boy of fair promise. The mission of the yet unconscious child was to increase the territorial possessions of his family within the French dominion, and ultimately to rule both Church and State, if not from the throne, why, then from behind it.

The merry boy proved himself, in course of time, to be no unfitting instrument for this especial purpose. He was brought up at the French Court; studied chivalry, and practised passages at arms with French Knights; was the first up at *réveillé*, the last at a feast, the most devout at mass, and the most winning in ladies' bower. The Princes of the blood loved him, and so did the Princesses. The army hailed him comrade with delight; and the Church beheld in him and his brother, Cardinal John, two of those champions whom it employs with gladness, and canonizes with alacrity.

Such was Claude of Lorraine, who won the heart and lands of Antoinette de Bourbon, and who received from Francis the First, not only letters of naturalization, but the title of Duke of Guise. The locality so named is in Picardy. It had fallen to the house of Lorraine by marriage: and the dignity of Count that accompanied it was now changed for that of Duke. It was not long before Claude made the title famous. The sword of Guise was never from his grasp, and its point was unceasingly directed against the enemies of his new country. He shed his own blood, and spilled that of others with a ferocious joy. Francis saw in him the warmest of his friends and the bravest of his soldiers. His bravery helped to the glory that was reaped at Marignan, at Fontarabia, and in Picardy. Against internal revolt or foreign invasion he was equally irresistible. *His* sword drove back the Imperialists of Germany within their own frontier; and when, on the night of Pavia, the warriors of France sat weeping like girls, amid the wide ruin around them, *his* heart alone throbbed with gay impulses, and *his* mind only was filled with bright visions of victories to come.

They came, indeed, but they were sometimes triumphs that have earned for him an immortality of infamy. The crest of his house was a double cross; and this device, though it was no emblem of the intensity of religion felt by those who bore it, *was* significant of the double sanguinary zeal of the family,—a zeal employed solely for selfish ends. The apostolic Reformers of France were at this period in a position of some power. Their preachers were in the pulpits, and their people in the field. Leaning on their swords, they heard the Gospel; and, the discourse done, they rushed bravely into battle to defend what they had heard. Against these pious, but strong-limbed, confederates, the wrath of Guise was something terrible. It did not, like that of

Francis,—who banquetted one day the unorthodox friends whom he burned the next,—alternate with fits of mercy. It raged without ceasing, and before it the Reformers of Alsatia were swept as before a blast in whose hot breath was death. He spared neither sex nor age; and he justified his bloody deeds by blasphemously asserting that he was guided to them by the light of a cross which blazed before him in the heavens. The Church honoured him with the name of “good and faithful servant;” but there are Christian hearths in Alsatia where he is still whisperingly spoken of as the “accursed butcher.”

When his own fingers began to hold less firmly the handle of his sword, he also began to look among his children for those who were most likely to carry out the mission of his house. His eye marked approvingly the bearing of his eldest son, Francis, Count d'Aumale; and he had no less satisfaction in the brothers of Francis, who, whether as soldiers or priests, were equally ready to further the interests of Lorraine, and call them those of Heaven. His daughter Mary he gave to James V., of Scotland, and the bride brought destruction for her dowry. Upon himself and his children the King of France, Francis, and subsequently Henri II., looked with mingled admiration and dread. Honours and wealth were lavished upon them with a prodigal, and even treasonable, liberality. The King gave generously to the insatiate Guise the property of the people; and when these complained somewhat menacingly, Guise achieved some new exploit, the public roar of applause for which sanctioned his quiet enjoyment of his ill-gotten treasures.

For the purpose of such enjoyment he retired to his castle at Joinville. The residence was less a palace than a monastery. It was inhabited by sunless gloom and a deserted wife. The neglected garden was trimmed at the coming of the Duke, but not for *his* sake, nor for that of the faithful Antoinette. Before the eyes of that noble wife he reared a bower for a mistress, who daily degraded with blows the hero of a hundred stricken fields. He deprecated the rough usage of the courtesan with tears and gold, and yet had no better homage for the blooming and virtuous mother of his children than cold civility. His almost sudden death, in 1550, was accounted for as being the effect of poison, administered at the suggestion of those to whom his growing greatness was offensive. The charge was boldly graven on his monument, and it is probably true. No one, however, profited by the crime. The throne found in his children more dangerous supporters than he had ever been himself; and the people paid for their popular admiration with loss of life and liberty. The Church, however, exulted; for Claude of Lorraine, first Duke of Guise, gave to it the legitimate son, Cardinal Charles, who devised the Massacre of the Day of St. Bartholomew; and the illegitimate son, the Abbé de Cluny, who on that terrible day made his dagger drink the blood of the Huguenots, till the wielder of it

became as drunk with frenzy, as he was wont to be with the fiery wine which was his peculiar and intense delight.

The first Duke of Guise only laid the foundation upon which he left his heirs and successors to build at their discretion. He had, nevertheless, effected much. He had gained for his family considerable wealth; and, if he had not also obtained a crown, he had got possession of rich crown-lands. The bestowing of these earned popular execration for the King, while the people, at the same time, confessed that the services of Guise were worthy no meaner reward. When King Francis saw that he was blamed for bestowing what the recipient was deemed worthy of having granted to him, we can hardly wonder that Francis, while acknowledging the merits of the aspiring family, bade the members of his own to be on their guard against the designs of every child of the House of Lorraine.

But *he* was no child who now succeeded to the honours of his father, the first Duke. Francis of Guise, at his elevation to the ducal title, saw before him two obstacles to further greatness:—One was a weak King, Henri II.; and the other, a powerful favourite, the Constable de Montmorency, from whose family, it was popularly said, had sprung the first Christian within the realm of France. Francis soon disposed of the favourite, and almost as speedily raised himself to the vacant office, which he exercised so as to further his remote purposes. In the mean time, the king was taught to believe that his crown and happiness were dependent on his Lorraine cousins; who, on their side, were not only aiming at the throne of France for one member of the house, but aspiring to the tiara for a second, the crown of Naples for a third,—to influence in Flanders and in Spain, and even to the diadem of Elizabeth of England, succession to which was recognised as existing in them, by Mary Stuart, in prospect of her own decease without direct heirs. It is said, that the British Romanists looked forward, with unctuous complacency, to the period when the sceptre of this island should fall into the blood-stained grasp of a “Catholic Guise.”

It was not only the fortune of Francis to repair the ill-luck encountered in the field by Montmorency, but to gain advantages in fight, such as France had not yet seen. The Emperor, Charles V., had well-nigh got possession of beleaguered Metz, when Guise threw himself into the place, rescued it from the Emperor, and swept the Imperialists out of France. His fiery wrath cooled only in presence of the wounded, to whom he behaved with gentle and helping courtesy. His gigantic labours here brought on an attack of fever: and when he was compelled to seek repose at his house at Marchez, a host of Priests and Cardinals of his family gathered round his couch, and excited him to laughter by rough games, that suited but scurvily with their calling. The second Duke inherited his father's hatred for “heretics.” The great Coligny had been his bosom-friend; but

when the renowned Reformer gave evidence of his new opinions upon religious subjects, there ensued, first a coolness, then fits of angry quarrelling, and at last a duel, in which, though neither combatant was even scratched, friendship was slain for ever. Duke Francis was prodigal, like his father; but then his brother, Cardinal Charles, was Minister of the Finances, and the King and his mistress, Diana of Poitiers, cared not how the revenue was managed, so long as money was forthcoming when necessity pressed. The consequence was, that the King's Exchequer was robbed to supply the extravagances of Guise. But then men began to associate with that name the idea of deliverance from oppression, and did not count the cost. And yet Victory did not invariably select for her throne the glittering helm of the aspiring Duke. The Pope had chosen him to carry on his own battles against Naples; but intrigue paralysed the arm which had never before been conquered, and the Pontiff flung epigrams at him instead of laurels. In this momentary eclipse of the sun of his glory, the Duke placed his own neck under the Papal heel. He served in the Pope's chapel as an Acolyte, meekly bore the mantle of obese and sneering Cardinals, and exhibited a humility which was not without purpose, but which *was* without success. When, at a banquet given by a Cardinal, he humbly sat down at the foot of the table, he asked a French officer, who was endeavouring to thrust in below him, "Why comest thou here, friend?" "Why do I come here?" said the proud soldier:—"That it might not be said that the representative of a King of France took the very lowest place at the table of a Priest."

From such reproaches he gladly fled, to buckle on his armour, and drive back an invasion of France by the Hispano-Flemings on the north. The services he now rendered his country made the people almost forget the infamy of their king, wasting life in his capital, and the oppressive imposts of the financial Cardinal, whom the sufferers punningly designated as Cardinal "*La Ruine*." The ruin he achieved was forgiven, in consideration of the glory accomplished by his brother, who had defeated and destroyed the armies which threatened the capital from the north, and who had done much more by suddenly falling on Calais with a force of ten to one, and tearing from the English the last of the conquests till then held by them in France. Old Lord Wentworth, the Governor, plied his artillery with a roar that was heard on the English coast; but the roar was all in vain. It was a proverb among our neighbours, and applied by them to any individual of mediocre qualifications, that "he was not the sort of man to drive the English out of France." That man was found in Guise; and the capital began naturally to contrast him with the heartless King, who sat at the feet of a concubine, and recked little of national honour or disgrace. And yet the medals, struck to commemorate the recovery of Calais, bear the names only of Henri and Diana, and omit all mention of the liberator, Guise!

The faults of Henri, however, are not to be entirely attributed to him. He had some feelings of compassion for the wretched, but stout-hearted, Huguenots, with whom, in the absence of Guise, he entered into treaties, which, Guise present, he was induced to violate. In pursuit of the visions of dominion in France, and the tiara at Rome, the ambitious house sought only to gain the suffrages of the Church and the faithful. To win smiles from them, the public scaffolds were deluged with the blood of the heretics; and all were deemed such who refused to doff their caps to the images of the Virgin, raised in the highways at the suggestion of the Duke and the Cardinal. This terrific persecution begat remonstrance; but when remonstrance was treated as if it were rebellion, rebellion followed thereupon, as, perhaps, was hoped for; and the swords of the "Guisards" went flashing over every district in France, dealing death wherever dwelt the alleged enemies of God, who dared to commune with Him rather according to conscience than according to Rome. Congregations, as at Vassi, were set upon and slaughtered in cold blood, and without resistance. In the "temple" of this last-named place a Bible was found, which was brought to the Duke. This noble gentleman could spell no better than the great Duke of Marlborough; and this champion of his Church was worse instructed in the faith which he professed. He looked into the Book of Life, unconscious of what he held, and, with a wondering exclamation as to what it might be all about, flung it aside, and turned to the further slaughter of those who believed therein.

In such action he saw his peculiar mission for the moment; but he was not allowed to pursue it unopposed. His intrigues and his cruelties made rebels even of the Princes of the blood; and Condé took the field to avenge their wrongs, as well as those of the Reformers. The issue was tried on the bloody day at Dreux, when the setting sun went down on a Protestant army routed, and on Condé a captive, but sharing the bed, as was the custom of the time, of his proud victor, Guise. Never did two more deadly enemies lie on the same couch, sleepless, and full of mutual suspicion. But the hatred of Condé was a loyal hatred; that of Guise was characterized by treacherous malignity. The Protestant party, in presence of that hot fury, seemed to melt away like a snow-wraith in the sun. He and his Guisards were the terror of the so-called "enemies of the faith." Those whom he could not reach with his sword, he struck down by wielding against them the helpless hand of the King, who obeyed with the passiveness of a *Marionette*, and raised stakes, and fired the pile, and gave the victims thereto, simply because Guise would so have it. And the Duke received one portion of his coveted reward. For every massacre of inoffensive Protestants, the "Catholic" pulpits re-echoed with the biblical names showered down upon him by the exulting preachers; and when his banner had swept triumphantly over successive fields, whose after-crops

were made rich by heretical blood, then did the Church pronounce him to be a soldier divinely armed, who had, at length, "consecrated his hands, and avenged the quarrel of the Lord!"

He lived, it is true, at a period when nothing was held so cheap as life; and acts of cruelty were but too common in all factions. If he delivered whole towns to pillage and its attendant horrors, compared with which death were merciful, he would himself exhibit compassion, based on impulse or caprice. He was heroic according to the thinking of his age, which considered heroism as being constituted solely of unflinching courage; but, in all other respects, this Duke, great as he was, was as mean as the sorriest knave who trailed a pike in his own bands. Scarcely a letter addressed to his officers reached them without having been previously read to their right worshipful master; and there was hardly a mansion in the kingdom, whose lord was a man of influence, but at the table and the hearth there sat a guest who was the paid spy of Francis of Guise.

It is hardly necessary to add, that his morality generally was on a par with the particular specimens we have given of it. Crowds of courtezans accompanied him to the camp, while he deliberately exposed his own wife, Anne of Esté, the sister of Tasso's Leonora, to the insulting homage of a worthless King. Emphatically may it be said, "The truth was not in him." He gloried in mendacity like an ignoble Mascarille: and no personage that we can call to mind ever equalled him in lying,—save, perhaps, the very highly professing heroes who swagger in Greek tragedy. He bought by a lie the capital conviction of Condé. The latter escaped the penalty, and taxed the Duke with his falsehood. Guise swore by his sword, his life, his honour, his very soul, that he was innocent of the charge. Condé looked on the ducal liar with a withering contempt, and turned from him with a sarcasm that should have pierced him like a sword: pointed as it was, it could not find way through his corselet to his heart. He met it with a jest, and deemed the sin unregistered.

There was a watchful public, nevertheless, observing the progress made to greatness by the Duke, and his brother, the Cardinal. The popular opinion of both was well expressed on a memorable occasion. Henri II. had just been struck by the lance of Montgomery; and half-a-dozen plebeian convicts had in vain been subjected to a like process, in order to enlighten the surgeons, too inexperienced to treat their royal patient with the requisite boldness. Henri died, and Francis (II.) his brother, the husband of Mary Stuart, and therewith nephew to the Guise, had succeeded to his uneasy throne and painful privileges. On the night of the decease of the former Monarch, two courtiers were traversing a gallery of the Louvre. "This night," said one, "is the eve of the Festival of the Three Kings." "Humph!" exclaimed the other, with an inquiring smile, "how mean you it by that?"

"I mean," rejoined the first, "that to-morrow we shall have three Monarchs in Paris,—one of them King of France; the other two, Kings in France,—from Lorraine!"

Under the latter two, Duke and Cardinal, was played out the second act of the great political drama of Lorraine. For its details the reader is referred to the eloquent and, generally speaking, impartial pages of Monsieur de Bouillé. Here we have but space to say, that in this stirring melo-drama there is abundance both of light and shadow. At times, we find the hero exhibiting exemplary candour; anon he is the dark plotter, or the fierce and open slayer of his kind. There are "*tableaux*" of fights, wherein his adversaries have drawn their swords against him by instigation of a disgusted King, who no sooner views Guise triumphant, than he devotes to death the survivors whom he had clandestinely seduced into the fray. The battles were fought, on one side, for liberty of conscience; on the other, for the sake of universal despotism. The bad side triumphed during a long season, and field after field saw waving over it the green banner of Lorraine. Catherine de Medicis, and her son, Charles IX., accompanied the Duke in more than one struggle, after the short-lived reign of Francis II. had come to an end. They passed together through the breach at Rouen; but accident divided them at Orleans, where had assembled the gallant few who refused to despair for the Protestant cause. Guise beleaguered the city, and was menacingly wroth at its obstinacy in holding out. One evening, he had ridden, with his staff, to gaze more nearly upon the walls which continued to defy him. "You will never be able to get in," roughly remarked a too presuming official. "Mark me!" roared the chafed Duke; "that setting sun will know to-morrow how to get behind yon rampart, and, by Heaven, so will I." He turned his horse, and galloped back alone to his quarters. He was encountered on his way by a Huguenot officer, Poltrot de la Mer, who brought him down by a pistol-shot; and the eyes of the dying Duke, as he lay upon the ground, met for the last time the faint rays of that departing sun, with which he had sworn to be up and doing on the morrow. He died, however, in his tent, in a state of the extremest "comfortableness:"—we really know of no more appropriate term whereby to express his condition. He had robbed the King's Exchequer to gratify his own passions; and he thanked Heaven that he had been a faithful subject to his Sovereign! He had been notoriously unfaithful to a noble and virtuous wife; and he impressed upon her, with his faltering lips, the assurance that, "generally speaking," his infidelity as a husband did not amount to much worth mentioning! He confessed to, and was shriven by, his two brothers, Cardinals Charles and John;—the former, a greater man than the Duke; the latter, known to his own times, and all succeeding, as "the bottle Cardinal,"—a name of which he was not only not

ashamed, but his title to which he was ever ostentatiously desirous to vindicate and establish.

Of these worthies we shall speak presently; for the moment we continue our outline of the race of Dukes. Hitherto we have seen that the first got possession of crown-lands; the second had at his disposal the public treasures; the third hoped to better the instruction, and to add to the acquisitions of his family the much-coveted sceptre of the Kings of France.

Henri, surnamed *Le Balafre*, or "the Scarred," succeeded his father in the year 1560. During the greater portion of his subsequent life, his two principal objects were, the destruction of Protestantism, and the possession of the King's person. He therewith flattered the national vanity by declaring that the natural limits of France on two sides were the Rhine and the Danube,—an extension of frontier which was never effected, except, temporarily, in the later days of Napoleon. But the declaration entailed a popularity on the Duke, which was only increased by his victory at Jarnac, when the French Protestants not only endured defeat, but lost their leader, the brave but unfortunate Condé. This gallant chief had surrendered; but he was basely murdered by a pistol-shot, and his dead body, flung across an ass, was paraded through the ranks of the victors as a trophy. How far the Duke was an accomplice in the crime, is not determined; but that such incidents were deemed lightly of by him, is sufficiently clear from his own proclamation in seven languages, wherein he accused Coligny as the instigator of the murder of his father, and set a price upon that noble head.

Guise had his revenge on the Day of St. Bartholomew, when he vainly hoped that the enemies of his house had perished for ever. We omit the well-known details of this Massacre, in order to trace the history of the race, on the head of more than one of whom rests the responsibility of that terrible day. During the slaughter, Guise gained his revenge, but lost his love. The cries of the victims were the nuptial songs chanted at the marriage-ceremony of Henri of Navarre, and Margaret, the King's sister. The latter had looked nothing loath upon the suit offered to her by Guise, who was an ardent wooer. But the wooing had been roughly broken in upon by the lady's brother, the Duc d'Anjou, who declared aloud in the Louvre, that if Guise dared look with lover's eyes upon "Margot," he would run his knife into his throat! The threat had its influence, and the unfaithful lover, who had been all the while solemnly affianced to a Princess Catherine of Clèves, married that remarkable brunette, and showed his respect for her by speaking and writing of her as "his amiable lady, the Negress." It may be noticed in passing, that the objection of D'Anjou to Guise, as a brother-in-law, was not personal; it had a political foundation. The two Dukes were, indeed, brothers-in-law,—not by Guise marrying the sister of D'Anjou, but by D'Anjou marrying the

sister of Guise, and sharing with her the throne which he occupied, rather than enjoyed, as Henri III.

When summoned to that throne by the unedifying death of Charles IX., Henri of Anjou was elective King of Poland, whence he escaped only with difficulty, in order to wear a more brilliant, but a more fatal, crown in France. He had no sooner assumed it than he beheld the Guises encircling him, and leaving him neither liberty nor will. The Protestants were driven into rebellion. They found a leader in Henri of Navarre; and Guise and his friends made war against these, irrespective of the King's consent, and cut in pieces with their swords the treaties entered into between the two Henris, without the consent of the third Henri,—of Guise and Lorraine. The latter so completely enslaved the weak and unhappy Sovereign as to wring from him, against his remonstrance and conviction, the famous Articles of Nemours, wherein it was solemnly decreed, in the name of the King, and confirmed by the signature of Guise, that thenceforward it was the will of God that there should be but one faith in France, and that the opposers thereof would find that opposition incurred death. There is a tradition, that when Henri of Navarre was told of this decree, he was seated in deep meditation, his head resting upon his hand; and that when he leaped to his feet with emotion at the impiety of the declaration, it was observed that the part of his moustache which had been covered by his hand had suddenly turned grey.

The misery that followed on the publication of these infamous articles, was widely spread, and extended to more hearths than those of the Huguenots. Sword, pestilence, and famine, made a desert of a smiling country; and the universal people, in their common sorrow, cursed all parties alike, "King and Guise, Pope and Calvin," and only asked of Heaven release from all, and peace for those who suffered from divisions. Principle was forgotten, so inexpressible was the misery of the entire kingdom beyond the camps of the contending parties. The King, indeed, was neither ill-intentioned nor intolerant; but Guise so worked as to persuade the "Catholic" part of the nation that he was incapable; and the faction began to look upon the powerful subject as *the* man best qualified to meet the great emergency. He fairly cajoled them into rebellion. They were, indeed, willing to be so cajoled by a leader who was liberal of promise. And yet he was known to be as cruel as he engaged himself to be liberal. He often kept his own soldiers at a point barely above starvation; and the slightest insubordination in a regiment entailed upon all alike the penalty of death. To his foes he was more terrible still. As he stood in the centre of a conquered town that had been held by the Huguenots, it was sport to him to see the latter tossed into the flames. On one occasion, he ordered a Huguenot officer to be torn asunder by young horses, for no greater crime than mutilating a wooden idol in a church,

and placing it on a bastion of the city with a pike across its breast, as a satire on the guardianship which such a protector was popularly believed to afford. He *could*, however, be humane when the humour, and good reason for it, came together. Thus he parted with a pet lioness which he kept in his quarters, on the very sufficient ground that the royal beast had, on a certain morning, slain and swallowed one of his *favourite* footmen! A common-place lacquey he might have spared without complaining; but he could not without some little irritation hear of a valet being devoured, who, *though* a valet, had a profound belief that his master was a hero!

The "Bartholomew" had not destroyed all the foes of the house of Guise; but what was not accomplished on that day, was sought to be achieved by the "League," a society whose object it was to raise the Duke to the throne of Henri, either before or after his death. The King was childless; and the presumptive heir to the throne, Henri of Navarre, was a Protestant. The Lorrainers had double reason, then, for looking to themselves. The reigning Sovereign was the last of three brothers who had inherited the crown; and there was a tradition even then in France, that when the throne had been occupied by such a succession of fraternity, the sceptre would depart from the royal house;—a tradition which was not only confirmed in the present instance, but also received additional confirmation when, after the reigns of Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., the heir of the last of the three brothers lost his inheritance, which was given by the people to that Louis-Philippe who so ill knew how to keep it.

Guise fired his followers with the assurance that the invasion of England, and the re-establishment of Popery there, should be an enterprise which they would be called upon to accomplish. The King, alarmed at the "League," wisely constituted himself a member; but the confederates kept their new associate in the dark as to the chief of their objects. The Monarch, in return, encouraged his "minions" to annoy his good cousin of Lorraine. One of those unworthy favourites, St. Megrin, did more: he slandered the wife of Guise, who took thereon a singular course of trial and revenge. He aroused his Duchess from her solitary couch, in the very middle of the night, hissed in her alarmed ear the damning rumour that was abroad, and bade her take at once from his hands the dagger or the poisoned cup which he offered her, and die, since she had so sinned. The offended and innocent wife cared not for life, since she was suspected, and drank off the contents of the cup, after protestation of her innocence. The draught was of harmless preparation: for the Duke was well assured of the spotless character of a consort, whom he himself daily dishonoured by his infidelities. He kissed her hand and took his leave; but he sent a score of his trusty men into the court-yard of the Louvre, who fell on St. Megrin, and butchered him, almost on the threshold of the King's apartments. The

Monarch made no complaint at the outrage; but he raised a tomb over the mangled remains of his favourite "minion," above which a triad of Cupids represented the royal grief, by holding their stony knuckles to their tearless eyes, affecting the passion which they could not feel.

In the mean time, while the people were being pushed to rebellion at home, the ducal family were intriguing in nearly every Court in Europe; and, between the intrigues of Guise and the recklessness of the King, the public welfare endured shipwreck. So nearly complete was the ruin, that it was popularly said, "the King's minions crave for every thing; the King himself gives them every thing; the Queen-mother manages every thing; Guise opposes every thing; the Red Ass," by which was meant the Cardinal, "embroils every thing;—and would that Satan had them all!" But the opposition of Guise was made to some purpose; and by exercising it he exacted from the King a surrender of several strong cities, which were immediately garrisoned by "Guisards," though nominally held for the Sovereign. From the latter the Duke wrung nearly all that it was in the power of Monarch to yield; but when Guise, who had a design on the life of the Protestant Henri of Navarre, asked for a royal decree prohibiting the granting of "quarter" to a Huguenot in the field, the Monarch indignantly banished him from the capital. Guise feigned to obey; but his celebrated sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, refused to share in even his temporary exile. This bold woman went about in public with a pair of scissors in her girdle, and she was not slow in intimating that they were intended for the "tonsure" of brother Henri of Valois, when weariness should drive him from a palace into a monastery!

The King, somewhat alarmed, called around him his old Swiss body-guard; and as the majority of these men professed the Reformed faith, Guise made use of the circumstance to achieve greater ends than any he had yet attained. The people were persuaded that their religion was in peril; and when the Duke, breaking his ban, entered Paris, and, gallantly attired, walked by the side of the sedan of Catherine of Medicis, on their way to the Louvre to remonstrate with the unorthodox King, the church-bells gave their joyous greeting, and the excited populace hung upon the steps of the Duke, showering upon him blessings and blasphemous appellations. "Hosanna to our new Son of David!" shouted those who affected to be most pious; and aged women, kissing his garment as he passed, rose from their knees exclaiming, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" The less blasphemous, or the more sincere, sufficiently expressed their satisfaction by hailing him, as he went on his way smiling, "King of Paris!"

The sound of this title reached the ears of Henri, and, coupling it with the unauthorized return of Guise to Court, he passed into alternate fits of ungovernable wrath and profound melancholy.

He was under the influence of the latter, when there fell on his ear words which made him start from his seat. The words were, "*Percutiam pastorem, et dispergentur oves;*" and when the monarch looked round for the speaker, he beheld the Abbé d'Elbene, who had thus calmly quoted Scripture in order to recommend murder! The King, if startled, was not displeased; on the contrary, he smiled, and the smile was yet around his lips and in his eyes, when Guise entered the presence, and mistook the expression on the royal face for one of welcome. The Duke, emboldened by what he saw, hurried through a long list of grievances, especially dwelling on the lenity, not to say favour, with which Henri treated heretics generally. The Sovereign made a few excuses, which Guise heeded not; on the contrary, he hastened to decry and denounce the body of minions who polluted the palace. "Love me, love my dog!" said Henri in a hoarse voice. "Yes," said Guise, as he peered into the royal and unnaturally sparkling eyes, "provided he doesn't bite." The two men stood revealed before each other; and from that hour the struggle was deadly. Henri would not give way with reference to his Swiss Guard; and Guise, passing through Paris with his sword unsheathed, awoke the eager spirit of revolt, and looked complacently on, while the barricades were raised to impede the march of the "execrable" Calvinistic Archers of the Guard. The "King of Paris" earned a decisive victory; but, before it was achieved, the King of France hurried in an agony of cowardly affright from his capital. He gazed for a moment on the city as he departed, venting curses on its ingratitude; for, said the fugitive Monarch, "I loved you better than I did my own wife!" The assertion was less courteous than true.

Guise might now have ascended the throne, had he not been too circumspect. He deemed the royal cause lost; but he was satisfied for the moment with ruling in the capital as "Generalissimo." He stopped the King's couriers, and opened his letters; he confiscated the property of Huguenots, and sold the same for his own benefit, while he professed to care only for that of the Commonwealth. Finally, he declared that the disturbed condition of affairs should be regulated by a States-General, which he commanded, rather than prayed, Henri to summon to a meeting at Blois. The King consented; and the 18th of October, 1588, was appointed for the opening. Guise entered the old town with his entire family, and an army of retainers, cased in armour, and bristling with steel. Henri had his mother, Catherine, at his side; but there were also a few faithful and unscrupulous followers with him in the palace at Blois; and as he looked on any of those who might happen to salute him in passing, the King smiled darkly, and "*Percutiam pastorem*" fell in murmured satisfaction from his lips. The saturnine Monarch became all at once cheerful in his outward bearing, even when Guise was so ruling the States as to make their proceedings turn

to the detriment of the monarchy. The Guise faction became anxious for the safety of their leader, whose quarters were in the palace; but when the King, in token of reconciliation, begged the Duke to participate with him in the celebration of the Holy Sacrament, there was scarcely a man, capable of interpreting the manner of the times, who did not feel assured that under such a solemn pledge of security there lay concealed the very basest treachery. Guise, over-confident, scorned alike open warnings and dark innuendoes. He was so strong, and his royal antagonist so weak, that he despised the idea of violence being used against him,—especially as the keys of the palatial castle were in his keeping, as “Grand Master” of the Court.

The 23rd of December had arrived: the King intimated that he should proceed early in the morning, soon after day-break, (but subsequently to holding a Council, to which he invited the Duke and Cardinal,) to the shrine of Our Lady of Clery, some two miles distant; and the keys of the gates were demanded, in order to let Henri have issue at his pleasure, but in reality to keep the Guises within isolated from their friends without. Larchant, one of the Archers of the Guard, also waited on the Duke, to pray him to intercede for himself and comrades with the King, in order to obtain for them an increase of pay. “We will do ourselves the honour,” said Larchant, “to prefer our petition to your Highness in the morning in a body.” This was a contrivance to prevent Guise from being surprised at seeing so many armed men together in the King’s antechamber, before the Council was sitting. Henri passed a sleepless night: his namesake of Guise, who had just sent his Duchess homeward, her approaching confinement being expected, spent the whole of the same night in the apartments of the Countess de Noirmontier. He was seen coming from them before dawn, gaily dressed, and proceeding to the Chapel of the Virgin to perform his morning devotions! Long before this the King was a-foot, visiting the select Archers who had accepted the bloody mission of ridding their perplexed Monarch of his importunate adversary. He posted them, altered the arrangements, re-posted them, addressed them again and again on the legality of their office, and had some trouble to suppress an enthusiasm which threatened to wake the Queen-mother, who slept below, and to excite the suspicion of the Guisards in the vicinity. Staircase and hall, closet and arras, no “coigne of vantage” but had its assassin ready to act, should his fellows have failed.

Precisely at seven o’clock, Guise, attired in a light suit of grey satin, and followed by Pericart, his secretary, entered the council-chamber, where he found several members assembled,—among others, his younger brother, the “bottle” Cardinal de Guise. An hour passed without the appearance of, or any message from, the King, who was in an inner apartment, now half frightened at the pale faces of his own confidants, and anon

endeavouring to excite his own resolution by attempts to encourage theirs. It was a long and weary hour for all parties. As it slowly passed away, Guise, he knew not wherefore, grew anxious: he complained of the cold, and heaped billets of wood upon the fire; he spoke of feeling sick, faint, and unnerved, and from his silver sweetmeat-case he took a few *bon-bons*, by way of breakfast. He subsequently asked for some Damascus raisins, and conserve of roses; but these, when supplied to him, did not relieve him of an unaccountable nervousness, which was suddenly increased, when the eye next to the scar, from which he derived his appellation of *Balafré*, began to be suffused with tears. He indignantly wiped away the unwelcome suffusion, and had quite recovered, as Rivil, Secretary of State, entered, and requested him to attend on the King, who awaited him in his own chamber. Guise gaily flung his *bonbonnière* across the council-table, and laughingly bade the grave Councillors scramble for the scattered sweets. He started up, overturned his chair in so doing, drew his thin mantle around him, and with cap and gloves in hand waved a farewell to the statesmen present. He passed through two rooms, and, closely followed by various of the Archers, reached the tapestried entrance to the King's cabinet. No one offered to raise the arras for him. Guise lifted his own right arm to help himself, at the same time looking half round at the Archers who were near him. At that moment a dagger was buried in his breast up to the very hilt. The blow was delivered by Montsery, from behind. The Duke let fall his hand to the pommel of his sword, when one assassin clung to his legs, a second, also from behind, stabbed him in the neck, while a third passed his weapon through his ribs. Guise's first cry was, "Ho, friends!" his second, as Sarine ran him through the lower part of the back, was, "Mercy, Jesus!" He struggled faintly across the chamber, bleeding from a dozen wounds, in every one of which sat death. The murderers hacked at him, as he staggered, and wildly, yet feebly, fought. All paused for a moment when he had reached the extreme end of the room, where he again attempted to raise his sword, but in the act rolled over, stone dead, at the foot of the bed of Henri III.

At that moment the tapestry was raised, and the King, whispering, "Is it done?" approached the body, and moodily remarked, as he gazed upon it, "He looks larger than he did when living!" Upon the person of the Duke was found a memorandum in writing, and in these words: "To maintain a war in France I should require 700,000 livres per month." This memorandum served in the King's mind as a justification of the murder just committed by his orders. The body was then unceremoniously rolled up in the Turkey carpet on which it had fallen, with orders to have it covered with quick lime, and flung into the Loire. Some maimed rites were previously performed over it by Dourgin, the royal Chaplain, who could

not mutter the "*De Profundis*" without a running and terrified commentary of,—“Christ! the woful sight!” The poor “bottle” Cardinal, and the Archbishop of Lyons, were murdered on the following day; but the lesser victims were forgotten in the fate which had fallen upon the more illustrious, yet certainly more guilty, personage.

The widow of Guise, soon after the dread event, gave birth to a son, subsequently the Chevalier Louis de Guise. “The boy,” said the bereaved lady, “came into the world with his hands clasped, as though praying for vengeance upon the assassins of his father.” Every male member of the family whom the King could reach, was now subjected to duress; and the young heir of *Balafré*, Charles, now fourth Duke of Guise, was placed in close restriction in the Castle of Tours; where, sleeping or waking, four living eyes unceasingly watched him,—“*voisre même allant à la garde-robe*,”—but which eyes he managed to elude, nevertheless.

In the mean time, Rome excommunicated the slayer of her champion. Paris put on mourning; and officials were placed in the streets, to strip and scourge even ladies who ventured to appear without some sign of sorrow. Waxed effigies of the King were brought into the churches, and frantically stabbed by the Priests at the altar, who then solemnly paraded the streets, chanting, as they went, “May God extinguish the Valois!” The whole city broke into insurrection; and the brother of Guise, the Duke de Mayenne, placed himself at the head of the League, whose object was the deposition of the King, and the transferring of the crown to a child of Lorraine. In the contest which ensued, Valois and Navarre united against the “Guisards,” and carried victory with them wherever they raised their banners. The exultation of Henri III. was only mitigated by the repeated papal summonses received by him to repair to Rome; and there answer for his crime. Henri of Navarre bade him rather think of gaining Paris than of mollifying the Pope; and he *was* so occupied, when the double vengeance of the Church and of the House of Guise overtook him in the very moment of victory.

The Duchess of Montpensier, sister of the slaughtered Duke, had made no secret of her intention to have public revenge for the deed privately committed, whereby she had lost a brother. There was precaution enough taken that she should not approach the royal army, or the King’s quarters; but a woman and a Priest rendered futile all precautions. The somewhat gay Duchess was on unusually intimate terms with a young Monk, named Jacques Clement. This good Brother was a fanatic zealot for his Church, and a rather too ardent admirer of the Duchess, who turned both sentiments to her own especial purposes. She whispered in his ear a promise, to secure the fulfilment of which, he received with feverish haste the knife which was placed in his hands by the handsomest woman in France. It

is said that the knife is still preserved as a precious treasure at Rome. However this may be, on the 1st of August, 1589, the young Brother, with the weapon hid in the folds of his monkish gabardine, and with a letter in his hand, sought and obtained ready access to the King. He went straightforward to his butcher's work, and had scarcely passed beneath the royal tent before he had buried the steel deep in the Monarch's bosom. He turned to fly with hot haste to the lady from whom he had received his commission; but a dozen swords and pikes had thrust life out of him, ere he had made three steps in the direction of his promised recompense. She who had engaged herself to pay for the crime, cared for neither victim. She screamed, indeed, but it was with a hysteric joy that threatened to slay her, and which was only alloyed by the thought that the last King of the Valois race did not know that he died by a dagger directed by a sister of Guise. In testimony of her exultation, she distributed green scarfs (the colour of Lorraine) to the people of Paris, and brought up from the provinces the mother of Clement, to whom was accorded the distinction of a triumphal entry. Priests and people worshipped the mother of the assassin, as she passed wonderingly on her way; and they blasphemously saluted her with the chanted words, "Blessed is the womb that bore him, and the paps that gave him suck!" She was led to the seat of honour at the table of Guise; and Rome sheltered the infamy of the assassin, and revealed its own, by pronouncing his work to be a god-like act. By authority of the Vatican, medals were struck in memory and honour of the deed; but the Huguenots, who read thereon the murderer's profession and name, "*Frère Jacques Clement*," ingeniously discovered therein the anagrammatic interpretation, "*C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé!*" "It is hell that created me!"

The last Valois, with his last breath, had named the Protestant Henri of Navarre as his legal successor to the throne. But between Henri and his inheritance there stood Rome and the Guise faction. Then ensued the succession wars of the League, during which the heavy Mayenne suffered successive defeats at the hands of Henri of the snowy plume. While the contest was raging, the people of the capital trusted to the pulpits for their intelligence from the scene of action; and from those pulpits was daily uttered more mendacity in an hour than finds expression in all the horse-fairs of the United Kingdom in a year. When famine decimated those within the walls, and the people were reduced to live upon a paste made from human bones, and called "*Madame de Montpensier's cake*," they then knew that they had been deceived alike by Church and Guise, and that the avenger was at their gates.

Henri and his triumphant forces had not arrived there without trouble. In 1521, Charles of Guise, the young Duke, had escaped most gallantly, in open day, from the Castle of Tours,

by sliding from the ramparts down a rope, which blistered his hands and tore his hose. He was speedily accoutred and in the field, with Spain in the rear to help him, now dashing at Henri's person, now leaping from his own camp-bed to escape him, and anon resting while he left to his uncle of Mayenne the pursuit of that object of his house,—the crown which was more swiftly receding than ever. For the alert Bourbon the hard-drinking and obese Mayenne was no match. The latter thought once to catch the former in his lady's bower; but the royal lover was gaily galloping back to his quarters before his somnolent adversary had heard the tardy peal of his own trumpeter. "Mayenne," said the Pope, "sits longer at table than Henri lies in bed!" The assertion is truthfully characteristic of the two men; and there was little marvellous in the result which finally brought the army of him of Navarre beneath the walls of famished Paris.

The gates thereof were opened to him on the 21st of March, 1591. One old Cardinal, Péllevi, died of disgust and indignation at hearing of the fact; and the Duchess of Montpensier, after tearing her hair and threatening to swoon, prudently made with Henri IV., not only her own peace, but that of her house, the chief men of whom were admitted into places of great trust, to the injury of more deserving individuals. The young Duke of Guise affected a superabundant loyalty; in return for which the King not only gave him the government of several chief towns, but, out of compliment to him, forbade therein the public exercise of Protestant worship. Such conduct was natural in a King who, to secure his throne, abandoned his faith; who lightly said that he had no cannon so powerful as the canon of the mass; and who was destitute of most virtues, save courage and good-nature. The latter was abused by those on whom it was wasted; and the various assaults upon his life were suspected to have been directed by those very Guises on whom he had showered places, pensions, and pardons, which they were constantly needing, and continually deriding.

The young Duke of Guise enjoyed, among other appointments, that of Governor of Marseilles. He was light-hearted, selfish, vain, and cruel. He hanged his own old partisans in the city, as enemies of the King; and he has made his name for ever infamous by his seduction of the beautiful and noble orphan-girl, Marcelle de Castellane, whom he basely abandoned, and left to die of hunger. He sent her a few broad pieces by the hands of a lacquey; but the tardy charity was spurned, and the poor victim died. He had little time to think of her at the brilliant court of the first Bourbon, where he and those of his house struggled to maintain a reputation which had now little to support it but the memories of the past;—and many of those were hardly worth appealing to. He was a mere fine gentleman, bold withal, and therewith intriguing; ever hoping that the fortunes of his race might once more bring it near a throne, and, in the

mean time, making himself remarkable for his vanity, his airs of greatness, and his affectation. Brave as he was, he left his brothers, the Cardinal and Chevalier, to draw their swords, and settle the quarrels which were constantly raging on disputed questions, touching the assumed majesty of the House of Guise. The streets of Paris formed the stage on which these bloody tragedies were played; but they, and all other pretensions, were suppressed by that irresistible putter-down of such nuisances, the Cardinal de Richelieu. Under him, in the reign of Louis XIII., the nobility of France ceased to be Kings, and were compelled to be subjects. He used the sword of Guise as long as it was needed; but when the owner thereof became troublesome, Richelieu not only summarily banished him, but wounded the pride of his family by placing royal garrisons in the Sovereign Duchy of Lorraine. When Cardinal Fleury subsequently annexed Lorraine itself to the French territory, the Guises thought the world was at an end. The universe, however, survived the shock.

Duke Charles died in his banishment at Cune, near Sienne, in the year 1640. Of his ten children by the Duchess de Joyeuse, he left five surviving. He was succeeded by Henri, the eldest, who was a Bishop and Cardinal. Indeed, he had been raised to the episcopate while in the arms of his wet-nurse; and he was yet in frocks when his little brow was covered with the scarlet honours of a Cardinal. He remained well content therewith, as long as he was a younger son,—indeed, until the coronet of his gay sire fell into his lap. He was then in his twenty-sixth year; and he had no sooner succeeded to the ducal title and estates, than he flung away all he possessed of the religious profession,—its dress and titles,—and walked abroad, spurs on his heels, a plume in his cap, and a long sword and a bad heart between.

The whole life of this ducal scoundrel was a romance, no portion of which reflects any credit on the hero. He had scarcely reached the age of manhood when he entered into a contract of marriage with the beautiful Anne of Gonzaga. He signed the compact, not in ink, but with his own blood, calling Heaven to witness, the while, that he would never address a vow to any other lady. The breath of perjury had barely passed his lips, however, when he married the Countess of Bossu, and immediately neglected her to sun himself in the eyes of Mademoiselle de Pons,—an imperious mistress, who squandered the property he lavished on her, and boxed the ex-Cardinal's ears, when he attempted, with degrading humility, to remonstrate with her for bringing down ruin upon his estate. A man so faithless in affection to his wife was not likely to be loyal to his King. He tampered with rebellion, was sentenced to death, and was pardoned. But a state of decent tranquillity agreed ill with his constitution; and to keep that and his nerves from rusting, he one day drew his sword in the street upon the son of Coligny, whose presence seemed a reproach to him, and slew him on the spot. He wiped

his bloody rapier on his mantle, and betook himself for a season to Rome, where he intrigued skilfully, but fruitlessly, in order to obtain the tiara for the brother of Mazarin. Apathy would now have descended upon him, but for a voice which reached him from Naples, and which made his swelling heart beat with a violence that almost threatened to kill.

Masaniello had just concluded his brief and mad career at Naples. The Neapolitans, in losing their late leader, had, however, conceived no return of affection for their old oppressors, the Spaniards. They were casting about for a King, when Guise presented himself. It was in the year 1647. He left France in a slight felucca, accompanied by some score or so of brave adventurers, all wearing the colours of Lorraine intertwined with those (buff) of the mistress of the Duke. There was no difficulty in finding a cousin in the Church to give his blessing to the expedition; and, under such benison, a son of Guise once more went forth in search of the thorny, but gilded, circlet of sovereignty. The skiff sped unharmed through howling storms and thundering Spanish fleets; and when the Duke stepped ashore at Naples, and mounted a charger, the shouting populace who preceded him, burnt incense before the new-comer, as though he had been a god!

It is true that in him they found a champion worthy, as far as military ability was concerned, of the cause which he had undertaken. He performed prodigies of valour in the field against opposing Spaniards; but of the city itself he made a second Cythera, where licence reigned, and modest beauty could not find an altar or a home. He was the little Sardanapalus of an hour,—save that at the last moment, when his foes mustered more strongly than ever, his arm was bared for the fight, and not braceleted for a final banquet. He and his friends bore themselves as if they wore charmed lives; but even courage is not a match for numbers, and the short career of this copper King of Naples was followed by a four years' captivity in Spain. He purchased his liberty at last by a lie, the common coin of every Guise. He undertook to reveal to the Cabinet at Madrid the political designs of the Government at Paris; and he bound himself by an oath, moreover, never to renew his attempt upon Naples. He broke his compact, and, in each case, without profit to himself. At length, fortune seeming to disregard the greatness of his once highly-favoured house, this restless reprobate gradually sank into a mere court beau, passing his time in powdering his peruke, defaming reputations, and paying profane praise to the patched and painted ladies of the palace. He died before old age, like most of the Princes of his house; and in his fiftieth year this childless man left his dignity and an evil name to his nephew, Louis Joseph.

The sixth Duke bore his greatness meekly and briefly. He was a kind-hearted gentleman, whose career of unobtrusive usefulness was cut short by small-pox, in 1671. When he died,

there lay in the next chamber an infant in his cradle. This was his little son Joseph, not yet twelve months old, and all unconscious of his loss in a father, or of his gain in a somewhat dilapidated coronet. On his young brow that symbol of his earthly rank rested during only four years. The little Noble then fell a victim to the disease which had carried off his sire, and made of himself a Duke,—the last, the youngest, the most innocent, and the happiest of his race.

About a century and three quarters previous to this, the first Duke of Guise had ridden, a merry boy, on his mule, into France. When that same merry boy had arrived at opening manhood, he had hoped to recover for his house the great inheritance of Charlemagne. How he and his descendants, Dukes and Cardinals, addressed themselves to make realization of this fond hope, may be found in full and eloquent—and generally impartial—detail in the pages of the Marquis de Bouillé. Priest and swordsman, brother and brother, stood side by side, one menacing in armour, the other dreadful in his panoply of the Church. By unscrupulous employment of this and other means, they, at one moment, had well-nigh reached the giddy height to which their ancestor of Lorraine had bidden them ascend. But their descent was more rapid than their rise, especially from the period of the administration of Richelieu, whose amusement it was, to tread out the brilliancy of such dangerous aspirants to power as Guise. The old man of Narbonne would singly have been too much for *all* the Lorraines at once. The “Cardinal-Duke” was an adversary against whom all the Cardinals *and* Dukes of the family of Lorraine would have struggled in vain. Of the seven ducal chieftains of that house, in its branch of Guise, there is only one who can be said to have left behind him a reputation for harmlessness; and perhaps that was because he lived at a time when he had not the power to be offensive. The boy on the mule in 1506, and the child in the cradle in 1676, are two pleasant extremes of a line where all between is, indeed, fearfully attractive, but of that quality which might make not only men but angels weep. Such was the case with the Dukes, as long as temptation and opportunity presented themselves. We must not finally dismiss the subject without saying a word or two touching their Highnesses’ eminent brothers, the Cardinals. We can only give outlines: we must refer our readers to M. de Bouillé for the filling up, the shading, and the accessories.

It must be confessed that the Dukes of Guise played for a high stake,—and lost it! More than once, however, they were on the very point of grasping the attractive, but delusive, prize. If they were so near triumph, it was chiefly through the co-operation of their respective brothers, the proud and able Cardinals. The Dukes were the representatives of brute force; the Cardinals, of that which is far stronger,—power of intellect. The former often spoiled their cause, by being too demonstrative. The latter

never even trusted to words, when silence served their purpose equally well. When they *did* speak, it was with effective brevity. We read of a Lacedæmonian who was fined for employing three words to express what might have been as efficiently stated in two. No churchman of the house of Guise ever committed the fault of the Lacedæmonian.

Cardinal John of Lorraine was the brother of the first Duke, Claude. When the latter was a boy, and riding his mule into the French territory, the still more youthful John was Bishop-coadjutor of Metz,—a post to which he was appointed before he had completed his third year! He was a Cardinal while yet in his teens; and, in his own person, was possessed of twelve bishoprics and archbishoprics. Of these, however, he modestly retained but three, namely, Toul, Narbonne, and Alby, as they alone happened to return revenues worth acceptance. Not that he was selfish,—seeing that he subsequently applied for and received the archbishopric of Rheims, which he kindly held for his nephew Charles, who was titular thereof at the experienced age of ten! His revenues were enormous, and he was ever in debt. He was one of the most skilful negotiators of his time; but whether deputed to Emperor or Pope, he was seldom able to commence his journey until he had put in pledge three or four towns, in order to raise money to defray the expenses. His zeal for what he understood as religion, was manifested during the short but bloody campaign against the Protestants of Alsatia, when he accompanied his brother, who there acquired the permanent title of “the Butcher.” At the side of the Cardinal, on the field of battle, stood the apostolic Commissary and a staff of priestly Aides-de-camp. While some of these encouraged the orthodox troops to charge the Huguenots, the principal personages kept their hands raised to Heaven; and when the pennons of the army of Reformers had all gone down before the double cross of Lorraine, the Cardinal and his ecclesiastical staff rode to the church of St. Nicolas, and sang “*Te Deum laudamus.*” The spirit of the proceeding was that of the Aztec priesthood, smelling strongly of blood, while they chanted thanksgiving to the Giver of Victories.

What a contrast presents itself when we follow the Cardinal to his residence, (still so attractive to sojourners in Paris,) the Hotel de Cluny! Of this monastery he made a mansion that a Sybarite might have dwelt in without complaining. It was embellished, decorated, and furnished with a gorgeousness, that had its source at once in his blind prodigality, his taste for the arts, and his familiar patronage of artists. The only thing not to be found in this celebrated mansion, was the example of a good life. But how *could* this example be found in a prelate who assumed and executed the office of instructing the Maids of Honour in their respective delicate duties? De Thou says, it was an occupation for which he was pre-eminently fitted; and Brantome pauses, in

his gay illustrations of the truth of this assertion, to remark with indignation, that if the daughters of noble houses arrived at Court, endowed with purity and every maiden virtue, Cardinal John was the means of despoiling them of their dowry. And yet he was not deficient in tastes and pursuits of a refined nature. He was learned himself, and he loved learning in others. His purse, when there was anything in it, was at the service of poor scholars and of sages with great purposes in view. He who deemed the slaughter of Protestant peasants a thing to thank God for, had something like a heart for *clever* sneerers at Papistry, and for Protestants of talent. Thus he pleaded the cause of the amphibious Erasmus, extended his protection to the evangelical Clement Marot, laughed and drank with Rabelais, the caustic Curé of Meudon. When we add that he was the boon-companion of Francis I., it is only to say, in other words, that, at such time, he had for an associate a man far less worthy of his intimacy, than either the equivocating Erasmus, gentle Marot, or roystering Rabelais, who painted the manners of the Court and Church of his day in his compound characters of Gargantua and Panurge.

We have said that he was a liberal giver, but he gave with an ostentation for which he could find no warrant in the Gospel. At one period of his life, it was his custom to walk abroad with a game-bag slung from his neck, and tolerably well-furnished with silver crowns. Whenever he encountered a petitioner,—and these did not lack,—he thrust his hand into the bag, and bestowed, without counting, a rich alms,—asking for, what he needed quite as much, prayers in return. He was popularly known as “the Game-bag Cardinal;” and it is said that, on one occasion, giving largess to a blind beggar in the streets of Rome, the recipient was so astonished at the amount of the gift that, extending his hand towards the giver, he exclaimed aloud:—“Of a surety, if thou art not Christ, thou art John of Lorraine!” Another trait of his mixed character we may here mention, before we pass to a greater Cardinal of his restless and intriguing race. He had been commissioned by Francis to repair to the Pope, on a negotiation respecting the affairs of the Empire as connected with France, and the bearing of the Pontiff between the two parties. The Cardinal’s way lay through Piedmont, where he was, for a time, the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy. When the Duke introduced the gallant Cardinal to his consort, (Beatrix of Portugal,) the latter, a lady of grave and dignified manners, presented to the Priest her hand to kiss. John of Lorraine repudiated such service, and boldly offered to salute the austere young Duchess on the lips. The lady retreated, the Cardinal pursued. A struggle ensued, which was maintained with rude persistence on one side, with haughty and offended vigour on the other, until, her Highness’s head being firmly grasped within his Eminence’s arm, the Cardinal

kissed the ruffled Princess two or three times upon the mouth, and then, with an exultant laugh, released her. There was small edification in this, or in any after-passages of his life; and we dismiss him, to contemplate the picture of one who was greater than he, and yet not better,—more renowned, but not higher reputed,—Cardinal Charles.

The second Cardinal of this house, Charles of Lorraine, was brother of the second Duke; and, perhaps, it is not too much to say of him, that he was the greatest man of his family, and the most powerful man of his age. His ambition was to administer the finances of France; and he did so during three reigns, with an annual excess of expenditure over income to the amount of two millions and a half,—the result rather of his dishonesty than his incapacity. His enemies were numerous, and they threatened to concert measures to make him account for his mal-practices. He silenced his foes with the sound of the tocsin of the St. Bartholomew; and when the slaughter was over, he merrily asked for the presence of the accusers who had intended to make him refund!

He was the most accomplished hypocrite of an age which ranked hypocrisy among the virtues. He admitted the leaders of the religious reformatory movement into his familiarity; discussed with them the merits of their respective Churches, and both felt and acknowledged that the Reformation was a warrantable and necessary movement. And yet motives of policy made of him the most savage enemy that Protestantism ever had in France. It was he who urged on the feeble Henry to pass by the *canaille* of heretics, and to strike at the nobles. "Burn half-a-dozen Counsellors," said he; "there are heretics enough in the Parliament!" Henry yielded; but, previous to the execution, he was himself smitten by the lance of Montgomery. Suggestions of mercy seemed whispered into his soul as he lay dying, and he expressed a wish that the condemned Protestants should be pardoned. "Tush!" exclaimed the Cardinal, "such sentiment is prompted by a foul fiend. Let them perish!" And they perished!

To *him* France was indebted for the introduction of the Inquisition into that kingdom. At the moment that the people were at the very "high top-gallant of their joy," at the recovery of Calais from the English, the Cardinal, at his own request, was made Grand Inquisitor. The nation was divided between terror and hilarity. The latter feeling was excited by the Chief Inquisitor's two colleagues,—Cardinal Bourbon, who longed for nothing so much as a dispensation to enable him to marry; and Cardinal de Chatillon, who not only confessed to the same longing, but would not wait for the dispensation, and profoundly disgusted the Inquisitorial College by espousing Madame de Hauteville, and passing over to the Protestant side.

There is a History of the Council of Trent, by M. Bungener.

It is admirably translated by David Scott. There are few books that so well deserve to be studied,—still fewer, capable of at once interesting and instructing, as this incomparable work does. Unless, however, our memory betray us, the accomplished author has failed to remark upon the inexplicable conduct of Cardinal Charles, who was one of the representatives of France, at the Council in question. The Doctors there assembled had been perplexed enough before his arrival among them; but he made confusion worse confounded, when he arose and recommended the abolition of all superstitious practices, spoke strongly against the celibacy of the Clergy, insisted on the necessity of Divine worship being celebrated in a living and intelligible language, and closed a long list of suggestive and unacceptable measures, by pronouncing in favour of the unlimited liberty of the Gallican Church. That he betrayed all the causes which he advocated, is only to say, in other words, that he acted according to his own selfish and calculating character. He saw that by continuing to support any of them he would peril, not only the position and prospects of his family, but also his own chances of attaining to the supreme pontificate of Christendom. The Pope used and abused him. "I am scandalized," said his Holiness, "at finding you still in the enjoyment of the revenue of so many sees!" "My venerable friend," rejoined the Cardinal, with decent familiarity, "I would resign them all for a certain single bishopric, with which I could well be content." "And that is —?" "Marry!" said the son of humility, with a significant smile, "that is the bishopric of Rome!"

He was as haughty as he was aspiring. The Guises had drawn Anthony, King of Navarre, to desert Protestantism and help Lorraine. The Cardinal treated the father of the great but unprincipled Henri Quatre according to his deserts, rather than according to his rank. One frosty morning, not only did the princely Priest keep the mountain King tarrying at his garden-gate for an audience, but went down, after an hour's procrastination, luxuriously enveloped in furs, to listen to a suit which his poor Majesty ventured to prefer meekly, and cap in hand. He was as covetous as he was haughty, but he not unfrequently found his match. His niece, Mary Stuart, had quarrelled with Catherine de Medicis, whose especial wrath had been excited by Mary's contemptuously speaking of her as "the Florentine tradeswoman." The Scottish Queen resolved, after this quarrel, to repair at once to the north; and the Cardinal, who was at her side when she was examining her jewels, previously to their being packed up, tenderly remarked that the sea was dangerous, the jewels costly, and that his niece could not do better than leave them in his keeping. "Good uncle," said the vivacious Mary, "I and my jewels travel together. If I trust one to the sea, I may the other, and therewith adieu!" The Cardinal bit his lips, and blessed the lady!

But his minor failings disappear in the huge sin attaching to him as being the chief author of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Ranke, in his recent History, is puzzled where to fix the charge of principal in that stupendous crime. There is no difficulty in the matter. The Guises had appealed to the chances of battle to overcome their chief adversaries in the kingdom. But for every Huguenot father slain there arose as many filial avengers as he had sons. The Huguenots fought not only for religion, but for the throne which the Lorrainers hoped to overthrow, while they professed to stand by it. The quarrel assumed the form of a national *Vendetta*. The causes of quarrel were individual as well as general. A Huguenot had slain the second Duke, and his widow was determined to be avenged. The Cardinal was wroth with the King for maintaining Protestant Archers in the body-guard. The Archers took an unclean vengeance, and defiled the pulpit in the Chapel Royal wherefrom the Cardinal was accustomed to denounce the doctrine of their teachers. His Eminence, as much exasperated at the lesser stings, as at the more aggravated stabs, of his adversaries, formed the confederacy, by which it was resolved to destroy the enemy at a blow. To the general causes we need not allude. The plot itself was formed in Oliver Clisson's house, known as "the Hotel of Mercy," in Paris; but the representatives of Rome and Spain united with those of France, and met upon the frontier, and then the final arrangements were made which were followed by such terrible consequences. The character of the conference between Italian, Gaul, and Spaniard, was sufficiently seen when the death-bell of the Chapel of Bourbon echoed the alarum flung out from the tower of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The Cardinal was absent from France, but his assassin nephew held the sword which he directed; and the Priest fairly took upon himself the guilt of the bloody deed, when he conferred the hand of his illegitimate daughter, Anne d'Arne, on the officer Besme, alleging, as a reason, that it was *his* dagger which had given the first and the death-blow to Coligny, the chief of the immolated victims of that dreadful day. That Rome approved what the Cardinal and the followers of his house had executed, is proved by the sacrificial thanksgivings ordered by the Pope; and by the proclamation posted in Rome, to the effect that Charles IX., who had aided in the slaughter of his Huguenot subjects, was "the exterminating angel ordained of God,"—the "*Pater Religionis*,"—the "*Josias*" of his age. The private letters of Charles of Lorraine, quoted by M. de Bouillé, amply prove the amount of guilt which attaches both to the Pope and the Cardinal, for the unexpiated horrors of that terrible and never-to-be-forgotten day.

He showed undoubted talent when he encountered, in public argument, Theodore Beza, the most illustrious of the pupils of Calvin. Beza was remarkably ill-used in the controversy; but

not so much by his opponent, the Cardinal, as by Lainez, the General of the Jesuits, who would fain have stopped the exciting duel by sending the accomplished "heretic" to the stake. The whole account of this controversy is admirably narrated by M. de Bouillé.

No better illustration can be had of one portion of his character, than that furnished by himself at Trent, when the Spanish Ambassador, at mass, took a seat which placed him above the Ambassador from France: the irreverend Cardinal raised such a commotion thereat in the cathedral, and dealt so loudly and so strongly in expletives, that Divine worship was suspended, and the congregation broke up in most admired disorder. So, at the coronation, in the Abbey of St. Denis, of the Queen of Charles IX. The poor, frail Austrian Princess, Elizabeth, after being for hours on her knees, declared her incapacity for remaining any longer, without some material support from food or wine. The Cardinal declared that such an irreligious innovation was not to be thought of. He stoutly opposed, well-fed man that he was, the supplying of any refreshment to the sinking Queen; and it was only when he reflected that her life might be imperilled, that he consented to the "smallest quantity of something very light" being administered to her.

He was cowardly in spirit, and was perhaps—nay, certainly—the only man of his house of whom anything so disparaging can be alleged. But he made no secret of it, used to refer to it laughingly, and, after his brother was assassinated at Blois, he surrounded himself with a guard; and the chief author of the Bartholomew started at shadows, and saw daggers everywhere. We have noticed his bearing in the controversy with Beza. It was not always distinguished by courtesy. In the royal Council, when opposing the pro-Huguenotist arguments of the famous Chancellor l'Hospital, he accused him of wishing to be "the cock of the Council;" and on the statesman's remonstrating, the Cardinal qualified him as an "old ram." On the occasion in question, his Eminence caused as much confusion in the Council, as he had before done in the cathedral at Trent. Such conduct was hardly to be expected from one wise enough to have said on another occasion, that "a lie believed but for an hour doth many times produce effects of some years' continuance!" And, perhaps, it is singular that the author of such a matter-of-fact maxim should have believed, as he did, that Heaven worked miracles in his favour, in order to protect him from the poignards of his enemies, from whom he was often carried off in clouds and thunder!

He died on the 26th of December, 1571, after receiving from, and giving to, Catherine of Medicis a kiss of peace. He was then under fifty years of age. He died in public,—that is, with an ostentatious parade, and, so far, fearlessly. His long will, written with his own hand, exhibits as much care for his wretched

body, as though sensibility were commensurate with the long sleep of death. Even after his decease, he was an object of fear to some; and Catherine herself was wont to declare that, for months, she could not retire to rest, nor rise to go abroad, without seeing his faint ghost beckoning her to follow. Was this fear engendered of remorse? The private relations of the Cardinal with the Queen have only been hinted at; but even Romish writers have allowed, that Huguenot authors have been strangely lenient to both Priest and Princess, when approaching this subject:—a subject which, for our part, we have no wish to disturb.—We pass on to another actor and other times.

The Cardinal-brother of the third Duke, Louis of Lorraine, loved good living, and was enabled at an early age to indulge his propensities out of the rich revenues which he derived from his numerous ecclesiastical preferments. He held half-a-dozen abbeys while he was yet in his cradle; but he was not promoted to a bishopric, before he had reached the mature and experienced age of eighteen. Just before dying, in 1578, when he was about fifty years of age, he resigned his magnificent church appointments in favour of his nephew and namesake, who was to be a future Cardinal at the side of the fourth Duke. Louis is forgotten in the splendour which strangely surrounds the name of his famous uncle and contemporary, Cardinal Charles. He was, however, a man of great talent. Like the principal members of his family, he chose a device for his own shield of arms. It consisted of nine zeros, with this apt motto:—“*Hoc per se nihil est; sed si minimum addideris, maximum erit,*”—intending, it is said, to imply that man was nothing unless grace was given him. He was kindly-dispositioned, loved his ease, was proud of his Church, and had a passion for the bottle. That was his religion. His private life was not marked by worse traits than those that characterize his kinsmen in the priesthood. He showed his affection for his mother after a truly filial fashion, and bequeathed to her all his estates in trust, to pay his debts, as far as they would suffice for such a purpose. Mdle. l’Espinasse did the same to the Archbishop of Toulouse.

The third Duke had a second Cardinal-brother, known as the Cardinal de Guise, who was murdered by Henri III., on the day after the assassination of *Le Balafré*. He was an intriguer; but whatever his course of life may have been,—and friends and enemies are at issue on that point,—he met his death with an heroic dignity. It was long before the King could find men willing to strike a Priest; and when they *were* found, they approached him again and again before they could summon nerve wherewith to smite him. After all, this second murder at Blois was effected by stratagem. The Cardinal was requested to accompany a messenger to the royal presence. He complied, with some misgiving: but when he found himself in a dark corridor with four frowning soldiers, he understood his doom, requested a few

moments' respite to collect his thoughts, and then, enveloping his head in his outer robe, bade them execute their bloody commission. He was instantly slain, without offering resistance or uttering a word. His remains were treated with as little ceremony as those of his slaughtered brother, though the King's Provost assured the mother who survived them, that he had seen the bodies of the two Princes ceremoniously deposited in consecrated ground.

This Cardinal was looked upon as a highly exemplary churchman, considering the times in which he lived. The standard of morality was not a high one; and this princely Priest was father of five illegitimate sons, of whom one only survived him, namely, Louis, Baron of Ancerville, Prince of Phalsbourg, and, as he took pride in calling himself, "Bastard of Guise." This sort of pride was not absent from the bosom of even so matter-of-fact a man as Louis-Philippe, who used to say that he was proud of his descent from Louis XIV., even through the illegitimate source which enabled him to boast of it.

By the side of the son of *Balafré*, Charles the fourth Duke, there stood the last Cardinal-brother who was able to serve his house, and whose character presents any circumstance of note. One of his predecessors eminently loved the "bottle:" the brother of Charles of Guise loved the bottle too; and if there were anything besides which he loved so well, it was a "battle." He characteristically lost his life by both. He was present at the siege of St. Jean d'Angely, held by the Protestants, in the year 1621. It was the 20th day of May, and the sun was shining with a power not known to our severer springs. The Cardinal, who "*aulico luxu et militari licentiâ traduxerat vitam*," fought like a fiend, and swore the while beyond even fiendish capacity. The time was high noon, and he himself was in the noonday of his wondrous vigour, some thirty-eight years of age. He was laying about him in the bloody *mêlée* which occurred in the suburb, when he paused for a while, panting for breath, and streaming with perspiration. He called for a flask of red wine, which he had scarcely quaffed, when he was seized with raging fever, which carried him off within a fortnight. He was a man who had enjoyed a fabulous revenue from his various sees, without ever visiting them. Despite these profits, his heart was so entirely in the camp, that, at the time of his death, a negotiation was being carried on, to procure from the Pope permission for the Cardinal to give up to his lay brother, the Duke de Chevreuse, all his benefices, and to receive in return the Duke's governorship of Auvergne. He was for ever in the saddle, and never more happy than when he saw another before him, with a resolute foe firmly seated therein. He lived the life of a soldier of fortune; and when peace temporarily reigned, he rode over the country with a band of followers, in search of adventures, and always finding them at the point of their swords. He left the

altar to draw on his boots, gird his sword to his hip, and provoke his cousin of Nevers to a duel, by striking him in the face. The indignant young Noble regretted that the profession of his insulter covered him with impunity, recommending him at the same time to abandon it, and give him satisfaction. "To the devil I sent it already," said the exemplary Cardinal, "when I flung off my frock and belted on my sword;"—and the two kinsmen would have had their weapons in each other's throat, but for the royal officers, who checked their Christian amusement.

This roystering Cardinal, who was interred with more pomp than if he had been a great saint, or a merely honest man, left five children. Their mother was Charlotte des Escars, and they were recognised as legitimate, on allegation that their parents had been duly married, upon papal dispensation! This is not the least curious circumstance in the history of the Church and the Guises. He was the last of the Cardinals; and Louis of Lorraine was not worse than his kinsmen. In some respects, he was better; for he scorned to add hypocrisy to the innate vices of his race. Of both the Dukes and Cardinals, great and illustrious as they have been designated, alike by Church and State, it may be fairly said, that there was not one of them who either served God or man, with a service that could win the approval of Heaven.

Neither the pride nor the pretensions of their house expired with the last of the Dukes. There were members of this family, whose arrogance was all the greater, because they were out of the direct line of succession, for which they showed themselves qualified by actions which their greater ancestors would have looked upon with contempt. Their little ambition was satisfied with the privilege granted to the ladies of Guise,—namely, that which they held in common with royal Princesses, of being presented at Court previously to their marriage. This small ambition, however, gained for them the hatred of the Nobles and the Princes of the Church, and at length caused a miniature insurrection in the palace of Versailles. The occasion was the grand ball given in honour of the nuptials of Marie-Antoinette and the Dauphin. Louis XV. had announced that he would open the brilliant scene, by dancing a minuet with Mlle. de Lorraine, sister of the Prince of Lambese. The "uproar" that ensued was terrific. The entire body of nobility protested against such marked precedence being allowed to the lady in question. The Archbishop of Rheims placed himself at the head of the opposing movement, and, assembling the indignant peerage, this successor of the Apostles, in company with his episcopal brother of Noyon, came to the solemnly important resolution,—that between the Princes of the blood-royal and the "*haute noblesse*" there could be no intermediate rank; and that Mlle. de Lorraine consequently could not take precedence of the female members of the aristocracy who had been "presented." A memorial was drawn up; the entire nobility, old and new, signed it eagerly; and the King was informed

therein, that, if he did not rescind his determination, no lady would dance at the ball,—after the minuet in question had been performed. The king protested that the distinction he had intended to confer on the lady had been asked of him by the Court of Vienna through a special Ambassador; that he had engaged himself, and could not retract; and that he begged the ecclesiastical and lay aristocracy to let it pass, and dance in proof of their love and their loyalty. But neither Bishops nor Baronesses would relent. The latter walked about the grand apartments, before the ball opened, in undress, expressed their resolution not to dance, and received archiepiscopal benison for their pious obstinacy! The King was in despair, and the serious crisis was only met by a compromise,—consisting chiefly of making the Dauphin and the Count d'Artois select partners from among the nobility, and not, as was *de rigueur* according to the law of minuets, from among Princesses of their own rank. The hour for opening the famous ball was retarded, in order to afford time to the female insurrectionists to dress; and as the last lights were extinguished after the banquet which followed, the two Prelates hardly knew whether they had been successful champions, or not, in the highly exemplary cause in which they had mingled their mitres.

With the Prince de Lambese, above named, the race of Guise disappeared altogether from the soil of France. He was Colonel of the cavalry regiment of *Royale Allemande*, which in 1789 came into collision with the people. The Prince was engaged, with his men, in dispersing a seditious mob. He struck one of the most conspicuous rioters with the flat of his sword; and this blow, dealt by a Guise, was the first given in the great Revolution, and helped to deprive Louis XVI. of his crown. Thus the race, whether as friends or foes, was doomed to be fatal to the throne and tranquillity of France. In this last case, the Prince de Lambese was compelled to fly the country, to escape the indignation of the people. Nearly three centuries before, his great ancestor, the boy of the mule, had entered the kingdom, and founded a family that increased in numbers and power against the throne, and against civil and religious liberty. And now, the sole survivor of that branch, as proud as the greatest of his house, having raised his finger against the freedom of the mob, was driven into exile, to seek refuge for a time, and a grave for age, on the banks of the distant Danube.

Is it, then, to be concluded that the family of Lorraine failed in its great object, and finally died out? By no means! When Cardinal Fleury annexed the Duchy of Lorraine to France, it was by arrangement with Austria; and, according to this arrangement, Francis of Lorraine received in exchange the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and the hand of Maria-Theresa. Their heirs form the imperial house of Hapsburg-Lorraine. On two occasions have brides been selected therefrom to share the

throne of France; and on both occasions the occupiers of the throne were flung from their seats. When Marie-Antoinette married Louis the Dauphin, people muttered with prophetic significance, "Lorraine and France!" When Napoleon espoused Marie-Louise, some of the Bourbons were terrified at the idea of a new dynasty; but Louis XVIII., then at Hartwell, smiled gaily at the intelligence, and augured Napoleon's ruin from his alliance with the house of Lorraine. And so it was! The race is still fatal to liberty. As a proof of the assertion, it is only necessary to point to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the descendant of the Francis of Lorraine who married the Empress of Germany, and the representative of the house of Guise. The persecutor of the Madias, and gaoler of Miss Cunningham, is worthy of the descent of which he boasts. The bad blood of the Guises is, indeed, his; but he lacks their one solitary virtue,—the *bellica virtus* of courage.

It is simply by way of appendix that we mention the fact, that the last-born grandson of Louis-Philippe has just been endowed with the ominous title of Duke of Guise. Is there any significance in this? And will he cross the frontier of France, like his young predecessor, but not his ancestor, more than three centuries ago, and attempt to re-construct the greatness of Orleans, now nearly as extinct as the once perilous greatness of Guise? Thus we end, as we began, with a child, and with the remark of a French author, that "childhood and old age are the two extremes of life nearest to Heaven." Few indeed of the Guises ever reached to the honours of advanced years: they were mostly cut off in the lustihood of their manly season, when they went to seek that mercy from Heaven which they seldom vouchsafed to their fellows upon earth.

ART. VII.—*The Greek Testament: with a critically-revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the Use of Theological Students and Ministers.* By HENRY ALFORD, M.A., Vicar of Wymeswold, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In Two (Three) Volumes. Vols. I. and II. 1849-1852. London: Rivingtons.

In entering on the field of Biblical Criticism and Interpretation, we think it right to give explicit utterance to the feeling with which we are impressed, with reference to this peculiar department of literary labour, as being one in which we may not expatiate with the same freedom, either in thought or in expression, as that which on other subjects generally we claim the liberty of exercising. Entirely satisfied, as we are, of

the fact of their bearing the authoritative sanction of Divine inspiration, though we may not be prepared—who, indeed, is competent?—to lay down exactly the conditions under which that inspiration has been measured and directed, the Holy Scriptures are to us the “oracles of God.” They are thus, in our estimate, as matter of criticism and interpretation, placed in a position of their own,—a position not only distinct from, but immeasurably superior to, that of any other writings whatsoever. And they challenge at our hands a reverence, and impose upon us a reserve, somewhat as if their Great Author should repeat to us the charge given to the Jewish Legislator, on the first occasion of his being favoured with an immediate revelation,—“Take thy shoes from off thy feet: for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.” There is, indeed, a vast difference between a primary and immediate revelation,—like that which was vouchsafed to Moses, “when God spake to him in the bush,” and on other occasions,—and a revelation transmitted through the medium of a written record. But, the word originally spoken, and the word subsequently written, being assumed to be substantially the same, the difference is in circumstances only. The sacredness and value of the revelation itself,—if “whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning,”—are in both cases absolutely equal; and the amount of reverence due to it in the latter case, is to be measured by the amount demanded for it in the former.

Let it not be supposed that in thus expressing the reserve with which we feel it our duty to approach a subject connected with so much of what is not only superhuman, but Divine, we are intending to deny to others, or even to forego for ourselves, the right of fair investigation and inquiry into every thing pertaining to it. So far as there exists material within our reach for that purpose, it is even more our duty than our right, to push legitimate inquiry to its utmost practicable limit. And the services which have been rendered by the extraordinary learning, and patient industry, and critical acumen of so many writers, we would be amongst the very foremost to acknowledge. We would even go so far as to confess the help which has been given, though often unintentionally, towards the consolidation of the proofs in favour of the truth and authority of Scripture, by sundry hostile or mistaken critics; who, by the easily demonstrable absurdity or febleness of their respective theories, have shown how little can be done by the utmost ingenuity and learning, to overturn its claims as a Divine revelation, or to convert its veritable narratives and histories into uncertain myths, or its heavenly theology into a merely human and questionable dogmatism. As a result of the tests to which it has been subjected, it has the more triumphantly demonstrated the stability of the foundation upon which it rests; and through evil report and good report, it has maintained intact its distinguishing

pre-eminence, as "the word of the Lord, which liveth and abideth for ever." All that we claim is,—that the *whole* case shall be viewed in its integrity, and that, of the *facts* and *principles* which essentially belong to it, none shall be omitted. Let all the means which are available for just inquiry be brought to bear upon the questions of the genuineness and authenticity of the scriptural records. Let the supplementary questions of their fidelity to the original autographs, and their chronological arrangement and mutual harmony, be sifted by the most rigorous examination. And let the text itself, and its grammatical interpretation, be determined, as far as may be, by the ordinary and settled rules of criticism and interpretation. Only, let it be remembered that, above the names of the Patriarchs and Prophets, and Apostles and Evangelists, who were the human agents employed upon their composition, there stands the name of Him, by whose inspiration they purport to have been written, and who—if there be any truth or value in the theory of a Divine inspiration in connexion with these writings—is virtually their Author, and may not, with even *philosophical* propriety, nor without hazard of grave error and offence, have His Divine "Oracles" and "Word" weighed *merely* in the same balances, or tested in all respects by exactly the same rules, as those by which we are accustomed to decide our judgment with respect to simply human compositions.

To those who are extensively, or even moderately, acquainted with the works which have appeared upon the various branches of Scriptural Criticism and Interpretation, it must be obvious on reflection, if not at first sight, that to a serious extent the facts and principles which belong to this branch of it have been ignored; and the peculiar conditions under which some of them, at least, require to be examined, have been either virtually overlooked or utterly forgotten. The entire volume, and the several books of which it is composed, together with all sorts of questions as to its external history, its internal structure and arrangement, its meaning, and the coherence and harmony of its various parts, have been dealt with,—only not always with the same amount of fairness and candour,—nearly as they would have been, had there been nothing in connexion with them purporting to be Divine, either in their origin, or in the matter they contain. The entire system of Divine revelation, with almost every thing pertaining to it, has been treated of, upon a comprehension of its essential *data*, just as defective as if any one should undertake an explanation of the phenomena and facts of Physical Astronomy, ignoring all the while, or even utterly denying, the great law of universal gravitation. The inspiration of the Holy Spirit is, and must be, a fact as certain and pervading in the system of Divine revelation, as is the principle (or law) of gravitation in our planetary system. And there is thus, in each of these cases, what may be called a *central* fact, constituting

an essential *datum*, or condition, in any inquiry to be made, touching any movement or action which may take place in either of the two, respectively. We have, in the latter of these cases, various bodies moving in separate orbits, and exerting a mutual interaction on each other, so as to create apparent and, as it was once thought, even hazardous anomalies,—yet moving under the control of a law which gives perfection and inviolable permanence to the whole system. Thus, also, in the former case,—namely, the higher system of Divine Revelation,—each of the sacred writers moves, in some sort, in an orbit of his own. Still, all their movements are under the action of one law, by which the harmony of the whole system is infallibly secured. And, if we are not able to explain and reconcile the apparent anomalies and discrepancies, which have given occasion to so much inquiry and discussion, with the full certainty and satisfaction with which we are enabled to account for the apparent anomalies of the planetary system, it is simply because the *physical* law, which in the latter case both creates anomalies, and furnishes the means of their perfect explanation, is more obvious, and better understood, than the *spiritual* law, which is equally productive of apparent anomalies, but does not, in all cases, or in an equal degree, supply to us the means of explanation.

Let it be remembered, however, that these observations are not designed to bear upon the *general* character of the work which is before us, although there may be portions of it which appear to be in some degree open to the charge of being not sufficiently in harmony with what, as above stated, we cannot but regard as being the paramount law of Scriptural Criticism and Interpretation. Mr. Alford is no disciple of any of the schools to which either "Rationalism" or "Tractarianism" has given birth. On the contrary, he appears to be a strenuous opponent to them all, and takes frequent occasion to protest against their innovations, as being quite as much at variance with the principles of sober reasoning, as they are with the plain teaching of the Sacred Scriptures.

The announcement on the title-page of the two volumes which we propose to notice, is such as to create the expectation of a work of more than ordinary labour and exactness. Nor will the student, who may be induced by such an expectation to add them to the volumes which are already at his elbow, for reference and consultation, be altogether disappointed. But, previously to our saying more in favour of it, we are bound to premise, that to certain portions of the work, and especially to some of the principles of criticism and interpretation which appear in those portions, there are, in our judgment, grave exceptions; and that, on the ground of these exceptions, the recommendation to which its general merit would otherwise have given it a fair and honourable claim, must be qualified by abatements which we regret to

make, but which a due regard to the authority and sacredness of scriptural truth requires to be expressly stated. The entire work is not yet before the public. What was designed at first to be comprehended in two volumes, has, in the process of his work, so grown upon the author's hands, as to necessitate its being expanded to the extent of a third volume, which is not yet forthcoming. Any notice of the work, as a whole, must, therefore, of necessity be imperfect. But the contents of the two volumes already published furnish materials sufficiently abundant for a general Review.

The reader is requested (by the author) to consult certain chapters of the *Prolegomena*, (prefixed to the first volume,) before entering on the work itself; namely, those chapters which relate to the arrangement of the text,—the various readings,—the marginal references,—the MSS.,—the versions and the ancient writers referred to in connexion with the text. This is, of course, a necessary premonition, on the subject of every thing relating simply to the *text*, of which the present edition may be considered as being a new "Recension." But, for ourselves, before entering on these later chapters of the *Prolegomena*, thus especially commended to our attention, we have deemed it expedient to look somewhat carefully to the earlier chapters, as being more likely to afford the means of insight into the principles of criticism and interpretation embodied in the work at large. And to these earlier—and, to us, more deeply significant—portions of the *Prolegomena*, we must now request our reader's particular attention,—especially to the *first* chapter.

In this chapter, Mr. Alford, after describing, in the usual way, the general characteristics of the first three Gospels, as indicating, along with a mutual affinity to each other, a marked distinctness from the fourth Gospel; proceeds, on the ground of that distinctness, to a separate consideration of the *three*, with a view to a decision of the twofold question,—“how far they are to be considered as distinct narratives,—how far, as borrowed from each other.” And the result of his consideration is, that he does not “see how any theory of mutual interdependence will leave to our three Evangelists their credit as *able* or *trustworthy writers*, or even as *honest men*; nor can he find any such theory borne out by the nature of the variations apparent in the respective texts.”

It is assumed, that Mr. Alford has not adopted this conclusion without grave examination into the grounds on which he makes it to rest. But, for that very reason, he will be prepared to expect, that neither will his readers be disposed to accept the very sweeping judgment which he has pronounced, without a previous and careful comparison of the arguments alleged in its support, with the more numerous and lengthened arguments by which others of no mean authority have been conducted to a different conclusion. Mr. Alford professes to “observe the evidence fur-

nished by the Gospels themselves," in whatever order the three Gospels more especially in question may be arranged; and he presumes that each of the Evangelists would be "anxious to give an accurate and consistent account of the great events of redemption." He then raises an argument which, for convenience, may be arranged in the form of a destructive hypothetical sorites, as follows:—

1. If the Gospels be mutually supplementary, "two of them, respectively, sat down with one or two of the present narratives before them."

2. If they had the narratives before them, "we are reduced to adopt one or other of the following suppositions:—"

"Either, (a.) they found those other Gospels insufficient, and were anxious to supply what was wanting:

"Or, (β.) they believed them to be erroneous, and proposed to correct what was inaccurate:

"Or, (γ.) they wished to adapt their contents to a different class of readers, incorporating, at the same time, whatever additional matter they possessed:

"Or, (δ.) receiving them as authentic, they borrowed from them such parts as they purposed to relate in common with them:

"Or, (ε.) they fraudulently plagiarized from them, slightly disguising the common matter, so as to make it appear their own."

3. Not one of these suppositions can be shown to be tenable.

Therefore, 4. The Gospels are not mutually supplementary.

In alleging this conclusion, he virtually tells those of his readers who demur to it, that the only possible alternative is, to suppose two of the Evangelists, at least, to have been guilty of fraudulent plagiarism. Of course, rather than be thrown on such an alternative as this, were there in reality no other possible, we would accept Mr. Alford's conclusion, "with all its imperfections on its head." But, happily, we are not bound to the dilemma he has stated. His reasoning is plausible; but it is so far from being fairly conclusive, that it fails in both the propositions, on which the truth of the conclusion mainly depends. The *consequent*, in Proposition 1, does not necessarily follow from the *antecedent*, but is a purely gratuitous assumption. Greswell, amongst others,—the Coryphæus of all harmonists,—in arguing for the interdependence in question, does not think it necessary to suppose that "two of them, respectively, sat down with one or two of our present narratives before them." He only says that, "excepting on the supposition, that every one of the three Gospels was composed at the same time and in different places, it would be a moral impossibility that St. Matthew's Gospel could actually be in existence before St. Mark wrote his, and yet not be known to him; and equally so, that if known to him before he wrote his own, it could be deliberately disregarded by him when he was writing it; that the same impossibility will hold good of St. Luke: so that, except on the supposition before mentioned, we could not, however much we might consider it

necessary, keep a later Evangelist in ignorance of the existence of a prior;" and that, the Gospels being (first) proved, by a comparison of their contents, to be supplementary to each other, "the supplementary Evangelist wrote, not only after, but with an express relation to the more defective, and that he had therefore seen, and was acquainted with, his Gospel." Of course this inference is not exactly contradictory to that of Mr. Alford; but it differs from it, as a part differs from the whole. The inference of Mr. Alford, from the *hypothesis* of mutual interdependence, comprehends not only all that is contained in Mr. Greswell's inference, drawn from it as a *fact* which he holds to be demonstrated, but, it may be, considerably more. Even admitting that the *material fallacy*, which lurks in Proposition 1, might be allowed to pass, as vitiating only in part the remainder of the reasoning, we demur to Proposition 2, as not including all the "suppositions" of which, at this stage of the reasoning, the case is capable. We might, surely, be allowed to add, as a *sixth* "supposition," a *combination* of two or more of those of Mr. Alford, as Rosenmüller has done; who was of opinion, that "Mark and Luke made use of Matthew, as having been 'an eyewitness and minister of the word,' but that some things they added, and admitted some, according as they judged them to be necessary or useful to their readers."* We might further introduce a *seventh* supposition (nay, something vastly more than a supposition) by recognising in the case an element, which many writers (Mr. Alford amongst others) have wholly omitted in their reasoning on the particular point in question; namely, that of the suggestive and over-ruling influence of Divine inspiration: or, without adding to the number of Mr. Alford's suppositions, we should still hesitate to admit, that his showing proves them all to be utterly untenable.

With respect to "supposition" (a), he argues that Mark cannot be supplementary to Matthew, because in that case the "*shorter* Gospel would follow the *fuller*." The answer is, that "Mark, being in those (events and discourses) which he does narrate the fullest and most particular of the three," may surely, on that ground, be regarded as being *supplementary* to those *parts* of Matthew which are common to both, although not, in respect of entire bulk, an *expansion of the whole*. For the same reason, Mark "narrating fewer events and discourses" than Luke, the latter may be regarded as being, in this respect, supplementary to the former.

As to "supposition" (β), we agree with Mr. Alford, that "much need not be said;" first, because in our judgment it is almost equally inadmissible with "supposition" (ε); and, secondly, because, even though it were otherwise, we see as little force in

* "*Marcus et Lucas Matthæum utpote αὐτόπτην et ἀπηρέτην τοῦ λόγου adhibuerunt, prout lectoribus suis necessaria vel utilia putarent.*"—*Scholía in Matthæum*, p. 6.

the reasons which he has alleged against it, as we see of importance in the supposition itself.

Against "supposition" (δ), Mr. Alford alleges, that "in no one case does any Evangelist borrow from another any considerable part of even a single narrative; for such borrowing would imply verbal coincidence, unless in the case of strong Hebraistic idiom, or other assignable peculiarity." This is a surprising statement; especially, the former part of it. Griesbach, "by an elaborate comparison of the three Evangelists together," undertakes "to show that St. Mark does not contain more than twenty verses, which he might not have taken either from St. Matthew or St. Luke."* And Mr. Greswell, after more than equal labour on the subject, is of opinion, that "it is utterly inconceivable that in four distinct and independent histories," each of which was composed apart from the rest, any such clear and decided coincidences (as those which his "Harmony" so plainly exhibits) "should be found to hold good;" and that "nothing but design, and the direct accommodation of one, and consequently a later, to another, and consequently a prior, account, could be adequate to produce them."† Further, Olshausen pronounces, that "sometimes one Evangelist was certainly made use of by another;" and that "this remark is particularly applicable to Mark, who undoubtedly was acquainted with, and made use of, both Matthew and Luke."‡ Amidst the conflict of opinions which has existed, and still exists, upon this subject, it is difficult to determine very satisfactorily, which of those opinions is best entitled to acceptance. For the present, it is sufficient for our purpose to say, that the preponderance, whether of evidence or argument, is not, in our judgment, on the side of Mr. Alford; and that, on the whole, for the reasons above stated, his conclusion, to the effect that the Gospels are not supplementary to each other, may be regarded as *not proven*.

It is to be regretted that, in common with many others, Mr. Alford, in the reasoning just now examined, should have ignored, as he has done, the *Divine inspiration*—whether that inspiration were more or less—under which the Gospels must have been composed. For any thing that appears to the contrary, in that reasoning, the Evangelists might have been left to gather their materials, and frame their compositions, without the assistance or guidance of any other will or wisdom than their own.

Mr. Alford does not at all question the fact of their having been divinely inspired, at the time of their writing. In another chapter of the Prolegomena he expressly affirms it. But why, then, in the prosecution of an argument which professes to include *all* the suppositions, on one or more of which alone the Gospels could have been designed to be interdependent or supplementary

* Greswell's "Dissertations," vol. i., p. 28.

† Olshausen On the Gospels, p. 26.

‡ Greswell, p. 17.

to each other,—why, we ask, did he, under these circumstances, *exclude* the supposition, that He by whom the writers were “in some sort” inspired, and who must needs have had a deeper interest in these writings than any other being in the universe, so guided and controlled the writers, as that, without fusing either their minds or their productions into a common mould, He yet made their work substantially His own?—the more so, because He foreknew that “their line” would “go out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world,” as being, equally with the books of the Old Testament, integral portions of that “Scripture” which “is given by inspiration of God.” On *this* supposition, the Gospels—whether the later Evangelists did, or did not, “sit down with copies of the earlier Gospels before them”—*might* have been designed by their great Author to be supplementary to each other,—as many persons, on weighing the whole case, will continue to believe. Or, still holding, with Calvin, that Matthew’s Gospel was never seen by Mark, nor Mark’s Gospel by Luke, Mr. Alford might also, with him, have regarded both the discrepancies and the resemblances; observable amongst them, as being sufficiently accounted for,—independently of the supposition of any *πρωτευαγγέλιον*, oral or written,—on the two following grounds:—*first*, that the diversity which is observable was not purposely intended on the part of the respective writers, each of them simply intending to commit to writing what he believed to be certainly established, but at the same time adopting that plan which he thought would be the best; and, *secondly*, that as that diversity was not fortuitous, but under the direction of the providence of God, so the Holy Spirit suggested to them a wonderful agreement, in the midst of that diversity, such as is almost sufficient of itself to establish their veracity, even if higher proof of it on other grounds were wanting.* Upon the supposition adopted by Calvin and Mr. Alford, that the authors of the Gospels were not acquainted with each other’s compositions, Mr. Greswell, very much in the spirit of the great Reformer, says, “There is but one alternative left:”—the alternative which Mr. Alford has omitted:—“the authors of the later Gospels (on the supposition of their having a supplementary relation to each other) must have been supernaturally controlled; and, in the selection, disposal, and circumstantial narration of their respective accounts, must have been, unconsciously to themselves, adapted in this critical manner to one another, by the direction of the Holy

* “*Nam quæ in tribus ipsis apparet diversitas, eam non dicemus datâ operâ fuisse affectatam, sed quum singulis propositum esset bonâ fide mandare litteris, quod certum compertumque habebant, rationem quisque tenuit, quam optimam fore censebat. Quemadmodum autem id non fortuito contigit, sed moderante Dei Providentiâ, ita Spiritus Sanctus in diversâ scribendi formâ mirabilem illis consensum suggessit, qui solus ferè ad fidem illis austruendam sufficeret, si non aliunde major suppleret auctoritas.*”—*Argumentum in Evangelium, sec. Matt., Marc., et Luc., p. vii.*

Ghost. This supposition would serve for the purpose of our argument, as well as any other." They who are so disposed may therefore adhere to the simple and natural alternative, that the authors of the Gospels were acquainted with each other's compositions, "which, with no violence to antecedent probability; with no risk to the infallibility or credibility of the Evangelists; without denying their common inspiration, yet without the interposition of this principle needlessly, or straining it to a degree which is the utmost it can bear; will account for the same effect just as well." * Or, if this may not be,—they may take refuge from the miserable alternative of Mr. Alford, in the more cheering and scriptural alternative of Mr. Greswell.

After all, we are inclined to doubt whether far more labour has not been employed upon the question of the "sources" of the Gospels, and the circumstances under which they came into their present form, than is justified, either by its intrinsic value, or by any bearing which it may be supposed to have on our investigation of the ulterior question of their genuineness and authenticity. We should scarcely have noticed it at so great a length, were it not that Mr. Alford has considered it to be of so much importance as to have constantly referred to it throughout his Commentary, both on the Gospels and the Acts. As a matter of literary curiosity, it is invested with considerable interest. But historical materials are far too scanty to furnish, of themselves, a satisfactory solution; and the real value of any supplemental aid from mere conjecture, in compensation for the historical defect, towards the establishment of any particular theory, is *inversely* in proportion to the amount of that doubtful and very cheap material, "may be," which is required to make it good. The licence of conjecture, also, claimed in its favour, may, to a commensurate extent, be used against it. Moreover, the *internal evidence*, which, in questions of this kind, is of the greatest moment next to the *historical*, has been urged in support of the most widely diverse, and even contradictory, conclusions. The general result, however, of the controversies which have taken place, has not been altogether unsatisfactory. By various *routes*, indeed, but with a harmony which is the more delightful and important, from the contrast which it exhibits to antecedent differences, the disputants, with few exceptions, concur at least in one conclusion,—namely, that the Gospels, as handed down to us,—excepting comparatively few and unimportant textual errors,—are to be received as bearing the unquestionable stamp of apostolical, and therefore of Divine, authority.

Of course, this apostolicity of the Gospels implies the important fact of their having been written under a Divine *inspiration*. And it is this fact which makes them, in connexion with the rest of Holy Scripture, the supreme rule of faith and practice, and

* Greswell's "Dissertations," vol. i., p. 70.

the ultimate standard of appeal on all questions relating either to the one or to the other. In his dealing with this subject, Mr. Alford is far from being satisfactory. That the Gospels are to be regarded as having been, "in some sense," inspired by the Holy Spirit of God, he admits to have been "the concurrent belief of the Christian body in all ages." But the *qualifying clause* with which this introduction of the subject is connected, and some of the *reserves* which are subsequently introduced, in abatement of the theory of plenary inspiration, have awakened in us some anxiety. Not that we question his general orthodoxy on the subject, but that he has given a definition of the term *inspiration*, so crippled and restricted, as to imperil the whole theory, even in that modified form in which he is most anxious to conserve it. That portion of the definition which is *positive* is inevitably tainted by some, at least, of the *negatives* with which, in the form of exceptions, he has thought proper to connect it. He allows that the inspiration in question enabled the Evangelists to "record as said by the Lord *what he truly did say*, and not any words of their own invention;" that the miracles were, under the same gracious assistance, brought back to the minds of the Apostles, on the authority of whose *oral* teaching he supposes the Gospels to have been written; and that herein the Apostles were gifted with a "Divine discrimination," which enabled them to judge of the records of those events of which they had not been eye-witnesses. And, so far, all is well. But these *positive* admissions in favour of the Divine inspiration of the writers of the Gospels generally, are guarded by sundry *negations*,—to the effect, that the Apostles were "not transformed, from being men of individual character and thought and feeling, into mere channels for the transmission of infallible truth;" "that they were not put in possession at once of the Divine counsel with regard to the Church;" "that they had no more direct Divine guidance than that general teaching which, in main and essential points, should insure entire accordance;" "that we are not justified in supposing any immediate revelation of the arrangement to be made, or the chronological notices to be given, or any supernatural information as to distances from place to place, or citations or dates from history; but that in all these matters they were left, in common with others, to the guidance of their natural faculties." Such is the two-fold rule by which, according to the showing of Mr. Alford, the character and extent of Divine inspiration are to be estimated; and, in his judgment, that part of it which is positive, and that which is negative, have an authority and certainty equally unquestionable. But to the *latter* portion of the rule we are inclined to interpose a demur. It wears, indeed, a very innocent and plausible aspect, and is not, perhaps, in *all* respects objectionable; but let its meaning and value be tried by an example, which Mr. Alford himself has cited by way of

proof and illustration. "In the last apology of Stephen," says Mr. Alford, "which he spoke being full of the Holy Ghost, and with Divine influence beaming on his countenance, we have at least *two demonstrable historical mistakes*." Now, what were the facts of the case? The proto-martyr of the Christian Church, as he stood before the Council at Jerusalem, was precisely in the circumstances to which our Lord referred, when He said to His disciples, "They shall deliver you up to councils; and in the synagogues ye shall be beaten: and ye shall be brought before Rulers and Kings for my sake. But when they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate: but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost." In this instance surely, if ever, there was a clear and unquestionable case of plenary inspiration; and it was the Holy Ghost, and not Stephen, that was really responsible for all that was spoken. Does Mr. Alford mean to say, that "He, the Spirit of truth," committed "*two demonstrable historical mistakes*?" His theory of inspiration, taken in connexion with his construction of the narrative, requires us to admit this. But we say, "Let God be true, though every man be found a liar." And we repudiate the theory which would lead us to an opposite conclusion, as being, on scriptural authority, exploded by a practical *reductio ad absurdum*.

Independently of such a demonstration of the untenableness of the latter portion of this rule, Mr. Alford ought to have hesitated, more than he appears to have done, ere he allowed himself to embrace the conclusion, by which he thinks it is supported. The discrepancies which he lays to the account of Stephen, as "*demonstrable mistakes*," are not incapable of being reconciled to the passages with which they seem to be at variance, as has been shown by several commentators. Or, even on the supposition that such reconciliation was impossible, there was some other possible hypothesis on which Stephen himself (to say nothing of the inspiration under which he spoke) might have been held clear of the error and infirmity which have been charged upon him. Besides, let it be remembered, that the conclusion of Mr. Alford, if it might be adopted, would be found to jeopardize the whole system of Christian doctrine; since that doctrine rests, to a great extent, upon the historical facts recorded in the Scriptures; and if Stephen, even when *speaking* under Divine inspiration, fell into "*historical mistakes*," it is equally possible for other persons, writing under similar inspiration, to be guilty of similar mistakes. And thus, the certainty of Scriptural truth might be exchanged for undefinable contingencies, for which it would be utterly unreasonable to challenge an implicit confidence. If Mr. Alford eschew this conclusion, let him give up, or modify, the premises from which it is deducible.

In the *arrangement of the text* of the first volume, comprehending the Gospels, Mr. Alford has proceeded on the following rules :—

“(a.) Wherever the *primary* MSS.* are unanimous in any reading affecting the sense, I have adopted their reading, to the rejection of the commonly received text (*‘textus receptus’*). It sometimes happens, from the frequent *lacunæ* in the primary MSS., that some portions are contained in only two, or even one, of them. In that case, I have not carried out the above principle inflexibly, but have weighed secondary circumstances, such as the concurrence of versions, or Fathers, and later MSS.; and, where I have not altered the received text, have marked it as probably spurious.”

“(β.) Where the primary MSS. are divided, some entertaining the received text, and others a different one, I have retained the received reading, marking it as *‘doubtful.’*—And that the reader may at once perceive what are the primary MSS. authorities, containing any given passage, I have throughout marked them in the inner margin, indicating where the *lacunæ* in the MSS. occur.”

Immediately underneath the text is a copious *digest of various readings*, in which, after the example of Lachmann, are given “the primary authorities on which the *reading adopted in the text rests*, and not merely the authorities containing those readings which differ from it.” Of “the *secondary* authorities† for the existing or adopted text” there is yet no complete digest. “Tischendorf (second edition) has given them in many more cases than had been done before,” and Mr. Alford has “partially supplied them (Luke xviii., *et seq.*) from that source; still, however, in many cases they are unascertained.”

The authorities which he reckons to be primary, are the following Codices, viz., (A), (B), (C), (D), (P), (Q), (T), and (Z) of Griesbach’s enumeration. The authorities accounted to be *secondary*, are all the remaining uncial MSS. in the catalogue of Griesbach; except that, *first*, to Codex (O), which Tischendorf “rejects as being merely the fragment of an *Evangelisterium*,” he adds, under the same letter, the “Codex Mosquensis,” containing fragments of John, brought from Mount Athos, and edited by Matthæi in 1785; and, secondly, on the same authority, and for a similar reason, to Codex (R) of Griesbach, he adds, the “Codex Neapolitanus Rescriptus,” containing, *beneath* more recent ecclesiastical writing, twelve or fourteen leaves of an ancient MS. of the Gospels, probably of the eighth century. He also adds to the authorities accepted from Griesbach’s Catalogue, the following MSS., namely, (V), a MS. in the Library of the Holy Synod of Moscow, containing the Gospels as far as John vii. 39, in uncial letters of the eighth or ninth century,—after that, in cursive characters of

* Under the head of “*primary* MSS.,” or “MSS. of *first* class authority,” Mr. Alford reckons those which were written in the large capital, or uncial, character, before the close of the sixth century.

† MSS. in the uncial character, subsequently to the sixth century.

the thirteenth; (W), a Fragment in the Royal Library of Paris, containing two leaves; (Y), a Fragment in the Barberini Library, containing John (xvi. 3; xix. 41), text Alexandrine, assigned to the eighth or ninth century, edited by Tischendorf; (Γ), a Fragment, forming five leaves of the same Codex as the Codex Cottonianus (I), in the British Museum, of the Gospel of Matthew, once attached to a Latin MS. in the Vatican, edited by Tischendorf; (Δ), the Codex San Gallensis, in the Library at St. Gall, containing the Gospels, with a Latin version, edited by Rettig, at Zurich, in 1836.

These are all the uncial MSS. cited in Mr. Alford's "Digest" as secondary authorities; the two portions of *Codices*, (Θ) and (Δ), found by Tischendorf in the East, (and containing fragments of Matthew, of the seventh and ninth centuries respectively,) not being otherwise mentioned than as belonging to the catalogue of authorities of that class. With respect to authorities inferior to the primary and secondary, Mr. Alford says,—

"Of MSS. written in the small letter or cursive character, four hundred and sixty-nine have been more or less collated, and their readings specified by Scholz. These, in my 'Digest,' I have not enumerated, but have merely given the *number* (of those) which agree in the readings, after the primary and secondary authorities."

"Of MS. *Evangelisteria*, or collections of lessons from the Gospels, Scholz enumerates one hundred and eighty-one; a few in uncial characters, but most of them cursive; none older than the eighth century, and the greater number much later."

The authorities last mentioned are not used in Mr. Alford's "Digest;" but he makes considerable use of early versions, particularly the ancient *Italic* in MSS., the Vulgate, the two Syriac, the Coptic, the Sahidic, the Æthiopic, and the Armenian, and also of the Fathers and other ancient Christian writers.

It should be added that the references, in the external margin of this edition of the Greek Testament, are not those usually printed in other editions. Those are references to the *subject-matter* of the text. But, instead of them, Mr. Alford has drawn up a body of references to verbal and *idiomatical usages*, from the text of the Greek Testament itself, from the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, and from the Apocrypha. This is an innovation on the old practice, but it is in harmony with the object of the work, as being intended to be critically *philological*, as well as theologically *exegetical*.

The reader should be here apprized, that the arrangement of the text of the Gospels, above given, is to be considered as having been "a provisional compromise, for use in this country, between the received text and one which should be based on a thorough critical examination of evidence, both external and internal." In the progress of his work, Mr. Alford was led to the conviction, that such an arrangement was "a great mistake," as proceeding on "too high an estimate of the authority of the

most ancient MSS., and too low an one of the importance of internal evidence," as well as for other reasons, which he specifies.

In the *second* volume, therefore, comprehending the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians, he has constructed the text on what he very properly regards as being "more worthy principles;" and has employed upon it, not merely the testimony of MSS., but also certain critical maxims, which appear to furnish sound criteria of a genuine or spurious reading. With reference to this object, he recognises, in the main, the three great families which Griesbach and others have marked out, but is of opinion that both he and his followers have pressed this classification somewhat arbitrarily, and to an undue degree. And he has reprinted, "for the use of students," Griesbach's "excellent" critical "Rules," with several illustrative and interesting notes, as being those in accordance with which the text of this volume has been arranged. Several improvements, as to marks used in the text, punctuation, and other matters, have also been adopted. The digest of various readings is more copiously given than in the preceding volume, and the *reason* for the adoption or rejection of any various reading is given in every case.

In his *Apparatus Criticus* he has, as in the preceding volume, the advantage of several *uncial* and *cursive* MSS., in addition to those which are included in the catalogues of Griesbach.

It is a circumstance to be regretted, that the text of this new edition of the Greek Testament should not have been constructed throughout on the same rules and principles. For, just in proportion as the rules and principles adopted in the later volume (or volumes) are superior to those which were adopted in the first, that first volume is defective; and, further, the difference in question will be likely to create a confusion, which, in mercy to the poor student, ought, if possible, to have been avoided.

This inconvenience may not, probably, affect future purchasers. For, as we are informed, the first volume is already "out of print;" and the reprint of it, it may be hoped, as well as the *third* volume, which has yet to make its appearance, will be so managed, as that the arrangement of the text, and of everything connected with it, shall be uniform through all the volumes.

Mr. Alford takes occasion to remark that his judgments, as to the "readings most likely to have stood in the original text, are, of course, open to be questioned;" and then consoles himself with the notion, that, at the worst, he will be only one of a multitude of sufferers in the same way, inasmuch as "in many cases the reading will perhaps never be entirely agreed upon." And he is equally wise in his forecasting of objections, and in the philosophical *sang-froid* with which he extracts comfort from the thought that he will not be alone in his trouble! But, supposing the *text* to be satisfactorily settled, still, with

respect to the "Critical and Exegetical Commentary," which forms so large a portion of the work, it may be expected that somewhat different opinions will be entertained, both as to its general correctness and as to its intrinsic value. And by the majority of those for whose use it is especially designed, this portion will be more frequently referred to, and more earnestly studied, than either the "*Prolegomena*," on which its author has expended so much labour, or the practical bearing and uses of the "*Apparatus Criticus*," which, with so formidable an array of thick-set references and authorities, encloses and protects the *letter* of the text. Not that the comment is more important than the text, but that, with reference to the great purposes for which the Scriptures have been given, the true criticism and exegesis of that overwhelming proportion of the text which is generally considered to be sufficiently determined, are certainly of much greater interest and value, than any farther adjustment of comparatively unimportant *various readings*, which the sifting of conflicting authorities is likely to accomplish.

The philological criticisms which are scattered through the commentary, afford much valuable information. But, in several of the *rules* which Mr. Alford has laid down as to the signification of particular words and phrases, we regret to notice indications of a hastiness similar to that which led him to arrange his text, in the first instance, on principles which he subsequently saw it right to modify. For instance, on the words, *τοῦτο δὲ ὅλον γέγονεν, ἵνα πληρωθῇ τὸ ῥηθὲν, κ. τ. λ.*, "All this was done, that what was spoken," &c., "might be fulfilled,"* he says, "It is impossible to interpret *ἵνα* in any other sense than 'in order that.' The words *τοῦτο δ. ὅ. γέγ.*, and the uniform usage of the New Testament, in which *ἵνα* is *never* used except in this sense, forbid any other." Now, in this instance, the sense assigned by Mr. Alford may, perhaps, be granted. But, in such passages as these, "It is better for thee *that* (*ἵνα*) one of thy members should perish,"—"it is expedient for you that (*ἵνα*) I go away;"—some other than his Procrustean meaning must surely be admitted. And in such cases as the following, at least, we may, without offence, take leave to go with Hoogeveen and Glassius,† in understanding *ἵνα* to be therein equivalent to *ὥστε*, (*effectum notans*,) or, *adeo ut*: "These are contrary the one to the other, *so that* (*ἵνα*) ye do not the things that ye would,"‡—"They understood not that saying, and it was hid from them, (*so*) *that* (*ἵνα*) they perceived it not,"§—"Ye were made sorry after a godly manner, *so that* (*ἵνα*) ye received damage by us in nothing,"||—"they repented not of the works of their hands, *that* they should not worship," or, "so as not to worship," (*ἵνα μὴ προσκυνήσωσι*), "devils," &c.¶ The employment of *ἵνα*, in the sense required in these passages,

* Matt. i. 22.

† Hoogeveen, *Doctr. Partic. Græc.*, sub *voc.*—Glassii *Philologia Sacra*, lib. i. tract. 7.

‡ Gal. v. 17.

§ Luke ix. 45.

|| 2 Cor. vii. 9.

¶ Rev. ix. 20.

may be, as it is called by Hoogveen, a "*ravior usus*;" and, on account of the close relationship subsisting between it and the sense demanded by Mr. Alford's rule, a doubt may sometimes arise, which of the two meanings is intended;* but the meaning we contend for cannot be entirely abandoned, without an obvious impropriety, and an opening of the door to Necessitarianism, in one of its worst and most offensive forms.

Again, in his note on Luke i. 4, "That thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed," (*περὶ ὧν κατηχήθης λόγων*), he says, "*λόγων* is not to be rendered 'things;' neither it, nor *ῥῆμα*, nor *דבר*, ever have this meaning, as is commonly, but erroneously, supposed. In all the commonly-cited examples of this, 'things expressed in words' are meant; here, 'the histories,' 'accounts.'"

The theory which he has adopted,—to the effect, that the origin of the Gospels is to be found, to a considerable extent, in "the generally-received oral narrative of the Apostles delivered to the Catechumens of the various Churches,"—very naturally suggested to his mind the rendering which he proposes in this passage; though, in reality, it is but little that he gains by it. The amendment, trifling as it is, may be correct. But it was too much for him, in the face of the numerous and formidable authorities which are against him, to propound thereupon a rule so sweeping and absolute as that which we have quoted. With respect to *דבר* and *λόγος*, to say nothing of *ῥῆμα*, the best lexicographers are agreed in admitting that in several cases "a *matter*," or a "thing,"† or *res de quâ agitur*, is a proper rendering for each of them respectively; or, to use the words of Liddell and Scott, "the *thing referred to*, the *material* and not the *formal* part." And, in proof of the correctness of these various lexicographers, the following examples, in which the English words answering to the words *דבר* and *λόγος*, respectively, are printed in *italics*, may be cited as examples:—

In *Hebrew*:—

"Is any *thing* too hard for thee?"—Gen. xviii. 14.

"What sawest thou, that thou hast done this *thing*?"—Gen. ix. 10.

"Every *thing* that may abide the fire, ye shall make go through the fire."—Num. xxxi. 23.

"My father will do no *thing* great or small;" literally, "will do no great *thing*, or small *thing*."—1 Sam. xx. 2.

"Do not this abominable *thing* that I hate."—Jerem. xlv. 4.

In *Greek*:—

"I also will ask you one *thing*."—Matt xxi. 24.

* Hoogveen gives an instance of this apparent ambiguity, from Aristophanes:—

— "ὁ δὲ μὲν ἐποίησε τυφλόν,

"ἵνα μὴ διαγινώσκωμι τούτων μηδὲνα."—*Plut.* v. 91.

† *Λόγος*.—"Ita orationem seu verba significat interdum, ut etiam ponatur pro re quæ verbis exprimitur."—*Steph. Lexic.*, *anh voc.*

"He began to blaze abroad the *matter*."—Mark i. 45.

"Thou hast neither part nor lot in this *matter*."—Acts xviii. 21.

To these, if Liddell and Scott are correct, as doubtless they are, in saying that "*λόγος* never means a *word* in the grammatical sense," the following example must be added:—

"No one could answer him any *thing*."—(E. V. "a word.")

Examples of a similar use of the word *λόγος* might easily be cited from profane authors; but they might not be considered to be equally available with examples out of the New Testament. They are therefore omitted.

Further, in his note on Matt. ix. 16, Mr. Alford observes,—
 "Not, 'a worse rent takes place;' but, as in E. V., 'the rent becomes worse.'" He then adds,—
 "The usage is, when the whole subject, or the subject and predicate, as here, precede a verb substantive, to omit the article. So, in the interpretation of the Parable of the Tares, in chap. xiii., *ὁ ἀγρὸς ἔστιν ὁ κόσμος*,—*οὗτοί εἰσιν οἱ υἱοί*,—*ὁ ἐχθρὸς ἔστιν ὁ διάβολος* but, *ὁ θερισμὸς συντέλεια τοῦ αἰῶνος ἔστιν, οἱ θερισταὶ ἄγγελοι εἰσιν*." The "usage" assumed is not very clearly stated, there being an ambiguity in the wording of it. The examples, however, which are alleged in proof, are of course designed especially to show that, in the sentence, *χείρον σχίσμα γίνεται*, the *subject*, *σχίσμα*, may (or must) have the definite article prefixed to it in its English translation ("the rent"); and that it is anarthrous in the original, simply because "the subject and predicate precede a verb substantive." But, of the five examples adduced, the forms of the first three prove nothing as to their logical and grammatical structure, but that they are "*simply convertible or reciprocating propositions*;"* and, in the last two examples, if they be not also of the same class, it is the *predicate* (and not the subject) that is without the article; and so they prove nothing to the *point in question*. That the mere placing of the predicate, as well as the subject, before a substantive, does not deprive the subject of the *article*, which would otherwise have been prefixed to it, is seen in such examples as the following:—*ὁ κληρονόμος νῆπιός ἐστιν* (Gal. iv. 1;) *ἡ γλῶσσα μικρὸν μέλος ἐστίν*. (James iii. 5.)

Again, we are of opinion that reasonable exception may be taken against the tone of authority, with which, in reference to the sense of the word *νόμος*, in the Epistle to the Romans, he says:—"Not 'law,' but '*the law*,'—as every where in the Epistle. We may safely say that the Apostle never argues of law *abstract*, in the sense of a *system of precepts*, its attributes, or its effects,—but always of '*THE LAW*,' *concrete*,—*the law of God given by Moses*, when speaking of the Jews: *the law of God*, in as far as written on their consciences, when speaking of

* Propositions "such, that, of either term taken as the Subject, the other may be affirmed as a Predicate. Such propositions, therefore, will have the Article prefixed to both terms alike, neither of them being the *subject* more than the other."—*Middleton's Doctrine of the Greek Article*, chap. iii. § 4.

the Gentiles: and, when speaking of both, *the law of God*, generally." There is ample scope for argument against this very absolute and stringent *dictum*. But to do justice to the subject would carry us beyond the space to which we are restricted. We shall, therefore, only say, that it is a *dictum* too large to be immediately accepted,—in the naked form in which it is presented,—against the judgment of Macknight, Middleton, and others, who, with much force of reasoning, have maintained a different opinion; so that, for the present, we are disposed to hold, with the last-mentioned writer, that *νόμος*, in many passages of the Epistles, has a much wider meaning than that to which Mr. Alford would restrict it: and "that our English version, by having almost constantly said 'the law,' whatever be the meaning of *νόμος* in the original, has made this most difficult Epistle still more obscure."*

In the same way Mr. Alford appears to have been betrayed into some other faults, which, with more caution, would probably have been avoided. The following is an example. Speaking of that part of the Sermon on the Mount, in which there is the recurrence of the words, "It was said by (to) them of old time," &c.,—"but I say unto you,"—he remarks:—"Meyer has well observed that ἐρρήθη τοῖς ἀρχαίοις corresponds to λέγω δὲ ὑμῖν, and the ἐγὼ to the understood subject of ἐρρήθη. He has not, however, apprehended the deeper truth,—which underlies the omission of the subject of ἐρρήθη,—that it was the *same person* who said both." But this "deeper truth," as Mr. Alford supposes it to be, does not appear to harmonize with the *emphasis* which belongs to ἐγὼ; on the contrary, it destroys it altogether. And, further, with respect to what comes afterwards, namely, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you," &c.,—the supposition makes our Lord contrast His own teaching at one time, somewhat strangely, with His teaching at another. This awkwardness might, perhaps, have been avoided, if Mr. Alford had been content with saying, that "the latter part of this maxim was a gloss of the Rabbis." But, unfortunately, he has added what, on his supposition, neither does honour to our Saviour, nor is capable of proof,—that "it is a *true representation of the spirit of the law*, which was enacted for the Jews, as a theocratic people, and would include the *odium humani generis*, with which the Jews were so often charged." To borrow the language of a writer, who was remarkable for his faculty of insight into the "deeper truths which underlie" the letter of the Scriptures,—although "their peculiar circumstances gave to the Jews, in the best times, something of an exclusive character, yet their benevolence was not to be confined to those of their own country merely; nor was the precept, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour,' so understood. There were 'strangers' dwelling

* Middleton's "Doctrine of the Greek Article," note on Rom. ii. 13.

among the Israelites, whom the law of Moses commanded them to love and protect. And, though the more modern Jews contended that, by such 'strangers,' proselytes were meant, it would seem—from the parable of the good Samaritan, which was designed to answer the question, 'Who is my neighbour?'—that the law, in its *original sense*, contemplated every man as a neighbour, so as to compassionate and relieve his distresses, without respect to country or religion."*

Before quitting the *philological* portion of the commentary, a brief allusion may be made to the difficulty which has been experienced, in the attempt to fix the proper rendering of the expression, (Mark xiv. 72,) ἐπιβαλὼν ἑκλαίει, "when he thought thereon, he wept." (E. V.) "No satisfactory meaning," says Mr. Alford, "has yet been given for this word," ἐπιβαλὼν. Even the sense which, to him, appears "the best," he admits to be "not wholly satisfactory." There is still, therefore, some room for examination and conjecture; and where direct authorities are scarce, or altogether wanting, for the settlement of its true meaning, analogical authorities may be resorted to, and may not be altogether useless. On this principle, it being already generally admitted, that one meaning of the word ἐπιβάλλω is, *to give one's self wholly to a thing*,† a query may be suggested, whether, in this case, ἐπιβαλὼν is not used *adverbially*, as other participles are often used;—that is to say, just in the same manner as, in immediate connexion with verbs, we have γελῶν, *laughingly*; λαθῶν, *secretly*; φθάμενος, φθάσας, ἀνύσας, *quickly*; ἔχων, *continually*; φερόμενος, φέρον, (*intrans.*) *impetuously*, or *earnestly*;‡ why may not ἐπιβαλὼν, in this instance, be regarded as expressing, not simply the *cause*, or *manner*, but rather the *degree*, of Peter's mourning, on the sad occasion to which the word refers? This parallel is sufficiently close, surely, to warrant this as a probable conjecture, if nothing better can be had. And we may thus find in the ἐπιβαλὼν (*earnestly, intensely*) of Mark, a close resemblance and equivalent to the πικρῶς (*bitterly*) of Matthew and Luke.

After the freedom we have taken with the philological and other remarks of Mr. Alford, we have the greater pleasure in stating the interest and satisfaction with which we have perused a considerable portion of his Commentary. It is especially gratifying to observe, that, conversant, as the nature of his very arduous undertaking has compelled him to be, with biblical critics of all classes, he yet appears to have contracted no taint from the very questionable philosophy with which he must often have been brought into contact, and that he is not disposed to be "wise above that which is written."

* See the late Rev. Richard Watson's "Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark," &c. &c., in *locum*.

† Liddell and Scott's "Greek Lexicon," *sub voc.*

‡ Jelf's "Greek Grammar," § 698, *e.* *Viger de Idiotismis Græcis*, pp. 204, 272.

On the subject of the Rationalism which has taken such liberties with Holy Scripture, he says,—

"It is important to observe, in these days, how the Lord includes the Old Testament, and all its unfolding of the Divine purposes regarding Himself, in His teaching of the citizens of the kingdom of heaven. I say this, because it is always in contempt and setting aside of the Old Testament that Rationalism has begun. First, its historical truth, then its theocratic dispensation, and the types and prophecies connected with it, are swept away; so that Christ came to fulfil nothing, and becomes only a teacher or a martyr; and thus the way is paved for a similar rejection of the New Testament,—beginning with the narratives and infancy, as theocratic myths, advancing to the denial of His miracles, then attacking the truthfulness of His own sayings, which are grounded on the Old Testament as a revelation from God; and so, finally, leaving us nothing in the Scriptures but—as a German writer of this school has expressed it—'a mythology not so attractive as that of Greece!!' That this is the course which unbelief *has run* in Germany, should be a pregnant warning to the decriers of the Old Testament among ourselves. It should be a maxim for every expositor and every student, that Scripture is a whole, and stands or falls together. That this is now beginning to be deeply felt in Germany, we have cheering testimonies in the later editions of their best commentators, and in the valuable work of Stier on the discourses of our Lord."—*Note on Matt. v. 18.*

In the same strain, speaking on the subject of demoniacal possessions, he says,—

"The Gospel narratives are *distinctly pledged* to the historic truth of these occurrences. Either they are true, or the Gospels are false: for they do not stand in the same or a similar position with the (apparent) discrepancies, so frequent in details, between the Evangelists. But they form part of that general ground-work in which all agree. Nor can it be said that they represent *the opinions of the time*, and use words in accordance with it. This might have been difficult to answer, but that they not only give such expressions as *δαίμονιζόμενος*, *δαίμονισθεῖς*, but relate to us words spoken by the Lord Jesus, in which the personality and presence of the demons is plainly implied. Now, either our Lord spoke these words, or He did not. Then we must at once set aside the concurrent testimony to a plain matter of fact; in other words, establish a principle which will overthrow equally every fact related in the Gospels. If He did, it is wholly at variance with any Christian idea of the perfection of truthfulness in Him who was truth itself, to suppose Him to have used such plain and solemn words repeatedly, before His disciples and the Jews, in encouragement of, and connivance at, a lying superstition. After these remarks, it will be unnecessary to refute that view of demoniacal possession which makes it *identical with mere bodily disease*, as it is included above; but we may observe, that it is every where in the Gospels distinguished from disease, and in such a way as to show that, at all events, the two were not in that day confounded."—*Note on Matt. viii. 32.*

To these extracts might easily be added many others equally indicative of the general soundness, as well as of the earnestness and

power of Mr. Alford as a commentator. But his *doctrinal* statements are sometimes more remarkable for strength than clearness; or, when not faulty in this respect, they fall below what we believe the generality of our readers would hold to be the scriptural standard. And the recurrence, every now and then, of such expressions as "the power of the higher spiritual state of man over the inferior laws of nature," and "deeper meanings," &c., is calculated to suggest—though it may be unjustly—some suspicion as to the meaning of the phrases themselves, or as to the cast of thought and feeling in which they may have had their origin. Nor can we omit to express our regret that, in one instance, at least, he has forgotten the *gravity* appropriate to a Biblical Commentary. We refer to his remark on the "music and dancing," with which the return of the "prodigal" was celebrated, and in reference to which he asks,—whether our Lord's mention of these "festal employments" in connexion with so solemn and blessed an occasion, does not stamp His approval upon them? Admitting that it did,—though the inference by no means follows from the premises,—do the "festal employments" of these times need the *encouragement* which this comment will give them? Or, at all events, might not the challenge,—“Let our rigid pietists answer this,”—have been, in such a work, more properly omitted?*

On the whole, however, we regard the work as a valuable contribution to our stores of English Biblical Literature; and are disposed to believe that, with the corrections and improvements which it will doubtless receive, it will be perpetuated as a standard book.

ART. VIII.—*Autobiographic Sketches*. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Edinburgh, 1853.

It is a fact, capable of the clearest proof, that no object in nature, however trivial or offensive it may be, is deserving of the actual or implied contempt with which we stigmatize it as base, or reject it as worthless. Ignorance on the one hand, and engrossing worldliness on the other, are hourly blinding us to the most valuable truths enshrined in very humble forms, and confirming our habits of indifference towards a world of common wonders. If our eyes were really open, the most common-place of daily objects would assume a romantic novelty, and invite a more intimate research. With a limited class of persons, this is actually the case,—blest as they are with an active intelligence and a scientific curiosity, and these contributing to induce a constant habit of observation. To the natural philosopher there

* See Comment on Luke xv. 25.

is nothing which strictly warrants the popular terms *rubbish* and *waste*; for, although they may be conveniently employed to indicate the refuse of material, apparently exhausted by some natural or human process, he is well-assured that nothing is really divorced from use, or barren of curiosity. An eye practised and familiar in the observation of nature, and accustomed to trace in every object of comparative insignificance or doubtful utility some curious phenomenon of its existence,—whether the links in its origination which associate it with all the world beside, the outward phase or secret condition of its present seeming idleness, or the changes that await it ere its humble but necessary purpose be accomplished,—an eye so practised, that sees relation, and design, and even benefit, in objects which are merely disgusting to the ignorant, can hardly fall upon a spot of earth that is not fruitful in peculiar interest. Intelligently viewed, the very vermin take rank in creation, and even dust is recognised as the detritus of systematic strata. The rock that is so bare and profitless to the uninformed is to such a man an eloquent companion; it tells him the history of its ages, and reveals to him the scars of its experience: and so minutely has the record been preserved for our philosopher, that the gust of wind blown many centuries ago has left itself a witness in the silent rain-drop fallen into a slanted bed. In like manner, while his housekeeper regards with mingled scorn and detestation that most ogre-like of insects, the spider, and thinks her broom dishonoured by such contact, he has not disdained to observe, in that least-regarded corner of the house, another distinct variety of form, an uninstructed but inspired weaver making his matchless web, and a peculiar type of those predatory habits which, in a manner immediate or indirect, cause every class of beings in its turn to become the prey of some other.

There is an interest similar in kind to this, and like this almost infinitely diversified, in the hourly experience of the observer of human life and manners: there is an analogous charm derived from the study of even the lowest type of character, the slight but sufficient links of cause and consequence in the most unimportant chain of incidents, the mingled tissue of trivial and grotesque and serious passages in a career of the most ordinary kind. But what was merely the pleasure of intelligence in the physical survey is heightened by our human sympathy in the moral: the picturesque becomes intensified into the pathetic; and those vicissitudes of fortune which lead out our curiosity to follow another's course are repeatedly suggesting a possible parallel in our own. It is no subject of wonder, then, that man should have a peculiar and absorbing interest in man, where his intellect and sympathies may expatiate together. If the adventures of an atom, whether historically or philosophically considered, are ready to prove full of profit and delight; if the life of an insect is found to touch upon and illustrate a thousand natural truths, and

furnish a distinctive type of animate existence; how much more real must our interest be in the most unpromising of human characters, and the obscurest fragment of human story! The stone recoiling from our careless feet, and the fossil cast up by the miner's shovel, is each a link in the great chain of nature,—is joined inseparably to all that went before and all that is yet to come: you cannot ignore its presence without gross injury to the material logic in which God has embodied and demonstrated his creative wisdom. But in man all this is true by emphasis; and though he should be the vilest, poorest, and idlest of his race, and less missed from the courts of life than the dog which kept faithful watch and ward over a brood of fowls, as man he is joined to a far higher economy, and stamped with a more Divine significance; nor can he fail to illustrate, even in his obscurest wanderings, and in his most humble deeds, the majesty of spiritual laws and the mystery of human life. And, besides these indications of a great ideal, typical of his species, and ever and anon struggling to the surface through the wrecks of some awful foregone calamity, there is in every man a separate individuality of thought and action, each breathing its peculiar moral. No two lives run parallel for an instant of time: no two hearts are synchronous in the pulsations of their hopes and fears. Each is the hero of a separate drama: for him the earth is as really a stage prepared as for the great Protagonist himself: for his individual drama of probation all nature is a store-room of accessories, and all the tribes of men subordinate. And though these several lives do constantly intersect and cross each other, and all traces of feeble men seem perpetually lost in the footmarks of the strong and leaping, yet if we follow carefully the least of these despised, we shall find him to be the central figure of some imaginable moral circle, and the hero of a true dramatic unity.

By these observations we have chosen to introduce the subject of this paper, because we think they plainly illustrate, and largely account for, the deep invariable interest so commonly felt in biographical details, and especially in the more full and accurate revelations of auto-biography. For, be it observed, this interest is, for the most part, independent both of greatness and virtue in the hero of the story, and even of any unusual fortunes affecting his career. It seems to demand only, what may be termed *genuineness* in the narrative, and *directness* in the narrator. Truth, we might have said, was necessary, did we not remember instances in which exaggerations of every kind, and even gross and palpable departures from veracity, were characteristic but not misleading, and therefore rather enhancing the general fidelity of portraiture desired,—just as Falstaff is better known by his preposterous falsehoods, than he could have been by a faithful narrative of the death of Percy. In all these confessions, however, we look for a certain openness and freedom, and even a simplicity of speech; but by this last requirement we are not to be considered as

denouncing those affectations which may have become the second nature of the auto-biographer, and so contribute an important charm, but as insisting only that the writer reveal himself, with real candour, or through some transparent artifice, and that all his cunning and duplicity, though so great as to include self-deception, *shall not deceive us.*

After these considerations, we shall not be surprised to find that the plainest class of these writings are commonly the most interesting; or rather, the interest of them is more strictly of the kind proper to auto-biography. This class consists of memoirs of persons remarkable for neither their gifts, nor attainments, nor even extraordinary fortunes. Not always does the life described present any novel features to the imagination of the reader, nor is it even necessary that either in style or sentiment should the narrative rise above the level of mediocrity. The moral standard of the hero may be contemptible, like that of Vidocq the French thief-taker; or his personal history trivial, like that of Lackington the bookseller: but in the meanest subject of these memoirs, and in the most ordinary scenes depicted from the daily life of man, if there be only that sincerity in the memorialist which engages confidence in the narrative, we shall find attraction and instruction in a high degree. The picture, indeed, may be wanting in the elaboration and spiritual suggestiveness of a true work of art; but it will have the excellence peculiar to a daguerreotype portrait,—a literal and detailed truth to nature. Characters may not appear there in moments of their highest mood, nor even true to their better selves; but their momentary presentment is caught and preserved for ever, and neither the tone of attitude nor the significance of dress is lost.

To reconcile the asserted interests of these lowest specimens of auto-biography with the deficiencies attributed to them as a class, it may be necessary to speak of those deficiencies in qualified terms. While it is true (for example) that romantic or important incidents may be entirely absent from the story, it must be remembered that—as our opening analogy suggests,—the varieties of human circumstances insure, in every case, a real, novel, and peculiar interest; that as no two individual faces are alike, so neither are any two individual characters, and still less any two individual careers. Again: if ability or attainments in any high degree are pronounced unnecessary on the part of such memoir-writer, it is simply meant that he need have none sufficient *of itself* to distinguish him,—no talent to command for himself the public admiration, and no scientific or literary acquirement to furnish his book with a topic of interest extraneous to himself. But ability of some kind he will have: genius itself is, perhaps, more a matter of degree than a rare and exclusive endowment; and the humblest author will ever and anon, in some direction or another, and in a milder or more

brilliant way, give evidence of the "divinity that stirs within him." Besides, there are many sources of interest,—such as, idiosyncrasy, native moral bias, or some moral quality forced into prominence by stress of fortune,—one or other of which must appear in the most ordinary record of human life. And if the acts of men so widely differ, and their circumstantial relations are so complicate and varied, how distinct and multiplied must be their springs of action! How often shaded by infirmity the lustre of their most virtuous deeds! How often their darkest woof of error shot with a relieving brightness!

But is there no such thing as trite or commonplace in these confessions? In the literal transcript of real life, rarely. It is true that the writer's moral or general reflections may, from the feebleness of his reason, be trite in the extreme; and an excess of such reflections over matters of fact will render the narrative both tedious and commonplace. All extra-literal matter, if not put in with artist-like, judicious touches, tends to destroy *vraisemblance*, and cause endless contradictions; for what is that which belongs neither to nature nor to art, but a monstrosity? Instances of this kind of auto-biography are not infrequent; but they are soon forgotten, or never attain notice. It occasionally happens also that a vanity the most contemptible, because totally unredeemed by anything worthy of mark either in character or experience, induces some dullard to make public confession of his incompetence, and seek to break from the hopeless obscurity to which he is appointed; and his self-laudatory work will, of course, be, like himself, most wearisome and weak. But this will never result from the humble nature of the details, nor even from the unskilfulness of the compiler; for these cannot of themselves produce the *morally absurd*. Truth, however desultory, will manifest a beauty of its own; however disconnected, its parts will finally cohere. Fragments of broken glass, when thrown into a kaleidoscope, assume the richest colour and most regular of shapes; and every revolution of the instrument disposes them into a new combination, equal in beauty, though dissimilar in figure. And so the life that is most trifling and disconnected, and as destitute of brilliance or arrangement as pieces of pale and shattered glass, may assume a picturesque variety, proportioned to the number of the aspects under which it is presented. Each of us takes the view of another's chequered fortunes through the tube of distance, whether of space or time,—a medium that for the moment shuts out all observation beside, and narrows our attention where it concentrates the light.

Let the reader, if he would be convinced of the inexhaustible fund of entertainment and remark supplied by human manners and affairs, note down in detail the experiences and observations of his life: and, in particular, let him portray the characteristic features of those to whom he once stood related, or with whom he has been led to associate; and omit no singularity in their

history or position which may formerly have awakened his own curiosity. Perhaps he may not hitherto have supposed his life to have been "fruitful" in anecdote or character: but reflection will instruct him otherwise. Things trivial in themselves will become significant in relation to their consequences; and persons of ordinary stamp may be remembered and set forth by some occasional success or felicitous remark. Did he never cherish a secret regret respecting father, or sister, or cousin, or friend, that one of such peculiar ability, or such perfect but sequestered virtue, should be so little known,—that in his heart and memory only should survive, and so ultimately perish, a picture of excellencies quite unique, when blended in a charming individuality? Among the recollections of his childhood, is he never haunted by some lovely half-ideal image of grace and beauty, companion of his sports? or does no romantic friendship of his boyhood remind him of the time when affection had all the tenderness, and more than all the truth, of passion? Did he never meet with electrifying kindness in an unlikely quarter? or was he never shocked into a momentary misanthropy by ingratitude or failing goodness? Have not his own opinions, tastes, and dispositions been curiously influenced and modified by outward circumstances, as well as inward growth? or the little current of his own fortunes been diverted by some accidental barrier, and had to wear a channel for itself? And were not these events, though roughly thus conjectured by another, attended by such features of novelty and chance-control, that the detailed story would have at once the charm of fiction and the persuasiveness of truth?

Many books occur to us as furnishing illustration of these remarks; but we take—almost at random—*The Auto-biography of a Working Man*, published within the last few years. If not the most recent, neither is it the least suitable for that purpose. Unpretending as is this little work, and consisting of the simplest details of private life and ordinary labour, it justifies the assertion already ventured, that neither talent in the writer, nor interest in the record, will commonly be found wanting in works of this kind; that a distinct individuality may be expected in the hero-author, and both variety and unity in the auto-history. The volume is of goodly dimensions, and contains the fullest particulars of a personal career "*by One who has whistled at the Plough.*" Despite the unpromising nature of its title, we doubt if a more entertaining record of humble life and honourable industry was ever penned. It is characterized by an air of manly sincerity and sterling moral sense, and gives evidence of a native taste for the good and the beautiful, improved by diligent self-culture. From the first page to the last, there is no such thing as wearying; but, on the contrary, the reader is led onward by a quiet but increasing interest, that makes the time lapse by insensibly. There is throughout the volume, and

especially in the earlier chapters, a freshness in the details, a simplicity in the characters, and a modest dignity in the author's manner, that unite to enlist our curiosity and secure our confidence. The materials furnished to the auto-biographer by the circumstances of his birth and after-employments, were poor and unpromising; but our readers shall have some opportunity for judging.

His father, having occasion for migrating southward from his native village, in the centre of Scotland, settled as a farm-labourer in the county of Berwickshire; and there married a blooming young woman, servant in a farm-house, and daughter of John Orkney, a working man. Of these his parents our author was the eleventh and last child. The poverty of this worthy family rendered their very existence a struggle; for low wages and high prices made it a difficult matter to provide for so large a household; and not all the industry of a steady and upright father, nor all the diligence and care of a thrifty, tender mother, could do more than avert the extreme of destitution. Such were the humble circumstances of our author's parentage and birth. But no false shame leads him to speak slightly, or with other than dutiful remembrance and affection, of this period of his childhood and youth. His reminiscences of peasant-life and early trials,—including some months of miserable schooling, in which his unfortunate inferiority of clothes and general poverty brought upon him the injustice and contempt of well-dressed lads and servile pedagogue,—are told with graphic force and in an admirable spirit. Herding his master's cows was the employment of many years of his boyhood; and in his relation of that period of his life occur many anecdotes characteristic of country life and manners, and passages indicative of the growth of his own disposition, moral and intellectual. At school he is unmercifully thrashed "on the hands, head, face, neck, shoulders, back, legs, everywhere," until blistered: but he disdains to wince. "I sat sullen and in torture all the day, my poor sister Mary glancing at me from her book; she not crying, but her heart beating as if it would burst for me. When we got out of the school to go home, and were away from all the other scholars on our own lonely road to Thriepland Hill, she soothed me with kind words, and we cried then, both of us." The character of his father, a rigorous Dissenter of the sect called "Anti-burghers," is not without dignity; nor that of his mother without a homely sweetness: and it is especially gratifying to witness, in the real nobleness of these humble peasants and their children, an interesting proof that no circumstances are in themselves so wretched or so base but goodness may redeem them from contempt, and even invest them with moral beauty. The whole career of this auto-biographer, could we follow it throughout, would furnish a continued illustration of the same truth. Character, working

from within outwards, is the great transformer of mankind, and the source of true individual distinction. The bashful hob-nailed cowherd of this history becomes by accident acquainted with the poetry of Burns, and glows, for the first time, with an intellectual pleasure. He next covets the loan of Anson's Voyages, of which he had heard parts; but only after a fearful struggle with his shamefacedness does he take courage to ask it: then in the fields, at resting-time, he reads about the brave ship *Centurion*, and all that befell her. After a while, a brother in England suggesting that he might join him and become a forester, it seems desirable that Hutton's "Mensuration" should be studied:—

"But where to get Hutton, and how, was the question. I had no money of my own, and my mother at that time had none; the cow had not calved, and there was no butter selling to bring in money. Yet I could not rest: if I could not then buy Hutton, I must see it. One day, in March, I was driving the harrows, it being the time of sowing the spring corn, and I thought so much about becoming a good scholar, and built such castles in the air, that, tired as I was, (and going at the harrows from five in the morning to six at night, on soft loose sand, is one of the most tiring days of work upon a farm,) I took off my shoes, scraped the earth from them, and out of them, washed hands and face, and walked to Dunbar, a distance of six miles, to inquire if Hutton's 'Mensuration' was sold there, and, if possible, to look at it,—to see with my eyes the actual shape and size of the book which was to be the key to my future fortunes. George Miller was in the shop himself, and told me the book was four shillings. That sum of four shillings seemed to me to be the most precious amount of money which ever came out of the Mint: I had it not; nor had I one shilling; but I had seen the book, and had told George Miller not to sell it to any one else; and so I walked over the six miles home, large with the thought that it would be mine at farthest when the cow calved,—perhaps sooner."

The money was raised, the book bought and studied; but instead of becoming a forester in England, our hero (now fifteen years of age) was raised to the dignity of ploughman in his native place, and drove the most lively and sprightly pair of horses on the farm,—to wit, Nannie and Kate. We cannot now follow the subsequent career of this intelligent and independent man; but it is replete with interest and instruction. His cruel punishment when in the regiment of the Scots' Greys, his manly bearing throughout that painful affair, and his disdainful refusal to become a martyr-mendicant for his own profit, are all honourable alike to his morality and good sense; and equally so, the political moderation with which he laboured for reform, the tempered joy with which he hailed it, and the judgment with which he restrained the ardour or condemned the extremes of fiercer Radicals.

If such is the auto-biography of common life, we may proceed with expectation of yet greater pleasure to the auto-biography of

adventure. This latter class of writings, in which the homely personal details of the former appear in connexion with extraordinary incidents and foreign objects, is of a fascinating character, and was shrewdly appreciated by the best of our earlier novelists, Daniel Defoe, who adapted its peculiar features to the purposes of fiction. In this form accordingly we are presented with Robinson Crusoe, Moll Flanders, and other popular worthies. The charm of these and similar creations of art, which lies chiefly in the literal portraiture of minutest details as well as novel objects, is not strictly belonging to art proper; it is dependent upon a faculty which is the humblest that art can exercise,—the faculty of imitation. Their art, therefore, is not of the highest kind, and does not appeal so much to the educated mind as the popular instinct; not to the imagination, but to the senses and the memory. They are painted with Dutch fidelity and care; but there is seldom more than meets the eye: there is no suggestion of the romance of matter, no indication that all nature is typical. For this reason the fictitious narrative has little or no advantage over the true. The pleasure arising from a conscious and clever imitation will hardly compensate for the absence of that vivid interest which always attaches to a relation of real personal adventures. In the picturesque and quiet parts verisimilitude will be charming; but in the more critical incidents of human story, reality would prove enchainning. If the internal truth of the former approve it to be genuine, we have this added satisfaction in the latter,—that we know it to be authentic.

Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire, is the narrative of an isolated but remarkable passage in its author's life, and, at the same time, of the most startling episode in human history. It contains the personal experience and observation of an intelligent pilgrim to California, the Eldorado of the Pacific. If truth ever exceeded the strangeness and romance of fiction, it assuredly does so in these brilliant pages, which will remain to excite the wonder of remote posterity, and be credited only because the marvels they reveal transcend the limits of invention. The book is, beyond comparison, the ablest record of an unparalleled event. It describes the golden crusade of the world,—more picturesque in costume, more diversified in character, more fertile in hopes, more beset with discouragements, and more pregnant with disappointments, than the boldest crusade of the age of chivalry. It is simple, literal, and unexaggerated,—what the author saw with his eyes, and heard with his ears: but it is, nevertheless, grand and astonishing; for he wandered in a region alternated with redundant forests and immeasurable deserts, towards rivers girdled by the golden sands of Pactolus, and mountains teeming with the fruit of Aladdin's garden. In this motley pilgrimage are the representatives of every nation, converging from all quarters of the globe, journeying in every

variety of manner, encountering every conceivable shape of danger, toil, destitution, and disease, many hearts sinking in despair, and many frames exhausted unto death. Yet all are not animated by the ignoble lust of gold. In these innumerable groups may be found a wide diversity of motives: from our author, enamoured of the picturesque in nature, character, and life, to the most covetous of Californian devotees, whose dollars are the silver shrines of the god whom he pronounces great, and who looks out for the painted booths of San Francisco as eagerly as the Jew for the heights of the City of David, or the Hindoo for the glittering minarets of Benares.

It would be difficult to justify, by a single brief quotation, such as our space admits, the character of varied interest ascribed to these volumes; but a single extract may serve to illustrate the author's animated style, and afford a glimpse at least of his adventure. The difficulty consists in choosing. The voyage from New York to Chagres,—the journey across the Isthmus,—Panama and its ruined churches and waiting emigrants,—the glorious coasting on the Pacific shores,—and the bewildering, bustling streets of San Francisco on a first arrival,—these would each supply a page for our purpose. Then our author's journey inland,—the mule-back progress and camp-life restings of his march,—Stockton at noon-day with its glowing street of tents, sprung up, like gigantic mushrooms, almost in a night,—the Diggings,—the return to San Francisco,—the thousand novel features of that strange city,—excursions here and there and back again,—these are a few rough indications of the stores from which we are to select a sample. We give the author's memorandum of the last day of his voyage, and landing in California:—

"At last the voyage is drawing to a close. Fifty-one days have elapsed since leaving New York, in which time we have, in a manner, coasted both sides of the North American Continent, from the parallel of 40° N. to its termination, within a few degrees of the Equator, over seas once ploughed by the keels of Columbus and Balboa, of Grijalva and Sebastian Viscaino. All is excitement on board; the Captain has just taken his noon observations. We are running along the shore, within six or eight miles' distance; the hills are bare and sandy, but loom up finely through the deep blue haze. A brig bound to San Francisco, but fallen off to leeward of the harbour, is making a new tack on our left, to come up again. The coast trends somewhat more to the westward, and a notch or gap is at last visible in its lofty outline.

"An hour later; we are in front of the entrance to San Francisco Bay. The mountains on the northern side are 3,000 feet in height, and come boldly down to the sea. As the view opens through the splendid strait, three or four miles in width, the island rock of Alcatraz appears, gleaming white in the distance. An inward-bound ship follows close on our wake, urged on by wind and tide. There is a small fort perched among the trees on our right, where the strait is narrowest; and a glance at the formation of the hills shows that this pass might

be made impregnable as Gibraltar. The town is still concealed behind the promontory around which the Bay turns to the southward; but between Alcatraz and the Island of Yerba Buena, now coming into sight, I can see vessels at anchor. High through the vapour in front, and thirty miles distant, rises the Peak of Monte Diablo, which overlooks everything between the Sierra Nevada and the ocean. On our left opens the Bight of Sousolito, where the U.S. propeller 'Massachusetts' and several other vessels are at anchor.

"At last we are through the Golden Gate,—fit name for such a magnificent portal to the commerce of the Pacific! Yerba Buena Island is in front; southward and westward opens the renowned harbour, crowded with the shipping of the world, mast behind mast, and vessel behind vessel, the flags of all nations fluttering in the breeze! Around the curving shore of the bay, and upon the sides of three hills which rise steeply from the water, the middle one receding so as to form a bold amphitheatre, the town is planted, and seems scarcely yet to have taken root; for tents, canvas, plank, mud, and adobe houses, are mingled together with the least apparent attempt at order and durability. But I am not yet on shore. The gun of the 'Panama' has just announced our arrival to the people on land. We glide on with the tide, past the U.S. ship 'Ohio,' and opposite the main landing, outside of the forest of masts. A dozen boats are creeping out to us over the water; the signal is given—the anchor drops—our voyage is over."

It may be thought that as these volumes of Mr. Bayard Taylor are written with practised literary skill, and derive moreover such unusual interest from the scene and subject, they cannot fairly be adduced as an average specimen of the auto-biography of adventure. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in these respects the book is superior to most of its class. Yet, on the other hand, what is gained in artistic finish is probably lost in homely character and freshness; and perhaps the motley multitudes whom the author encounters and describes, but barely compensate for the breathless interest of more personal fortunes and solitary peril. On the whole, therefore, our choice was not exceptional or extreme; and we may add that the work was recommended to our curiosity by its extraordinary subject, and to our courteous preference as the work of an American author.

There is a class of writings strictly auto-biographical in character, but not so in regular form. It consists of personal diaries, which, though written only or chiefly for private use, have from time to time been secured for the public edification. These are found to be of interest just in proportion as they contain that unreserved discovery of deed and motive, and that friendly familiarity of style, which are naturally induced when a man becomes his own confidant or confessor, setting gravely down the yet unvanishing trifles of the day, as well as communing in secret pages with himself concerning the more important features of his life and conduct. By far the most entertaining example of this class is the Diary of Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. In this man the qualities

of shrewdness, industry, intelligence, taste, and religious principle, were strangely mingled with, and counteracted by, loose morals, personal vanity, and inveterate trifling,—the whole conspiring to form a character which in the abstract would be deemed incredible but for the concrete expression it assumes in him. The charm of his remarkable *Diary* is not, in any great degree, due to the public characters of whom it treats; though much of a secondary interest attaches to them, as well as to the costume, court, and scenery in general which forms the background of the busy drama. But drama it hardly is, so much as monologue: one figure is perpetually upon the stage: his humours, pedantries, and fancies supply the comic business; his rational remarks, and earnest grave pursuits, and occasional generousities of act and feeling, sustain the human interest. Now he stands lost in admiration before the glass, and is ready to canonize the tailor whose imagination soared to make so trim a doublet; and now his eyes are readily infected with the grief of the poor innkeeper of Tangier, whose wine-casks have been cruelly staved by Kirke,—the same stone-hearted Colonel who at a later day disdained to shed bad wine when he could riot among the best of English blood. Yet the vanity and frivolity of our *Diarist* are more fertile in amusement for the reader than his better sense; and, as a brief specimen of his manner, we could not perhaps select one more characteristic than the following:—

“May 11th, 1667.—My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park and walked,—a most pleasant evening; and so took coach and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, surprised at it, and made me no answer all the way home:—but there we parted; and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

“12th, Lord’s Day.—Up and to my chamber to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we began calmly that upon having money to lace her gown for second morning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight,—which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, began to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of my keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more,—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had hitherto of Pemberton,—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything; but do think never to see this woman,—at least, to have her here any more,—and so all very good friends as ever.”

It will readily be supposed that the memorials left by historical or literary characters, have yet superior features of attraction. Those of the former are generally marked by valuable additions to our knowledge of public events, and the latter mostly excel

in the graces of artistic composition. In the pages of the one we familiarly discourse with remarkable or famous personages, while in those of the literary diarist or man of science we watch with yet intenser pleasure the writer's mental growth, his profound and often painful experiences, and the gradual maturity of his mind and character.

In memoirs and confessions of every class, the French have a distinguished reputation, and our first example of literary auto-biography may be drawn from that pleasant but peculiar school. The *Memoirs of his Youth*, which M. de Lamartine has recently given to the world, are invested with a romantic beauty of sentiment, perhaps never employed with equal success in the delineation of actual life. This little work, indeed, brief and unfinished as it is, appears to us the most admirable production of its author, or the one most accordant with the taste of English readers. It is full of attractions, both for simple and cultivated minds. The vanity so offensively displayed in the *Memoirs of Chateaubriand* is here presented in a modified and milder form: for although the egotism of M. de Lamartine is manifested in a truly national degree, it does not lead him to make lofty comparisons between himself and the world's most memorable men, as the former repeatedly does; it induces him only to colour somewhat too highly the personal merits of his hero, and never to forget how brilliant an *ensemble* is due to France and to himself. In other respects these *Memoirs* differ from those of Chateaubriand. The style is more elaborate, and the story more developed and connected; and if the language is more frequently diffuse than sententious, and the sentiment rather poetical than appropriate, the one is recognised as the spontaneous medium of the other, and the whole is not too glowing for the picture of blended actual and ideal in the auto-biography of a poet's youth. One portraiture contained in those *Memoirs* is of exquisite beauty and distinguished merit: it is that of the author's mother. The excellence of the subject has, in this case, admirably seconded the execution of the artist. The mere fancy of the latter could never have supplied the absence of the former: the purely fictitious heroines of the poet are false and feeble in comparison with this sacred object of memory and love. But if such a character transcended his powers of invention, it harmonized too well with his own high nature and splendid gifts to baffle his depicting powers. Sure we are that no one can read this affectionate tribute on the part of M. de Lamartine to a parent dignified by all that is worthy of esteem, and endeared by qualities that irresistibly inspire love, without reverence and admiration,—a reverence and admiration that are reflected from the object to the author, from the pattern virtue of the mother to the devotion and homage of the son. This filial record is of an elaborate length, as well as beauty: the author dwells with fondness and delight upon remi-

niscences so hallowed, and lingers in the angelic presence, at once familiar and divine. A small portion only of this interesting memorial is all that we can here insert; but it will suffice to show the manner and spirit of the whole. After describing the benevolent visits and almsgiving to which his pious mother devoted a part of every morning, and in which she associated her young children, the author proceeds:—

“When all this bustle of the daily occupations was at last over, when we had dined, when the neighbours, who occasionally came to pay us a visit, had retired, and when the shadows of the mountain, stealing along the little garden, had already wrapped it in the twilight of the closing day, my mother separated herself from us for a short period. She left us either in the little saloon, or in a corner of the garden at some distance from her. She at last took her hour of repose and meditation, apart and alone. This was the moment which she devoted to reflection; when, all her thoughts called home, all the wandering aspirations and feelings of the day turned inwards, she communed with God, who formed her surest solace and support. Young as we were, we knew the private hour which she reserved to herself amidst the busy duties of the day. We moved away instinctively from the alley of the garden where she was wont to walk at this hour, as if we had feared to interrupt or to overhear the mysterious and confidential outpourings of her heart to her Creator. It was a little walk formed of yellow sand, approaching to a red colour, bordered with strawberries, and lined on each side by a row of fruit-trees which rose no higher than her head. A large clump of hazel-trees terminated the walk on one side, and a wall on the other. It was the most deserted and sheltered spot of the garden. It was for this reason she preferred it; for what she saw there was within herself, and not in the horizon which bounded her vision. She walked with a rapid, but measured, step, like one whose thoughts are busily occupied, who marches on to a fixed and certain goal, and whose enthusiasm rises as he proceeds. She had her head usually uncovered, her beautiful black hair half floating in the breeze, her countenance a little graver than during the rest of the day, sometimes slightly bent towards the ground, sometimes raised to heaven, where the gaze seemed to search for the first stars that began to detach themselves from the deep blue of the firmament. Her arms were bare from the elbow downwards, her hands sometimes clasped like those of a person engaged in prayer, sometimes at liberty, and plucking absently a rose or a few violet mallows, whose tall stalks sprang up along the margin of the walk. Sometimes her lips were half parted and motionless, sometimes firmly closed and working with a perceptible movement, like those of one talking through a dream. When she issued from this sanctuary of her soul, and returned to us again, her eyes were moistened, her features even more serene and subdued than usual. The never-ceasing smile which sat upon her graceful lips, wore even a more tender and more loving expression. One would have said that she had thrown off a burden of sadness, or relieved her mind of a weight of adoration, and that she walked more lightly under her duties during the remainder of the day.”

Such in her highest, and similar in her subordinate, relations, was the mother of M. de Lamartine. But the maternal character

was that in which she pre-eminently excelled : it appears, indeed, to have fulfilled in her the measure of perfection. Even duly considering the filial heart and poetic mind of her memorialist, the reader can hardly conceive of her as less than fully exemplifying the virtues of faith and practice, or as failing in any the smallest particular of motherly love and care. He is not surprised, therefore, to find that the childish sensibilities of the future poet, fostered by so pure and tender a concern, were rudely shocked when, at the age of ten years, he left home for the first time, and found himself jostled and disregarded in a public school,—a stranger to the smallest kindness, and a loathing witness of vulgar and depraved habits. From this rude scene he boldly escaped, returning home, and was afterwards placed at a superior seminary under the guardianship of mild and learned Jesuits. Here, however, his great stimulus to success in study was the prospect of again joining the family circle ; and that goal he appears to have attained by absolutely exhausting the learning of his teachers. To his enjoyment of domestic happiness was now added the delightful freedom of opening intellectual youth.

“ Having returned to Milly a short time before the fall of the leaf, I thought I never could enjoy sufficiently the torrent of inward happiness with which a sense of liberty in the abode of my childhood and in the bosom of my family filled my breast. It was the conquest of my age of manhood. My mother had caused a little chamber to be prepared for myself alone : it was situated in an angle of the house, and the window opened into a lovely walk of hazel-trees. It contained only a bed without curtains, a table, and some shelves, fixed against a wall, to contain my books. My father had purchased for me the three articles which serve to complete the virile robe of an adolescent,—a watch, a fowling-piece, and a horse, as if to notify to me that henceforth the hours, the plains, and the realms of space, were my own. I took possession of my independence with a rapture which lasted several months. The day was abandoned wholly to the chase along with my father, to dressing my horse in the stable, or to galloping him, with my hand twined in his mane, through the neighbouring valleys. The evenings were given up to the sweet intercourse of family in the saloon, along with my mother, my father, and some friends of the family, or in reading aloud the works of historians and poets. Among these poets, those whom I admired in preference were not the ancients, whose classic pages we had, when too young, moistened with our tears, and with the sweat of our studies. There exhaled from them, when I opened their pages, a sort of prison odour of weariness and of constraint which made me shut them again, as a delivered captive hates to look again upon his former chains. But they were those which are not inscribed in the catalogue of works of study,—the modern poets, Italian, English, German, French,—poets whose flesh and blood are our own flesh and blood, who feel, who think, who love, who sing, as we feel, as we think, as we sing, as we love, we the men of modern times ; such as Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, Shakespeare, Milton, Chateaubriand,—who sang like them ?—above all, Ossian, that poet of the vague and undefined, that mist of the imagination, that inarticulate plaint of the

Northern Seas, that foam of the waves, that murmur of the shadows, that eddying of the clouds around the tempest-beaten peaks of Scotland, that northern Dante, as grand, as majestic, as supernatural, as the Dante of Florence, and more sensible than he, and who often wrings from his phantoms cries more human and more heart-rending than those of the heroes of Homer."

Afterwards, we have yet further proof of the vivid and lasting impression which the works of Ossian made upon the youthful poet's mind; and we cannot help thinking, that to his inordinate study of the northern bard may be traced the characteristic defects both of the poetry and prose of M. de Lamartine. These defects, as it appears to us, consist in the substitution of the vague for the definite, and a preference for brilliance of colour over distinctness and truth of outline; and are precisely what might be anticipated from the undue influence of the poems of Ossian. It is true, indeed, that a wide difference distinguishes the earlier and later minstrels; but it is the difference of distance, and not of dissimilarity,—the difference betwixt rude antiquity and modern times, and betwixt the bleak and misty north and the warm and golden south. In the one, we have the sombre genii of a frowning clime and an heroic age, floating cloud-wise over scaur and mountain, and filling up the pauses of the storm with an answering gust of sorrow, as the chorus of the Greek drama echoes and heightens the mourner's grief; and in the other, every garden of the sunny south is made to glow like Paradise, and every maiden's walk seems haunted by angelic innocence, and every youth is a divinity, and all verdure is hope, and all sunshine heaven. In the creations of M. de Lamartine there is more variety than in those of Ossian, but hardly more of individuality: persons they are not so much as types, nor substances so much as shadows. They are abstractions of the poetry of life, rather than living and concrete examples. And for this reason, they will always burn upon the ardent imaginations of the young, though they may cease to gratify the experienced intellect in riper years. Even the lovely Graziella, whose image and history adorn these Memoirs with their choicest episode, is hardly an exception to this rule of typical portraiture. A maiden of Greek descent and Italian birth, inheriting the classic beauty of her ancestors, and absorbing the attractive glow and softness of her native clime, we conceive of her as the paragon of youth and beauty;—as the foundling of dame Fortune, cast upon an island rock, adopted by Nature herself, and by her endowed with a plenitude of gifts and graces that transcend the vulgar and conventional ornaments of life. Yet it must be owned that this perfection of charms, and absolute simplicity of manners, make up an enchanting ideal; and that it is after all touchingly human and tenderly feminine. How exquisitely is the transition from girlhood to womanhood indicated on the occasion of her listening, for the first time, to the tale of Paul and Virginia, as it is

brokenly interpreted to the fisherman's family by the lips of the poet!

"The young girl felt her heart, till then dormant, revealed to her, as it were, in the soul of Virginia. She seemed to have grown six years older in that half-hour. The storms of passion had marbled her forehead, the azure white of her eyes, and her cheeks. She resembled a calm and sheltered lake, on which the sunshine, the wind, and the shade were struggling together for the first time."

But we must not be seduced into a repetition of the beautiful story of Graziella, or rather into a poor abridgment of it; for it must cease to charm, if touched by ruder hands than those of its first framer, and made less or other than it is.

Two English contemporaries of Chateaubriand and Lamartine had also planned a retrospect of their illustrious lives; but the auto-biographies commenced by Scott and Southey were early interrupted by long delays, and finally broken off by death. We have only a fragment of each, written with a taste and judgment that make us deeply regret the loss of that which is unwritten, and of which we seem to have been so accidentally deprived. In their completed state, they would have been models of auto-biography, uniting the simplicity and fidelity of the humblest works of the class to all that is morally and intellectually noble, to the manly modesty of true greatness, and the perfection of true taste. Both these eminent authors were masters of a pure English style; and, if Scott had an advantage in the humour of character and anecdote, the moral tone and admirable expression of Southey imparted a beautiful clearness to the reminiscences of his youth. The one, from the objective tendency of his mind, enriched his personal history with sketches of contemporary persons and external things; the other, writing more subjectively, though still with an observing eye and a healthy mind, clothed his narrative of every association or transaction with an elevation of sentiment and a felicity of language peculiar to himself. Sir Walter Scott has found, in his son-in-law, an able continuator, worthy of that office: the narrative of Lockhart is, indeed, as excellent a substitute for the Poet's auto-biography as the case would admit of. But Southey, we conceive, has been less fortunate in this respect: the *Memoirs of his Life and Correspondence*, as prepared by his son, are so inferior in interest and merit, as greatly to deepen our regret at the incompleteness of the self-history which forms its commencement, and which, in a more finished state,—supplemented by a selection of the author's best letters,—would have furnished the present age, and future times, with an admirable example of literary history. Under the circumstances of this double deprivation, it remains for us to make some passing reference to a work less exalted, both in merit and pretension, but not without an interest of its own; and then to conclude this brief summary, by a notice of the volume placed at its head, like a suggestive, but solitary, text.

An announcement of the *Autobiography of Leigh Hunt* was full of promise to the lover of modern literature. There is no man of the present age to whom the profession of letters, adopted (if we may so express ourselves) by irresistible choice, has proved a more constant service of delight than to him,—a service to which, though with variety of fortune but constancy of love, he has now adhered through half a century,—and none to whose excursive genius and companionable teaching the general reader is indebted for so large a measure of intellectual pastime. In musical phrase, he has always written *con spirito*. It may, indeed, have often happened to him, as to more fortunate authors, that to buckle to his task and bend to the desk, despite the alluring sunshine and inviting flowers, involved at first a little hardship and self-denial; but, once there, he grew happy and contented. To descant of freedom in the meadows, or nature among the mountains, seemed the next best thing to a personal enjoyment of the same. Seated in his quiet study, he became the literary correspondent of the reading world; took down a volume of this poet, or of that essayist, and, diving into the treasury of his own memory and fancy, rehearsed the one with a commentary of dainty thoughts, and supplemented the other with the fruits of his own experience. He has not, indeed, laid claim to the honours of conquest over any branch of science, or by a single production* approved his right to be esteemed one of the masters of poetic art; but his tasteful and congenial exposition of the latter will more than excuse his æsthetic aversion to the cold *theoria* of the former. If he is not entitled to a Professorship in the one department, he has been long received as a Master of the Revels in the other. All that wit, humour, imagination, or fancy have provided for human pleasure in chaste but exuberant forms, have been ushered by his wand of enchantment in a thousand different masks, appearing now in single, and now in associated, beauty, and lovely alike in every combination and attitude.

Leigh Hunt has not produced an agreeable history of himself. He is generally far more happy when speaking of books, or birds, or neighbours, or companions of any kind. His *Autobiography* appeared in three volumes, but attracted little notice and less commendation. The style is often careless and faulty in the extreme; and the more purely literary portion is not only inferior in ability to his former essays, but is in great part destitute of novelty to the modern reader. Thus second-

* We have not forgotten the graceful and pathetic *Legend of Florence*, especially distinguished by the nervous and novel rhythm of its verse, the sweetness of its domestic sentiment, and its general purity and freshness. But we are not quite satisfied, that its moral is as unexceptionable as its style; and, even granting it to be a noble specimen of dramatic art, it would hardly be sufficient of itself to secure a high position for its author. On the whole, we look upon the two large volumes which form *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, as the field where his genius has expatiated to most advantage: it is that also from which he has lately garnered some of his most pleasant lucubrations.

rate in its material, and unconnected as a whole, it stands in need of some friendly indulgence; but this we are not inclined to withhold. Too evidently it was made to order; it is a pardonable instance of book-making. We can easily conceive the reluctance with which the task was undertaken, the distaste with which it was prosecuted day by day, and the dissatisfaction with which it was probably dismissed out of hand. Hence the feebleness of a twice-told tale, the looseness of style, and the defectiveness of plan. Had it been entirely a labour of love, it would not have lacked proportion, unity, and finish. But other reasons, no doubt, contributed to these defects; for these in some measure reflect those of the author himself,—whose principles and character are not so amiable as we could wish to find them.

But if our hero proves no hero after all, like every other autobiographer he had at least a home, which may furnish us some compensating glimpses. It is commonly said, that the mothers of great men are themselves remarkable; but did you never suspect, dear reader, that this is but a very partial truth; that men of very middling, ay, and those of very little, powers, are frequently as favoured in this respect as the noblest and the brightest? We cannot open the confessions of the merest scamp, without being surprised with a lovely picture of maternal excellence, beaming on the earliest page, nursing some puling infant destined never to reward such love; taking her highest pleasure from the faint dawning smile or childish prattle, and her first anxiety from the innocent and heedless confidence of youth, and never ceasing to be a mother when her boy has long renounced the name and character of child. If it be true, in any peculiar and especial sense, that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," can we doubt who is the angel of our cradle, as well as the guardian genius of our life?

It is for the sake of such a character that we give a sketch of the early history of Leigh Hunt. He was born at the village of Southgate, in Middlesex, on the 19th of October, 1784. His parents had not long been settled in this country, whither the royalist tendencies of the father—who was a native of Barbadoes, resident in Philadelphia—had caused him to be driven at the commencement of the American Revolution. This father appears to have been not less singular in his character than in his fortunes; indeed, the chequered nature of the latter plainly resulted, in no small degree, from the eccentricity of the former. Gifted in some respects in a remarkable manner, the want of a serious purpose, as well as of a high religious principle, caused these gifts to be thrown away upon him: unstable as water, he could not excel. By change of country, he was suddenly metamorphosed from a lawyer into a divine.

"My mother was to follow my father as soon as possible, which she was not able to do for many months. The last time she had seen

him, he was a lawyer and a partisan, going out to meet an infuriated populace. On her arrival in England, she beheld him in a pulpit, a Clergyman, preaching tranquillity. When my father came over, he found it impossible to continue his profession as a lawyer. Some actors who heard him read advised him to go on the stage; but he was too proud for that, and went into the Church."

He became a popular Preacher of charity sermons, and particularly excelled in the reading-desk. But it is admitted by his son that he made a great mistake in adopting the clerical profession. He remained in a false position for life. Subsequently he became tutor to the nephew of the Duke of Chandos, Mr. Leigh, and had some chance of promotion to a bishopric; "but his West Indian temperament spoiled all." Later still he fell first into debt and then into prison, from which place his son's earliest recollection of him dates. He became Unitarian and Universalist, and died in the year 1809, aged fifty-seven. The mother of Leigh Hunt was of a superior character, although the complexion of her life and sentiments was, from true womanly sympathy, materially coloured by those of her husband. She was a native of Philadelphia; and of her relatives in that city we are told some pleasing particulars. She was, at the time of her marriage, "a brunette with fine eyes, a tall, lady-like person, and hair blacker than is seen of English growth..... My mother had no accomplishments but the two best of all,—a love of nature, and a love of books. Dr. Franklin offered to teach her the guitar; but she was too bashful to become his pupil. She regretted this afterwards, partly, no doubt, for having missed so illustrious a master. Her first child, who died, was named after him." This lady, after embarking to join her husband in England, encountered a violent and protracted storm, in which she is represented as behaving with singular courage, animating her young children, and exciting the warmest admiration of the Captain. Her son, who fondly memorializes her goodness, appears to have been the youngest of her large family, and was born some years after her arrival in England. He has no recollection therefore of his mother's earliest aspect. The critical danger of her husband, on the occasion of his flight from America, had caused her extreme fright, and sensibly shaken her constitution.

"The sight of two men fighting in the streets would drive her in tears down another road; and I remember, when we lived near the Park, she would take me a long circuit out of the way, rather than hazard the spectacle of the soldiers. Little did she think of the timidity with which she was then inoculating me, and what difficulties I should have, when I went to school, to sustain all those fine theories, and that unbending resistance to oppression, which she inculcated. However, perhaps it turned out ultimately for the best. One must feel more than usual for the sore places of humanity, even to fight

properly in their behalf. Never shall I forget her face as it used to appear to me coming up the cloisters, with that weary hang of the head on one side, and that melancholy smile."

There is more about this excellent woman which we should like to quote. We must content ourselves, however, with one trait more. She adopted not only the religious, but the republican, creed of her husband, and, in maintaining the latter, was apt to be rather intolerant. Poor lady! not only can we forgive—we must even admire—a vehemence springing from the force of strongest feminine affections. Her zeal may not, indeed, have been according to knowledge; but, better still, it was according to love. To regard the unfortunate partner of her life with passionate esteem, was a necessity of her nature, the condition of her life. The assertion of his characteristic opinions was therefore become with her a sort of self-defence, and the more so as he seemed to fail in them before the world. To this subject she would bring all the instinctive skill and tender fierceness of a woman; for it was the apology of her own devotion, and that which alone redeemed her married life from self-contempt.

The most recent auto-biography is that of Thomas de Quincey, known to those well conversant with current English literature as a writer of subtle genius and great learning, and to the general world of readers as the author of that eloquent little book, "*The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*." An inquiry into the literary merits of Mr. De Quincey is foreign to the purpose, and would far exceed the limits, of this brief and desultory paper. For the present, therefore, we confine ourselves to the "*Auto-biographic Sketches*," which form the initial volume of the new edition of his writings; but we hope, before the promised series is complete, to invite our readers to a consideration of their merits, by a due estimate of their variety of topic and peculiarity of treatment.

Returning, then, to our immediate subject. This is, emphatically, the auto-biography of digressions. To those who are familiar with the author's writings, this circumstance will bring no surprise. It is characteristic of his fruitful and discursive mind, and is that to which both the charm and imperfection of his style are mainly due. All Mr. De Quincey's works are distinguished—not to say, disfigured—by the very large proportion of episodic matter. Not content with indulging in a copious and ramifying text, this also, in its turn, is loaded and enriched by numerous illustrative notes, often of great value, which hang loosely on the body of the work, like the scalps in an Indian's wampum-belt. They are the trophies of his vigorous and triumphant genius, gathered from every field of learning. They often encumber the free exercise of his artistic talents, so that few of his productions have any claim to the beauty of form and

highest symmetry : but the reader cannot wish them away ; for that would be so much loss, while their presence is a welcome superfluity of good. They are a kind of riches that our judgment might have forbidden us to desire, but which our avarice will not suffer us to refuse. They are an unexpected, and even a bewildering, addition to the author's theme ; but our greed of knowledge overcomes the strict simplicity of taste, and we take them by the way, like mouthfuls of a choice collateral salad.

But these endless deviations of Mr. De Quincey are still less to be regretted in reference to the volume of his memoirs. The byways of a country are always more delightful than the main-road ; and in a memorial retrospect we may be profitably led to visit those without wholly losing sight of this. The opening chapter is devoted to the author's remembrances of childhood, and especially of a young and gifted sister. There is something marvellous in Mr. De Quincey's memory of that early period, as well as in his eloquent descriptions of its affections and its griefs, of its pure and passive happiness, of the unconscious awe which invests the feeble mind of infancy when standing, for the first time, in the mysterious company of Death. But the reader of the "Confessions" is familiar with this peculiar power of our author, and we prefer to quote an instance of domestic portraiture :—

"This eldest brother of mine was, in all respects, a remarkable boy. Haughty he was, aspiring, immeasurably active ; fertile in resources as Robinson Crusoe ; but also full of quarrel as it is possible to imagine ; and, in default of any other opponent, he would have fastened a quarrel upon his own shadow for presuming to run before him when going westwards in the morning, whereas, in all reason, a shadow, like a dutiful child, ought to keep deferentially in the rear of that majestic substance which is the author of its existence. Books he detested, one and all, excepting only such as he happened to write himself. And these were not a few. On all subjects known to man, from the 'Thirty-nine Articles' of our English Church, down to pyrotechnics, legerdemain, magic, both black and white, thaumaturgy, and necromancy, he favoured the world (which world was the nursery where I lived among my sisters) with his select opinions. On this last subject especially—of necromancy—he was very great ; witness his profound work, though but a fragment, and, unfortunately, long since departed to the bosom of Cinderella, entitled, 'How to Raise a Ghost ; and when you've Got him Down, How to Keep him Down.' To which work, he assured us, that some most learned and enormous man, whose name was a foot and a half long, had promised him an appendix, which appendix treated of the Red Sea and Solomon's signet-ring, with forms of *Mittimus* for ghosts that might be refractory, and, probably, a Riot-Act for any *émeute* amongst ghosts inclined to raise barricades ; since he often thrilled our young hearts by supposing the case, (not at all unlikely, he affirmed,) that a federation, a solemn league and conspiracy, might take place among the infinite generation of ghosts against the single generation of men, at one time composing the garrison of earth. The Roman phrase for expressing that a man had died, *viz.*,

'*Abiit ad plures*,' ('He has gone over to the majority,') my brother explained to us; and we easily comprehended that any one generation of the living human race, even if combined, and acting in concert, must be in a frightful minority by comparison with all the incalculable generations that had trod this earth before."

From this point the author goes off into one of his digressions of speculation; but our space forbids us to admit the whole of this characteristic passage. We should have liked to tell the reader more of this enterprising boy, and to have enriched our page with a companion-picture,—that of a younger brother, familiarly called "Pink," strangely endowed with a feminine sensibility and beauty, in connexion with heroic strength and courage. But we must forbear. So far as Mr. de Quincey has yet proceeded, there is no want of interest in his reminiscences; but his style is more faulty than we had expected to find, and the arrangement of his story is hardly agreeable to his acknowledged skill and practice in composition. One cause of this defect is due, no doubt, to the fact that some of the sketches that make up this volume were written many years ago, and at different times, and are only made intelligible in their present form by repeated reference to the circumstances of their first appearance. Of the growth of the author's mind, under literary influences, we have no account; and, on the whole, we shall form a better opinion of this work from a first impression than in a critical and studied estimate.

In this hasty sketch of one interesting branch of literature, of course there is much omitted that individual readers might expect to find. Many standard examples of auto-biography have been necessarily passed by; with many lighter, but not less curious, memoirs,—such as those of that quaint and plausible impostor, William Lilly, and that pleasant and conceited gossip, Colley Cibber. The one assures us what it is to lie like an almanack-maker; and the other calls back the faded beauties of the stage, and re-animates their patched and painted smiles. Cellini, too, the brawling citizen and cunning artist; and Pellico, whose gentle nature resisted the worst power of tyranny,—its hardening and corrupting influence; and Lucy Hutchinson, from whose example we may learn, that man can rise to no altitude of virtue which is beyond the sympathy and fellowship of woman:—these characters have not been chosen to adorn our page, and are summoned only at the close, by the simple magic of a name, to excuse an omission which the reader's memory so well supplies. We have found no adequate space even for a due consideration of the last and ablest of our English Diarists,—so remarkable for his boundless energy, his sanguine spirit, his fluctuating fortunes, and his resilient hopes; and so unfortunate in wanting the sustained moral temper requisite for all great achievements, in art as well as in affairs. From this example we might have

enforced the greatest lesson which the career of genius has supplied to this or any age. But the painful history of R. B. Haydon, which was briefly glanced at in our last number, has been since more largely dwelt upon by many of our contemporaries; and those who have already taken it to heart are not likely to have lost so soon the sad impression.

- ART. IX.—1. *Correspondence relative to the recent Discovery of Gold in Australia.* Presented to Parliament, Feb. 3rd, 1852.
2. *Papers relative to Emigration to the Australian Colonies.* Presented to Parliament, April 30th, 1852.
3. *Further Papers relative to the recent Discovery of Gold.* Presented to Parliament, June 14th, 1852.
4. *Further Papers relative to the Alterations in the Constitution of the Australian Colonies.* Presented to Parliament, July 1st, 1852.
5. *Further Papers on the Discovery of Gold.* Presented to Parliament, Feb. 28th, 1853.
6. *Further Papers relative to the Alterations in the Constitutions of the Australian Colonies.* Presented to Parliament, March 14th, 1853.
7. *Papers relative to Emigration to the Australian Colonies.* Presented to Parliament, April 8th, 1853.
8. *Papers relating to Crown Lands in the Australian Colonies. Part I. New South Wales and Victoria.* Presented to Parliament, May 6th, 1853.
9. *Papers relative to Crown Lands in Australia. Part II. South and Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land.* Presented to Parliament, August 16th, 1853.

SHORT as is the time since Thomas Campbell ceased to sing among us, it is not without an effort that we now enter into the feeling under which he made the "Departure of Emigrants for Australia" the subject of a finished poem. To us, that spectacle is ordinary, business-like, and promising; to him, the emigrants seemed exiles, with hunger behind them, and hope before, painfully exchanging a country which offered to their desires every thing but bread, for one which had nothing but bread to offer; whose harvests no neighbour's sickle would help to reap, and no forefather's homestead would enclose; which lay beyond the waves of the Bay of Biscay, and the roaring gales of the Cape, as far from the scene of all the wanderer's loves as it was possible for him to be driven, while still on the bosom of the world that bore him; which had heretofore been known, not as a real human home, but rather as a spot beyond the world, whereon the most forlorn tribes of barbarism, and the most corrupt offcasts of civilization, had met, each appalled at the other's

degradation;—an unaccountable and outside country, which the science of Blumenbach had inclined to set down as no proper part of our earthly creation, but as some comet that had strayed and fallen into the South Sea, which even the wisdom of our legislators had selected as an end for the bad, standing, in point of terror, next door to the gallows. The poet's prompt eye saw broken ties hanging around each emigrant's bosom, like chords round a shattered harp; his ear heard them, as tossed continually by gusts of feeling, give out mournful notes; and he sang of—

“Shores so far apart
From England's home, that e'en the home-sick heart
Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recross'd,
How large a space of fleeting life is lost.”

Little did he think that before he had been seven years in his grave, that far country would become the land of promise to tens of thousands in England, who had never been pressed by either hardship or suspicion; would attract youth of all ranks from our fairest valleys and our proudest towns; would be talked of, in almost every family in England, as the honourable home of some brother, cousin, or kinsman;—that the Exchange of Liverpool would ring with huzzas, welcoming a mariner who, without help from steam, had, in less than twelve months, made two voyages thither and back; and that, with that aid, another ship would go and come, each time, in four-and-sixty days. Yet, with that foresight which lies so near to high imagination, and is the birthright only of men of genius,—we do not mean the ordinary forecast, whereby common minds safely guess and provide for the ordinary future, by just remembering the past, but a high intuition and instinct of the future, in untried positions, where such forecast has neither an existence nor a calling,—by this, Campbell saw far more in the forest-fields of Australia than common eyes, and apostrophized that wild land, in words which now we can hardly read without wonder:—

“As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations, in thy wide horizon's span,
Shall teem in tracks untrodden yet by man!
What spacious cities, with their spires, shall gleam,
Where now the panther leaps a lonely stream;
And all but brute, or reptile, life is dumb!
Land of the free! thy kingdom is to come!

* * * * *

Untrack'd in deserts lies the marble mine,—
Undug the ore that 'midst thy roofs shall shine;
Unborn the hands—but born they are to be,
Fair Australasia!—that shall give to thee
Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high,
So vast in space, so just in symmetry!”

It is one of the wonders of history, that, from the creation, a great continent has existed almost unpeopled, though containing more treasure than all the searches for gold, set on foot by the covetousness of man, have brought to light in any other part of the globe; a continent blessed with the variety of temperate and tropical climate, apt to nurse a great population; and lying within reach of the two most populous countries of the world,—of China, long over-crowded,—of India, whose shores teemed with poor. Just men enough reach it to increase the marvel, by showing that its forests had been found, though its riches were kept under a veil. Had things taken their natural course, China would have overflowed into it, and so would India, and at this day it would have been replenished with a hundred millions or more of Budhists and Brahmins. By an unnatural law against emigration, China holds in her swarms;—by an unnatural prejudice against the sea, India seals up her castes;—and the consequence is, that, through the long lapse of ages, that south continent lies awaiting its inhabitants, till, in the fulness of time, a people are brought from the most distant part of the earth's surface, with a light in their hands, which the nearer and more numerous nations of Asia had not received; and with a physical frame nursed under hardy skies, to which the Asiatic continent would be unfriendly, but which flourishes anew in the genial suns of Australia.

Time is given for this people to take such a hold of the country that nothing can sweep them off: then is lifted up a veil which had, since the Creation, hidden from man's eyes the rarest treasure they ever gazed on; and Australia draws towards her torrents of population. More swiftly than ever nation rose before, will this new nation rise,—numerous, powerful, and free,—offering to the wretched tribes of the isles which throng the Southern and Eastern Seas, an example of what, under the elevating influence of a true religion, an island race may become, and extending to the great continent of Asia powerful influences in favour of Christianity.

The feeling with which we are inspired, on looking at the progress of the British race in one short century, is something akin to awe. In 1753 less than three millions of our kindred were beyond our own isles, and they holding only what now forms the eastern seaboard of the United States. Their spread, and the conquest of Canada, have made all North America an outfield for the increase of England. The whole continent of India has become a political appendage of the same race. Much of South Africa, and the whole of Australia, has followed. This sudden accession of three magnificent continents, and a large section of a fourth, to one race of men, with provisions for permanency such as no former age of the world could give, is such an event as must be viewed with much feeling by every man who reflects, and as ought to move the heart of every Briton

to pray that we may prove worthy of the grand theatres opened by Providence for our action.

Nor is the reaction of Australia on the history of Europe likely to be without the highest importance. At the time the news of the gold discovery reached us, all the world was basking in the rays of genial amity, under the dome of the Crystal Palace. But as things were then running, only one powerful European nation had great gold resources,—Russia, which, annually drawing millions from her mines, would thereby have been gradually fortifying her one weak point, and preparing herself for European ascendancy. Australia, however, brings to light a store of gold, compared with which hers is insignificant; and that is poured into the lap of England, giving new vigour to every branch of her industry, new elasticity to every source of her revenue, and an incomparable stimulus to the energy of her people,—a stimulus which carries hope to the bosom of the lowliest, and sets prizes in view which move even the idle to be up, and quit themselves like men. Perhaps this last is the most important contribution to our strength of all. The hardy spirit which war has too often been the only instrument for breathing into a population, and which can never be lost without danger to national independence, will be well served by the discipline which thousands upon thousands of England's youth will cheerfully take on ship-board, in the bush, and at the mines; while the letters of these men, and their frequent return, full of colonial energy, will constantly act upon those who stay at home, and call out that strong English ambition, which, though well pleased and proud at the spirit of our children, is not content to be outdone by them. Thus, while the old country ministers to the comforts of the new, the new will minister to the vigour of the old; an effect which we have already seen in the case of America, if we specify nothing but the one cardinal article of ship-building; for all can see to how great an extent we owe the splendid vessels, such as the "Francis Henty" and the "Marco Paolo," which now astonish us with their swift tidings from distant shores, to the resolution of our craftsmen "not to be beaten by the Yankees." Another item of political strength for England, discernible in the rise of Australia, is this, that should Providence only grant our statesmen wisdom to make the connexion with England, instead of a restraint, an impediment, and a humiliation to the new country, a pride, a facility, and a defence,—as is the connexion of each new American State with the parent Union,—then the wealth and power of our countrymen in the far South-east will give an additional consolidation to our Indian and African possessions; the Cape, India, Australia, and New Zealand, being each a depôt of British power re-acting upon the other, gradually acquiring common interests, and contributing, in case of need, mutual aid and defence. Geographically, the route by India is the shortest mail-route to Australia, as was shown by Mr. Nicholay

at the late meeting of the British Association; and had our Government been as much alive to the consolidation of the Empire as its interests demand, and as ready to see into the future as the indications were plain, they would ere now have bound the Australian mails to the Indian route, by a line of packets from Ceylon, so appointed and sped that no rivals could gain the superior regards of the colonists, whose own habits—habits whereon all their success depends—teach them, above all things, to despise laggards, or, in their own phrase, “crawlers.”

Eighty-three years ago,* the shores of a lonely island on the extreme north of Australia rang with a volley of musketry. This strange sound, never heard there before from the Creation, was instantly followed by the roar of cannon; and then from the main-shrouds of war-ships rose a loud cheer in the voice of British tars. A second and a third time, the volley, the cannon, the huzza, successively broke the silence of that ancient solitude. The leading figure in the group ashore was that of James Cook, who, fresh from his Polynesian and New Zealand discoveries, had skirted the eastern shore of “the great south land,” so long the unknown and half-known wonder of mariners, and had just from the top of a lofty hill obtained evidence that he had found a passage into the Indian Seas. Now about to bid the land farewell, he had gathered his men to make a solemnity of claiming the lordship of these new-found coasts for his far-off native island in the north. The firing and the cheers had immediately followed the utterance of these words:—

“As I am about to quit the eastern coast of New Holland, which I have coasted from lat. 38° to this place, and which, I am confident, no European has ever seen before, I once more hoist English colours; and, though I have already taken possession of several parts, I now take possession of the whole of the eastern coast, by the name of New South Wales, (from its great similarity to that part of the principality,) in the right of my Sovereign, George the Third, King of Great Britain.”

It would have been easy for a light spirit to laugh at our flag waving in sovereignty over no one, where, perhaps, a Briton would never come; and even the lips of the patriot discoverer could not prophesy for what immense results Providence had guided him thither, and led him to set up that right-protecting flag.

We are not the authors, but the heirs, of Australian discovery. Here, as in America, the Spaniards were first; and many a Dutch mariner had touched on its wild coasts, and borne back disheartening tales, before ever an English prow ruffled its waters. The islands which had rewarded the toil of Columbus glowed with tropical beauty, and his continent yielded gold. If the dark mountains and terrible gales of the African Cape had little

* August 21st, 1770.

charm for the Portuguese discoverers, India, to which it led, was the very Paradise of merchants; and the islands of the East teemed with every valuable and every rarity. It was, therefore, no wonder that the discoverers looked coldly upon a shore which, at first sight, offered none of these charms, and which, beside, lay so fearfully far away. The Spaniards seem never to have looked after their discovery; and though the Dutch came so often as to explore nearly the whole of the north and western coast, they saw nothing to tempt them. Carstens reports to his masters, the Dutch East India Company, "Every where shallow water and barren coasts, islands altogether thinly peopled by divers cruel, poor, and brutal natives, and of very little use to the Company." Van Diemen's Land got even a worse name; for, not content with saying, "There are few vegetables, and the people use no houses," some of the mariners, who evidently felt as if they had been guilty of trespassing beyond the bounds of man's proper world, reported it to be "the howling abode of evil spirits." Perhaps, indeed, this may have been a prophetic allegory, signifying what an English statesman, in days to come, would think he ought to make it.

Eighteen years after Cook's artillery had shaken the Australian shore, it again echoed to the sound of English arms; and this time not as a ceremonial of farewell, but of occupation,—an occupation begun under circumstances the most cheerless, yet destined not only to be permanent, but fruitful of grand events. So long as the fire of patriotism exists in America, the landing of the first desolate but glorious band on the bare rocks of New England will be a scene of which the poverty and the virtue will equally form proud objects of remembrance. No such memories will hallow the first page of Australian history. But if on the shores of the West we see how glorious a result Providence could draw from the exile of England's worth, on the shores of the South we are presented with a still more rapid greatness, reared up by the same mysterious Disposer, from the transport of England's crime. How many schemes, calculated by man's foresight to found great countries, have perished in the trial, or are languishing in obscurity, while these two movements, wherein no greatness was sought, but only in one case an asylum for conscience, and in the other a confinement for guilt, are now commemorated as the origin of nations, whose present glory but stimulates imagination to picture what they may hereafter be!

In May, 1837, eleven vessels, headed by a frigate, sailed from the shores of England for Botany Bay. It was a melancholy fleet, laden with the refuse of many jails. Eight hundred and fifty criminals, of whom six hundred were males, were for ever leaving the country which their deeds had stained, for one of which, probably, the majority had never heard, till the rumour that they were going to be banished quite out of the world, confusedly circu-

lated among their ranks. Two hundred soldiers, accompanied by fifty women, formed the guard and the free founders of the future colony. It may be doubted whether the criminal who was ordered to the scaffold, and the soldier who had to march up to face death, did not the one consider his own case quite as good, and the other his far prouder, than that of their comrades who had to set forth, as transport, or as colonist, on that dismal voyage. After these crime-ships had received their commission, and the statesmen had sent on board all their provisions for the new colony which was at once to punish and reform, it occurred to some one,—we know not whom, but to some private individual,—that for such a community it would not be amiss if something were done in the way of religious teaching. No schoolmaster, no Minister of the Gospel, had formed any part of the Government scheme for this reformatory colony. At the last moment the influence of the unknown individual moved Bishop Porteus, who persuaded Sir Joseph Banks that a Clergyman ought to be appointed for the fleet; and before they sailed, one was really got aboard. This is only one among ten thousand proofs of the distance at which it is too much the fashion of British statesmen to keep religion from their official thoughts. In other countries, men whose private life is scandalous, feel a responsibility to acknowledge Providence and uphold religion in public affairs; but among us, too often, even men whose private life is commendable, seem to touch public movements as if nations were not within the dominions of God; and as if public prosperity had other sure foundations than individual goodness.

After nine months at sea,—not a very long voyage for those days,—the “first fleet,” as it is called in colonial phrase, cast anchor in Botany Bay, which Cook had visited and named. But Governor Phillip soon found that the harbour was unsafe, the land not capable of cultivation, and the fresh water insufficient: he therefore was compelled to admit that the spot to which he had travelled sixteen thousand miles, was unfit for its purpose. He had sufficient decision not even to land his convicts, but resolved at once on seeking a practicable site for a colony. A sailor named Jackson, in Cook’s fleet, had descried an opening in the high cliffs some few miles north of Botany Bay; but the eye of the navigator, on inspecting it, decided that it was only some cove where boats might shelter, and fixed upon it the name of the unknown seaman, Port Jackson. Governor Phillip, though intending to reach Broken Bay, considerably to the north,—a port also named by Cook,—thought that he might examine this unpromising opening. Two high heads facing steeply to the sea, with an immense depth of water at their base, showed a channel of some three-quarters of a mile broad. Through this the boats passed, and hailed with joy the unexpected opening of a glorious harbour, fifteen miles long, by about three broad, studded with islands, enlivened with black swans, and other rare birds, and

fringed on either side with a various coast of jutting points, deep bays, and retreating mazy creeks, the whole coloured with the various green of forest-trees, or the grey of boulders which lay heaped up on some of the promontories. The Governor found a cove formed by two points of land, with a brook running into it, and, calling it Sydney Cove, resolved to build his new town on one of the projecting points, which, starting steeply out of the water, offered natural quays on three sides. On the 26th of January, 1788, the fleet was anchored close by this spot, the British flag was hoisted in the forest which covered the selected point of land, the King's proclamation for constituting the colony was read, and a salute of small arms fired; and so the history of New South Wales began.

Though Port Jackson was incomparable as a harbour, and beautiful as a scene, it soon proved that its shores did not offer ready sustenance to its new population. The trees were hard, and, when removed, the soil was a barren sand. All around, frowned terrible forests inhabited by wild natives. No animals worth mentioning, besides the kangaroo, offered to reward the huntsman who should risk his life in the thickets. Never had helplessness, misery, and vice a more absolute reign over Britons, than in the first years of a colony which has already become renowned for energy and wealth, and will, we trust, gain equal eminence in virtue. Slaves and tyrants, jail-birds and jailers, ignorant of agriculture, inapt at contrivance, reckless of morals, trusting to Government rations for food, and to stripes and chains for order,—not even building a church,—the colony crawled and drivelled for three years, till it was on the very point of starvation: then a ship with provisions was hailed in the offing; but an adverse wind drove her back from the Heads, and for a while the life of the poor creatures ashore, and the existence of the Colony of New South Wales, were fluttering in the uncertainty of the gale. At last she made the harbour, and only a few days after 1,200 more convicts arrived; so that, had not the stores come in, the work of death by famine would have been short. Yet this was more than three years after we had fairly sat down on that rich and fruitful land! It was not till after seven years that the first church, a miserable temporary structure of wood, was opened; and even this had few attendants. At the same period, and, indeed, for more than twenty years, the ordinary currency of the colony was—abomination as it is, we must write it—spirits! When the officers wanted men to work hard, they would give them half-a-pint of spirits each. The whole condition of morals was such as these facts, taken in connexion with total inattention to family emigration, or to maintaining any natural proportion between the numbers of the sexes, would lead one to expect; and one does not wonder that when Governor Hunter arrived, in the same year when the church was opened, that is, seven years after Englishmen had made this spot

their home, only 179 were able to support themselves without rations from Government! Rather we might wonder that such a community had escaped the lot which at one time seemed hanging closely over their heads. Yet, in the designs of Providence, they, with all their sins and feebleness, were treading out a path on which a great and powerful people were to follow.

By degrees the pleasant lands along the river Hawkesbury began to attract settlers. The slowness with which anything considerable was effected, is all the more remarkable when we remember that each man who took a grant of land, had his hut built at the public expense; was furnished with implements and seed, with as many convicts as he could employ and keep; and, if he desired it, was victualled and clothed for eighteen months. A loss which befell the colony almost at the outset, led to one of the first openings to real colonization and wealth. Four cows and two bulls from their small stock were permitted to stray; and seven years afterwards, a wild herd of sixty cattle, sprung from these, were found in a situation so well chosen, that it was as valuable for its pastoral advantages, as the herd was welcome to an ill-fed colony. The place where the joyful discovery was made,—one so joyful that even the Governor went on purpose to regale his eyes with the sight,—is still known as the Cow Pastures. On this district settled John M'Arthur, a gentleman who had come to the colony as an officer of the New-South-Wales Corps. Made of the observant and spirited material out of which Colonies grow, he soon remarked that the climate favourably modified the hair of some sheep which had been imported from India,—a country where the sheep has a hide resembling that of a calf; as if to show how animated nature is capable of adaptation to external influences. M'Arthur's observations led him to purchase eight fine-wooled sheep, which had been sent by the Dutch Government to the Cape of Good Hope, then in their hands, but exported to Sydney by the colonists, who did not care for them. He soon formed plans for turning the new country into a wool-farm. Having to visit England, he succeeded in stating his schemes to the Privy Council, obtaining a grant of ten thousand acres to carry them out; and, what was not of less moment, he was allowed to purchase from the King's own flock a few pure Spanish Merinoes, which could not then be exported from Spain, but under penalty of death. He chose his estate on the site where the herd of cattle had been found, and there, at "Camden," produced the first growth of the vine, and the first flocks of pure Merinoes, from which has sprung that amazing power, whereby Australia now holds the whole of the West Riding, populous and powerful as it is, in anxious attention upon its yearly crops. These services earned for M'Arthur the title of "Father of the Colony,"—a title which will be accorded to him with greater and greater zest, as years develope the value of the enterprises which he initiated.

Perhaps no State is to be great without a revolution; and it is to be hoped that Australia will be content with the very well-managed and successful one through which it has passed. By one of those fearful blunders which are not so rare at our Colonial Office as we could wish, the unfortunate Captain Bligh, whose intolerable temper had caused the mutiny in the "Bounty," was appointed to the delicate post of Governor of the jail-colony of New South Wales. His whole career was foolish, savage, and almost insane. Happily for the community, he was not content with devouring convicts and soldiers; but fastened on M'Arthur, and so exceeded all bounds of legal proceeding, that the entire community rose up, and besought Major Johnson, the Lieutenant-Governor, to arrest his Excellency. He had the courage to do what, to a soldier, must have been painful,—an act of overt rebellion, though of downright and valuable loyalty. He called his men to arms, and, with band playing, colours flying, and bayonets fixed, marched direct upon Government House, where poor Bligh was dragged from under a bed. Major Johnson was of course called home, and tried; but the sense of Bligh's conduct was strongly marked by the fact, that for a proceeding so plainly revolutionary, the Major was simply sentenced to be cashiered. He returned to the colony he had saved, to spend his days in respect, near Bathurst, the first place where gold was extensively discovered.

The alarm which this revolution caused, led the Government to send out a man of energy and talent,—Governor Macquarie; whose name is not more clearly printed on the maps of Australia, than on its institutions, and on the recollections of every colonist of standing. He resolved to make the place, not a prison, but a home; and whether the man was bond or free, who deserved encouragement, he would give it to him. His own words justly describe the state of things as he found them:—

"I found the colony barely emerging from infantine imbecility, suffering from various privations and disabilities, the country impenetrable beyond forty miles from Sydney, agriculture in a yet languishing state, commerce in its early dawn, revenue unknown, threatened with famine, distracted by factions, the public buildings in a state of dilapidation, a few roads and bridges almost impassable, the population in general depressed by poverty; no credit, public or private; the morals of the great mass of the population in the lowest state of debasement, and religious worship almost totally neglected."*

It was he who said that "the colony consisted of those who had been transported, and those who ought to have been." Acting on this estimate of his subjects, he reigned with a high, but generous, authority; making little difference between a man who had been transported, and one who only ought to have been, provided both would but work and get rich. He had not

* "Colonies of Australia," p. 68.

been more than two months on shore when he made Andrew Thompson—a convict Scotchman, who had well earned both character and wealth—a magistrate; and not only he, but other “emancipists,” (to use the awkward colonial word for a freed convict,) were often invited to dine at Government House. This proceeding gave great offence; though no such feeling was shown some years before, when a convict, (James Dickson,) who was known to have been a Romish Priest, was conditionally emancipated, to act as a Clergyman; no other belonging to his Church having yet reached the colony. But religion was then a thing which might be attended to by anybody who thought it worth his while. The energy brought by Governor Macquarie to his duties soon diffused itself. He made tours in all directions where fertile lands had been discovered, beyond the comparatively sterile district immediately around Sydney; planted townships, and urged on the whole community to enterprise. The blue mountains which had hitherto bounded the colony were crossed; and beyond them fine tracts of upland plain opened new sources of wealth. This district received the name of Bathurst Plains, and has since attained a celebrity in comparison with which the noise made by its first discovery was nothing. In Governor Macquarie’s day roads were made, public buildings raised, and all the benefits which could be derived from the labour of the convicts secured with great energy. In fact, it was during the twelve years of his administration that New South Wales ceased to be a mere sea-walled jail, and became a country. Yet he does not seem ever to have embraced the idea of its probable greatness; but rather to have been zealous for results on a small scale, and to accept what he attained with wonderful self-satisfaction. His guiding idea was that of a penal colony; but he thought it easier to govern convicts by making them rich, than by mere brute force. How little he foresaw the great destinies of the territory he ruled, may be judged from his expressing to the home Government “a fond hope” that New South Wales would never be burdened with such an institution as a Council to assist the Governor; and yet more from the fact of his discouraging the import of females, because they were troublesome, while work could be got out of male convicts. Indeed, no just views of the great moral and social duty of properly apportioning the sexes, appear to have been entertained by any one in power, till the labours of Mrs. Chisholm forced attention to the point. Now it is not likely to be again overlooked, nor may we fear that any other shore will see a community of Englishmen formed, where provision is not made for basing all other institutions on that whereon alone they can surely rest, namely, the family. No records are more fearful than those of early Australian society, whether found in the guarded language of books, or in the verbal descriptions of those who witnessed a state of things which they shudder to

remember. Never were institutions better arranged to breed vice, and never antidotes more sparingly provided:—a host of men, the majority the worst Europe could spare out of her mouth; a few women, and the majority of them of the same order as the men; convicts assigned to settlers, in a sort of slavery, well used by some, ill used by many, and frequently subjected to the most savage floggings; spirits circulated with terrific profusion; all educational and religious restraints woefully neglected. Even so late as 1835, Judge Burton, in his charge to the jury, felt bound to use this language:—

“The picture presented was one of the most painful description. It would appear, to one who could look down upon the community, as if the main business of all were the commission of crime, and the punishment of it,—as if the whole colony were continually in motion towards the several courts of justice; and the most painful reflection of all must be, that so many capital sentences and the execution of them have not had the effect of preventing crime by way of example.

“In his (Judge Burton’s) opinion, one grand cause of such a state of things was an overwhelming defect of religious principle in this community,—a principle which he considered as the polar star to guide a man in all his conduct, and without which none other would prevent him from crime. But, that he might not be said to make so grave a charge upon light foundations, he would instance the crimes of violence, the murders, the manslaughters in drunken revels, the perjuries, the false witnesses from motives of revenge or reward, which in the proceedings before him had been brought to light. Many instances, upon his notes of evidence in cases tried before him, had brought him to the conclusion, that there is an overwhelming defect of religious principle in this colony.”*

To meet the defect of religious feeling thus deplorably manifested, the agencies of the different Churches in this country were not prompt; and no stronger cause, surely, can be shown for earnest effort to pervade all our population at home with true religion, and to follow them *pari passu* wherever they emigrate, as settlers, convicts, or soldiers, with every restraint and every light which Christianity can offer, than is seen in the fact, that, from an irreligious English population, we may form, in one of the finest climates upon earth, a community literally blotched and bleared with crimes. When Mr. Johnson, the first Chaplain, left the colony, Mr. Marsden (a name of which the honour, though dimmed by sheep-breeding and secular pursuits, is still great) alone held that office for seven years; and, when he left for England, a temporary substitute was appointed. It was not till 1818 that a Roman Catholic Priest landed; and he was not allowed to remain, for want of proper sanction from the home authorities. He left behind him a consecrated wafer, around which the Romanists assembled to offer up their prayers. In 1815—that is, twenty-seven years after the colony was founded

* See Montgomery Martin’s “Australia,” p. 411.

—arrived the first Methodist Missionary, Samuel Leigh, of whom a highly interesting Life has just appeared.* It is to be hoped that no spot of the British dominions will ever again be allowed to pass so many years, and witness so many scenes of darkness, without the presence of a Methodist Missionary. Mr. Leigh was just more fortunate than Mr. Flynn, the Romish Priest, having narrowly escaped being sent back, through the pains taken to provide him with proper credentials, and through the happy effect produced on Governor Macquarie by his own open account of the way in which he meant to do his work. It was not till 1826 that a Presbyterian Minister was appointed.

Mr. Leigh was the first who attempted the only mode in which the Gospel ministry can be brought to bear on all the scattered population of a new country. He soon pushed his way through forests and hills, from one end of the colony to another, making visits in a regular plan of itinerancy to all the townships he could reach. How absolutely such a plan is needed, may be judged from the following statement, made by Mackenzie, respecting one remote district on the Hume, as the Murray is called in its earlier stage:—

“In a populous district on the Hume river, the people are two hundred miles from the nearest church or Clergyman. There is neither Missionary, Catechist, nor Schoolmaster, in all the district. It cannot boast even of a burial-ground; and hence the dead are generally buried in sight of the huts. These graves may be seen here and there in the forest, fenced-in by a few rails. The very form of Christianity is lost among them. In one place the people kept, they knew not how long, the Friday instead of the Sabbath-day. One man stated, that, having been accustomed, when young, to shave on the Saturday night, he knew when the Sabbath came by the length of his beard. Their children, eight or nine years of age, are still unbaptized. All that is wanted to change the habits of the people are a few proper men to *itinerate* among them. They ought to have prudence, unconquerable zeal, and fervent piety. They should be good riders, able to sleep under a tree, and capable of enduring fatigue. They should learn to swim; and think it no hardship to dine, in the hut of a native, on a half-roasted opossum.”†

Men who will count anything in the way of eating, drinking, and sleeping, hardship, in the work of Christianizing a new empire, are not worthy of any share in such an honour. “*Bona parte a great man!*” said Lady Hester Stanhope, in one of her bright sallies, “he complained of his bed at St. Helena! Who ever heard of a great man complaining of his bed?” Many a sawyer, in the cedar-forests of New South Wales, has lain, for months together, on damp beds; many a common labourer has gone through endless hardships, in creeks, gullies, floods, and

* “Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh. By the Rev. A. Strachan.” London: Hamilton and Adams.

† *Idem*, p. 66.

storms; and many a graceless digger has faced hunger, cold, damp, fatigue, and danger,—all professing nothing higher than the desire to make a living: and surely the Christian Church can yield men whose heart in the holy ministry is such that they will dare, will sacrifice, and will endure, for the glorious ends they have in view, not only what any man will do for gold, but so much that they may look on the whole swarm of workers, and say, "In labours more abundant than you all." Without such men the work of Christianity in Australia cannot be done.

The following incident shows that, even in the darkest condition of an English community, the good seed will spring up somewhere, and hallow the worst scenes by, here and there, a family and a rite which remind us of "The Cottar's Saturday Night:"—

"A gentleman in Sydney expressed a wish that he would visit a friend of his at the settlement of Castlereagh. 'I will give you,' said he, 'a letter of introduction to him; he will be glad to see you; for, like yourself, he is a Staffordshire man.' Mr. Leigh mounted his horse, and reached Castlereagh late in the evening. On arriving up to the fence enclosing the premises, he observed the gentleman standing in the door. 'Sir,' said Mr. Leigh, 'I have a letter from your friend Mr. M., of Sydney.' He wishes you to allow me, as a Wesleyan Missionary, to preach to your people.' The haughty settler replied, peremptorily, 'I shall do nothing of the kind.' 'Perhaps,' said Mr. Leigh, 'you will be so kind as to allow my horse to remain in your yard all night, and permit me to sleep in your barn? I shall pay you whatever you may demand for our accommodation.' The gentleman repeated, in a tone, and with a vehemence, that settled the question, 'I will do nothing of the kind.' 'Do you think,' inquired Mr. Leigh, 'that any one in the settlement will take me in for the night?' 'I think John Lees will,' said the farmer; 'he lives about two miles off in that direction,' pointing with his finger.

"Mr. Leigh turned his horse, and rode, as fast as the entangling nature of the underwood would admit, in search of the homestead of John Lees. On arriving at his wood hut, he knocked with the end of his whip at the door, and called out, 'Will you receive a Wesleyan Missionary?' The door opened, and out came a little, stiff, ruddy lad, who laid hold of the bridle with one hand, and the stirrup with the other, and said, 'Get off, Sir! My father will be glad to see you.' Mr. Leigh dismounted, and entered the hut. His astonishment may well be conceived, when he observed a number of persons sitting round a three-legged table in the most orderly manner. Directing the attention of the stranger to some books that lay on the table, old Lees said, 'We were just going to have family-worship. Perhaps you will have no objection to take that duty off my hands?' 'Not at all,' said Mr. Leigh; and, taking up the Bible, opened it on Isaiah xxxv.: 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' Here he was obliged to pause, and allow the tears to flow, until he could again command the power of utterance. He then proceeded with the second verse:—'It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of

Carmel and Sharon. They shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.' But he could proceed no further. Five minutes before, he had felt himself to be a stranger in a strange land, enclosed in the woods of Australia at a late hour, and without a home; now he was in Bethel, while the verses which he had read opened to his view the moral renovation of the world. He was quite overcome; and his manly spirit, that could unbutton his waistcoat to receive the spear of the man-eater, was unable to breast the tide of its own feelings. When they arose from their knees, the farmer crossed the floor, and, seizing Mr. Leigh's hand, squeezed it until he felt as if the blood were dropping from the points of his fingers. 'We have been praying for three years,' said Lees, 'that God would send us a Missionary: now that you are come, we are right glad to see you. We had not even heard of your arrival in the colony.' After supper, they retired to rest, exclaiming, 'We have seen strange things to-day.'"

After Macquarie, the Governor whose name will be most prominent in the future history of the colony, will be Sir Richard Bourke, who did much to prepare the rising community for self-government, and in whose days Port Phillip was settled as a dependency of New South Wales, and Melbourne received its name.

He endeavoured to introduce the Irish system of education, but was unable to carry his measure. Before his reign closed, both the Churches of England and of Rome had Bishops in Sydney. In his day, also, commenced the system of importing free emigrants, at the cost of a fund raised by the sale of lands; and then sprang up a class of great settlers, who desired to bless Australia with an aristocracy grown out of sheep-farmers; who, by virtue of laws against small settlers, by a high price for land, and by a combination of masters to give only low wages, would keep the market stocked with workmen, who, not being able to get land or high wages, must take what could be had. Some of their schemes, opinions, and doings, are amongst the queerest specimens of English selfishness putting on the air of gentlemanly tastes and plans: and had they long had their way, doubtless all the labouring population of New South Wales would have grown sour against England, law, authority, and wealth, till some day the "great settlers" would have found their flocks and herds no protection against popular fury. But even in ordinary times wages would keep overleaping bounds, poor men would prosper; and at last the gold discovery dashed in pieces all hopes of creating an artificial dearth of employment.

Where, sixty-five years ago, Governor Phillip looked upon a silent harbour from an open boat, Governor Fitzroy now dwells in a castellated structure, which cost about £60,000, with a tower seventy feet high, soaring stately above the wood and water of Farm Cove; and thence he looks out on a proud and stirring scene. On the north shore, across the harbour, lies St. Leonard's,—a

* Leigh's Life, p. 46.

pleasant and wealthy suburb. On the waters, instead of the black swans of the native solitude, are the black swans of commerce,—a noble and numerous fleet, representing many nations, some under sail, some lying close against the rock-face of the natural wharf, with steamers continually coursing up and down. On the south shore stretches out the spacious city of Sydney,—the boast and wonder of the colonial population, which even the newly-arrived European readily pronounces worthy to be the young capital of the grand dominion lying around it. Covering the whole of the ridge first chosen, sweeping down the valley, and climbing up another hill, with its George-street two and a quarter miles long, its 65,000 people, its thorough English look, shopped and gas-lit,—it is, altogether, so like a seaport of our own shores, that the traveller is almost sorry it does not look stranger; for, as to anything outlandish, he might almost as well have stayed at home. But, now and then, an orange-tree blooming by a cottage, a flock of green parrots resting on a roof, the tattooed cheeks of a New-Zealander, or the spindle-legs and matty hair of a black Australian, certify that it is England at the antipodes, and not England at home. This city has its Legislature, possessed of the most important powers, even to the revision of the Constitution; its Corporation, with a Mayor, whose official salary is £800 a-year; and its University, of which the Senate consists of members of all the leading religious denominations. It has also its hospitals and its poor; the latter accounted for chiefly by the frightful number of public-houses,—the former, by a goodly, yet insufficient, number of churches of various persuasions. Few cities are so orderly at night, notwithstanding the excesses of intoxication to which so many of its people are wretchedly addicted. Even after the great province of Victoria has been separated, the territory of which Sydney is the capital, is as large as ten Englands; with a thousand miles of sea-coast, rich in forests, mountains, plains, and table-lands, in pastures, crops, and mines; glittering with gold, studded with prosperous towns, resounding with the voice of industry and the bleating of innumerable flocks. In a sensible, clever little book, we have the following picture of an agricultural district:—

“Whichever way I looked, I could see fields of the tall green Indian corn, (maize,) with its tassel tops, bending and waving under the fresh breeze that was sweeping over it. Here, again, a square of orchard, loaded with splendid peaches, broke the uniformity of the surface; there, a piece of ground new ploughed, or with the teams at work upon it; and here, a square of wheat stubble, on which a boy tended a herd of pigs, as they picked up the scattered grain,—still further varied the prospect; and, every few fields apart, some more or less simple edifice marked the homestead. In some places it was no more than the bark hut of a few feet area, with its own dung-heap and stack; in others, it was the capacious and costly mansion, surrounded by farm-buildings of all sorts, and abundance of grain. My way to the farm of the first settler I had been advised to go to, a miller, lay

along the lowlands ascending the river. On making my way down into this tract, I found all sorts of vegetables and fruit-trees flourishing,—at least, all the settlers troubled themselves to plant. There were excellent figs, gooseberries, currants, lemons, oranges, melons, peaches as large as a good-sized breakfast-cup, and of the most exquisite flavour; potatoes, pumpkins as big as a large bucket, cabbages, radishes, onions, beans, pease,—in short, everything of the kind profusely produced, and of the most superior quality. In one place I saw a whole cart-load of the most delicious peaches going along the road; and on asking the driver where he was taking them to market, he told me they were for the pigs, and that all the season through they gathered a similar load every other day, from under the trees in the orchard, for the same purpose. In another place I found a large tract planted with what, at first glance, seemed to be a species of cabbage; but on inquiring of some men, who were working among the plants, hilling them up, I found it to be tobacco. They said there would be about twelve hundred weight to the acre, and that, if well cured, it would be worth £150 per acre; and that really well-cured Australian tobacco would sell about that part as well as American; but few people could succeed, from want of a knowledge of the true process, in effecting a good cure of their leaf.”*

The colony is divided into twenty-two counties, eleven “Commissioners’ districts,” and five “other districts;” and its revenue for the last quarter, ending July, 1853, shows an increase of 73 *per cent.* on the corresponding quarter of 1852, and is as follows:—

| | Amount. | Increase. |
|---------------------------|---------|-----------|
| Customs | £75,658 | £30,550 |
| Colonial spirits | 6,314 | 3,351 |
| Gold | 16,295 | 3,785 |
| Land sales | 12,326 | 12,326 |
| Publicans’ licences | 31,003 | 3,427 |
| Postage | 5,110 | 735 |

For a full description of the various departments of the colony we must refer to books; and that containing the clearest, fullest, and most pleasing we have seen, is the Australian volume of Mr. Montgomery Martin’s new work on the Colonies; a work so produced by author and publisher, as to be at once a drawing-room book, a collection of national portraits, a good atlas, a store of official statistics, a guide for the emigrant, and a book of entertaining knowledge for any one.

The next point on the Australian continent which received a colony was Swan River; the most distant site from the original one at Sydney yet chosen; and now, from a variety of causes, becoming so distinct from the other colonies, that we almost begin to think of it as a different country. And, indeed, so far as difference of country can be caused by territorial distance, and not by distinctness of population, it, and the South and East

* “Settlers and Convicts. By an Emigrant Mechanic,” p. 121. London: Cox, King-William-street.

colonies, are different countries, even more than Germany and France. But it is held by the children of the same island, speaking the same tongue, and instinct with the same sympathies: therefore, however far from Sydney, or even Adelaide, it is really a member of the same hardy and thriving family. Its history has none of the salient points in which that of the other colonies abounds; except, indeed, for the purpose of reading our Government a lesson upon foresight in founding colonies, and on consideration in tempting people to put a vast sea between them and the chances of home-comfort, before they are provided with anything like a chance of making comforts for themselves. Swan River has fallen into comparative obscurity, and been often looked upon as a failure; and so far as the hopes of the first settlers, and the sufferings which they had to endure, are concerned, a failure it might be called. But it has never been a hopeless enterprise. The climate is good, the territory immense, much of the land of great value, the settlers steady and respectable, and the progress of the colony, in all that promises ultimate importance, highly gratifying, and now more rapid than ever; especially when we consider that its more showy sisters of the South and East have been constantly attracting all the emigrants, while it has been left chiefly to the unaided labour of its original settlers and their families. The decision of the Government to send small and well-regulated supplies of convicts, will probably be of great material advantage to the colony; while all precautions which the experience of New South Wales suggests, will apparently be taken against moral evil.

The recent discovery of guano on islands about Sharks' Bay promises greatly to increase the revenue of Swan River; for in late dispatches Governor Fitzgerald speaks of as much as four thousand tons of shipping lying there at a time, for that valuable cargo.* The pearl-fishery, which sounds tempting, does not appear as yet to have produced much; out of two thousand shells, only eighty small pearls having been taken,—“not worth £10.” What is of the highest importance, good lead and very rich copper mines have been lately discovered, at a convenient distance from a harbour, at the mouth of the Hutt; while at the same time noble regions of pastoral land are coming to light; so that the days of Swan River's prosperity seem close at hand.

If the history of Swan River has been comparatively obscure, that of South Australia has been as noisy as, perhaps, that of any country less than twenty years old. Before the colony existed, its fame was great, its admirers eloquent and powerful, its destinies fascinating the imagination of hundreds. Mr. Wakefield conceived grandly, described winningly, theorized plausibly, worked everywhere, inspired the press, possessed the Parliament, and altogether blew a bubble which, brilliant as any

* Blue Book on “Crown Lands,” August 16th, 1853.

of its family, looked, to the eyes of most men, solid as a nugget. There *was* to be, at last, a colony with "plenty of land, and plenty of labour," where gentility was to seat itself on its ancestral level, and thence to survey and (if it would condescend) superintend the operation of making a fortune, by the labours of a properly subordinate working population,—a colony wherein an English city was to grow up at once, and flourish by its innate vigour; in fact, a colony so fitted for transplanting and propagating that most delectable variety of the human species,—the English country gentleman,—that the wonder was, how all who were or wished to be country gentlemen did not make haste to go and be great. Mr. Wakefield was much admired when his bubble was developing, its globe expanding, and its hues growing livelier, at each puff of his breath; when the city of Adelaide rose like magic, and town lots and rural lots changed hands so fast, and fortunes were made, and balls were given, and champagne flowed, and English style swelled, yea, towered, on the shores of Gulf St. Vincent. But, alas! when the breath was spent, and the bubble burst, how hardly he was set upon! Those who had been ready enough to believe that, by fixing a "sufficient price" on the land of a new colony, and so putting it out of the power of poor men to buy it, they would keep a population together on so small a surface, that the labour market would be at the command of the land-owner, and thus the gentleman would have no trouble in drawing from his dear acres a fortune that would enable him to found a great colonial line; or, perhaps,—better still,—would come early enough in life to enable him to return to England, and there, on some broad lands, rear up a monument of his early enterprise in the aristocratic El Dorado of the south;—men who had believed all this, and loved it, and been slow to see that it would not answer, when the bills of the Governor were dishonoured, and then the bills of everybody else, when the bankrupts' gazette of Adelaide became as rich in good names as the lists of fashionable routs used to be, turned fiercely round and laid upon Mr. Wakefield, as if he were the silliest of mortals for having believed in such a theory, and the most depraved for having led them into his plans. Yet, if he thought that dear land would do wonders, Lord Aberdeen agreed with him, Lord John Russell agreed with him, bankers lent their money, and gentlemen embarked their all; and New South Wales, which had flourished and was flourishing with cheap land, was forced to try his plan, even its own Governor, Sir George Gipps, finding reasons for it. After all this, we feel disposed to be indulgent to any one individual, even though the author of the mischief. And as to the spectacle of a knot of English gentlemen sitting down to form a plan for preventing poor men from using the opportunities offered by Providence in a new country, a plan for entailing poverty upon certain lines, and wealth upon others, by malice

aforethought, why, it is altogether such an ugly, un-Christian, selfish scheme, that we are not disposed to be more severe on the one heart which had the perverse warmth to hatch it, than on the multitudes who welcomed its birth, and nursed it in their bosoms. When the dreams to which South Australia owed its premature celebrity and factitious growth were dreamed out, and the plain work of colonization alone remained, it proved that there was a noble country, a genial climate, and everything to reward the practical settler. And soon the discovery of copper, never hoped for either in the days of imagined prosperity, or in the first terrible times of disaster, gave a new spring to the resources of the colony, which has never ceased to grow steadily, except just when the gold fields in Victoria came to light, and draughted off the labouring population in mass, so that a panic, threatening a paralysis, fell for a moment on Adelaide. But the colonists, wisely confident in the wealth and permanent importance of their country, stood the shock, took prompt measures to avert its consequences, established an assay office for gold, and an overland convoy from the mines, and thus speedily began to enjoy again a prosperity on which no heavy cloud is likely soon to settle.

The good fortunes of South Australia seem only in their dawn ; for to her lot it falls to have the only great navigable river which has yet been traced in the country,—the Murray, which, rising away near the eastern shore, among the Australian Alps, runs right across the continent, dividing Victoria from New South Wales, and receiving in its course several important rivers ; of which the last is the Darling, a stream of 100 yards wide, and two fathoms deep ; while the Murray itself, before the junction, is 209 yards across. From this, onwards toward the sea, its course is 600 miles ; but, instead of making a clean channel to the ocean, it at last squanders itself in the great shallow, Lake Alexandrina, to which the sea entrance, by the Goolwa, is difficult, so that it was long regarded as useless for purposes of navigation, especially as the rapid changes of its depth, at different seasons, were represented as such that a hope of finding constant water for vessels scarcely existed. To the present Governor of South Australia, Sir H. E. F. Young, is due great credit for the ardour he has brought to the work of rendering this stream of real service to the immense tracts through which it runs, and to the province where it terminates. In all his dispatches on the subject, ordinary official coolness gives way to hearty enterprise. He might be a *savant*, pushing his discovery, or a settler, avaricious for the enrichment of his estates. He tells with pride of his personal survey of the river up 600 miles to the Darling, saying, " There are no falls or rapids, or other impediments of any kind, except the insignificant ones already alluded to ; and, throughout the entire distance, there is a channel most amply deep for steamers of greater draught of water than that of the limit prescribed by the Legis-

lature of South Australia to the competitors for the premium for the successful navigation of the river Murray." Since then, Captain Cadell has proved that the river is navigable 700 miles beyond the Darling, or 1300 miles in all; and, whatever obstacles may be found to retard his attempts at steaming up and down for a time, there is evidently sufficient energy awake to overcome them all eventually.

To complete the communication between the Murray and the sea, Lake Alexandrina has been surveyed, a channel traced and buoyed off, (a work effected, it ought to be remarked, by the natives, superintended by Mr. Mason, Sub-Protector of the Aborigines,) and a tram-way constructed from the Goolwa to Port Eliot, on Encounter Bay.

Port Phillip does not owe its origin to the desire of a jail from which convicts could not escape, as New South Wales; or of a colonial park-land for country gentlemen, as South Australia; but is at once the parent and the child of the neighbouring colony of Van Diemen's Land. In 1803, our Government dispatched Colonel Collins to found a penal colony here; but after attempts to find a site with sufficient water and other necessities, which either disinclination or incompetence rendered abortive, he led his fleet to the river Derwent, on the coast of the opposite isle, and founded the now flourishing Hobart Town. This colony grew rapidly, spreading to the banks of the Tamar, where arose Launceston; and, while an attempt, on the part of the New South Wales Government, to occupy the rich tracts which were reported as lying around Port Phillip, was given up, the settlers of Van Diemen's Land were beginning to desire wider fields for their multiplying flocks. In 1835, six settlers formed themselves into a company, intending to procure a vessel from Sydney, and carry their families and flocks across Bass's Straits to the rich lands on the opposite shore. While, however, their plan was yet in embryo, another settler, a native of New South Wales, proceeded with a promptitude of action which was equalled by the extent of his plans. Mr. John Batman was one of the few settlers who had treated the aborigines as human beings, consulting their feelings, and endeavouring to lead them to settled habits of life. With seven of these poor people, who, under his care, had made some advance toward civilization, he sailed for a new country. He soon fell in with a tribe of aborigines, among whom he remained for a month, making them presents, and doing all he could to win their good regards. He made them understand that he wished to come with his family and live among them; and, desirous, at once, to establish his own rights, and to respect theirs, he negotiated with them for the purchase of two immense tracts of land lying around Port Phillip, making in all about 600,000 acres, for which he agreed to pay them an annual rent, or tribute, of 150 pair of blankets, 150 knives, 150 tomahawks, 100 pair of scissors, 100 looking-

glasses, 70 suits of clothing, and 7 tons of flour. These terms were recorded in formal documents, signed by Batman, on the one hand, and, on the other, by marks made by Jaga-Jaga, Cooloolack, Bungarie, and five other natives, who, in all probability, had no notion of the meaning of the transaction, further than that the white man was going to live on the land, be their friend, and give them blankets and other good things. He wished to employ, clothe, and feed the natives, as he had done those who accompanied him. Having thus, as he imagined, established his right to be at once the lord of the soil, and the protector of the aborigines, he left two white men and five of his own blacks, to build a house and begin cultivation, while he returned to Launceston. Here he formed an association of sixteen individuals for colonizing Port Phillip, was appointed its agent, and reported his proceedings to Sir George Arthur, the Governor. As might be expected, neither the authorities nor the other settlers felt disposed to acknowledge his treaty with the natives. Both looked on the country as the property, not of those poor wanderers, but of the British Crown; and Mr. Batman soon found that those whom he had anticipated were settling on his lands; and one of them, a Mr. Fawkner, pitched his tent by the Yarra-Yarra, on a site so well chosen, that Batman was fain to leave the one he had first selected, and come to plant himself beside the intruder. It has often been said that the first building put up by Spanish colonists is a church; by French, a theatre; by English, a tavern. And the whole history of Australian colonizing sets upon our nation the brand of drunken infamy even deeper than before, bad as has long been our repute, in that respect, among all the people of the earth. Faithful to our traditional shame, the first enterprise opened on the Yarra-Yarra was Fawkner's public-house; which was soon followed by Batman's store; and where these two log-huts invited the traffic of a few whites no longer ago than 1835, now spreads the great city of Melbourne, with its stores, its ships, its churches, its rich suburban villages, and its "Canvas Town;" having, in all, at least 80,000 inhabitants.

Nature has an old habit of upsetting theories. At the very time when ingenious gentlemen were convincing the press and the Parliament of England that "dispersion" of population in Australia was the great danger to be avoided, and that by concentration South Australia would be a model; the course of nature was leading the people of Van Diemen's Land to spread to the best lands they could get, and to found a new colony, which was meant to be no model at all, but only the best country for them which industry could make it. And as its origin sprang from the most natural causes of any of the colonies, so its prosperity was the most rapid and uniform, even before the gold discovery, a circumstance apart from human foresight, gave it that all but incredible eminence of which we

have for the last two years heard so constantly. The lands were rich, the flocks multiplied wonderfully, exports began almost at once; and in only fifteen years after Batman had built his "store," the annual amount was a million sterling.

Upon this steady stream of prosperity a flood came down, as suddenly as ever down the Hawkesbury; the swollen stream broke all bounds, and noised, and foamed, and revelled, making more commotion than Niagara, depositing more riches than the Nile. Men's heads were turned with the whirl, and away they plunged, madly diving for gold. A well-behaved, sheep-breeding, sheep-shearing, sheep-eating, sleek and sober colony, all wool and tallow, comfort and prosperity, became at once the noisiest country in the world;—talked of, written of, legislated for, envied, abused, praised, coveted, and, above all, hurried to,—by energy, as its own place,—by laziness, as the shortest road to live without doing anything; by avarice, as its heaven,—by generosity as the best hope of lifting up the grey head of a ruined father; by money, as its market,—by poverty, as its relief; by theft, as the land for plunder,—by honesty, as a way to pay debts; by vice, as an open sphere,—by piety, as the scene for a mission;—all this, rushing in red hot, and bringing to one point every passion and every project that youth or age, ambition, energy, whim, or genius could foment, the whole stirred by the burning hope of gold, gold, gold, has poured itself out—is pouring itself yet—on those once peaceful plains; and there is a heaving, and a weltering, as when a waterspout is discharged upon the sea. Yet it has been a great wonder to some people, and a source of grave complaint to others, that the Government of the place, which had barely got seated in the saddle, (for the colony had only just been separated from New South Wales,) was not prepared with a police, quays, boat regulations, roads, lodgings, porters, prevention of vice, and all other provision for this inburst of flaming energies. We are not disposed to contend that all has been done which human wisdom could have done in the case; but we dare say that had all the world sent Governor Latrobe two years' notice that they were coming to settle with him, and would expect accommodation, they might have found him better prepared. As, however, they all neglected that precaution, and "took him as they found him," surely at least part of the blame must lie on their own haste. If everything in Melbourne had been as everybody would have liked it, no doubt history would have set down Governor Latrobe as the most favoured of Governors: but as there has been loud grumbling, and the papers have been very angry, and his dispatches are calm and sensible, we are disposed to think on the whole, that he has had a heavy handful of it, and has done as well as might be expected of an ordinary man in emergencies so unthought of and ungovernable. When his unmerciful foe, the "*Argus*," with all its powers of doing everything for the State better than all England, or any-

body else, has not been able to foresee and control events so as to save it from the proud embarrassment of declaring that, for want of a sufficient supply of paper, it cannot add any new names to its subscription-list, and cannot insert its standing advertisements more than twice a week, we are inclined to think that if Governor Latrobe had mastered all the difficulties of "the situation," he would have been abler than his critics. He will leave the province, the government of which he has resigned, in possession of an immense revenue,—that for the last quarter being £887,886,—and of a wonderful trade, no less than 968 vessels having been entered inwards, and 830 outwards, in the last half-year; and in the first two weeks of the month of August, 1853, the gold mines of the province forwarded to the capital no less than 115,195 ounces of gold.

Nothing is more a matter of course than that an old resident in Australia declares it to be the finest climate in the world; while it is very usual for new-comers angrily to protest that it is shamefully over-praised. When an Englishman who has never been out of his own dear island fancies to himself, "The finest climate in the world!" it is, of course, a climate where sun, wind, or rain will never cross his feelings,—where it will never be too hot or too cold, or rain at the wrong time, or change without giving notice: but an old traveller is content to call that the finest climate where he can live the longest, work the hardest, be least dependent on artificial comforts, and have the fewest diseases. The man who has fancied fine climates on the former scale will be sorely disappointed with Australia: the sun blazes; the rains are shot down out of the sky like fury; the floods come on you in a twinkling, and scour all before them; the thermometer is now raised by a hot wind to 102° or more in the shade, and, while the perspiration is yet standing, down it comes to 60° or 50°, while deluges of cold rain search you through. The brickfielder, or "southerly-buster," so familiar in Sydney, is a special tornado, in which the winds, sands, and rains combine to beat and dust you first, and drench you afterwards, as if you were either to be choked or blinded, or, failing both, ducked. Not only in the same place are the changes of temperature great, but, in travelling, different parts of the country vary amazingly. In Sydney the thermometer is seldom below 40° in winter; and in Paramatta, only fifteen miles off, it is often at 27°; yet, when the nights are so cold, the days are hot enough to ripen oranges.* The amount of rain is annually much greater than in England; Sydney has about double as much as Greenwich; and it is said that once twenty-five inches fell in twenty-four hours. The floods are so fearful, that in a few hours a river springs up ten, twenty, or even thirty feet; the Hawkesbury is said sometimes to reach eighty or more. On

* See R. M. Martin's "Land of Gold." London: Tallis and Co.

the mountains and table-lands snows fall plentifully in winter, July being the coldest month; but in Sydney, and other coast regions, the nearest approach to an English winter is a little ice: this year it has been severe enough to kill the orange-trees.

All this may ill comport with the popular notion of a fine climate; yet such Australia does enjoy in the highest degree. The heats bring no fever, the rains no ague, the colds no consumption, the rivers are not bordered by miasma, the plains are bracing, the air pure, the sky open, blue, and bright; the bush itself is free from forest poison; the settler can range over the land by day or night, and carry his family over downs, hills, prairies, and bush, sleeping in waggons, or on the sward, without any fear of malaria to blight the healthy, or insidious fogs to undermine the delicate. The natives never built houses; a shelter of bark was all they needed. The Englishman's hut, whether bark, log, or slab, is ordinarily so comfortless, that the maintenance and even growth of health—manly, hard-working health—in it for years is no small proof of a friendly climate. Mitchell, Leichardt, and other travellers, spent weeks with no shelter at night but the sky. Thousands of Englishmen yearly sleep unhurt on the open field. At some military stations seven years have passed without a death. The colonists, in spite of intemperance and exposure, are, perhaps, the healthiest community of Englishmen in existence. Many renewed their youth in the genial suns of their second home, and are living at one hundred years old. In the year 1848 the rate of deaths in New South Wales was one in eighty-five: while in England it is one in forty-seven, and in the United States one in thirty-seven. The annual mean temperature of Port Jackson and Port Phillip respectively is about the same as Sicily and Naples. Governor Young says that of Adelaide is a little above Madeira; and, in point of salubrity, no settler in Swan River or Van Diemen's Land will concede the palm to other land than his own. While, therefore, persons going from England will greatly err if they expect a climate which will be all pleasures and no trials, they may fully count on one which, for themselves and their children after them, has all that contributes to long life.

The floods and hot winds are probably closely connected. The latter come from arid tracts, and deserts of broiling stones, whereof the desolation has a peculiar horror, not so oceanic as the sand deserts of the old world, yet seemingly more impracticable,—as Sturt calls it, "a dark and adamant sea." The floods, again, show that quantities of water rush wastefully to the ocean. A proper system of tanks, built at fit intervals across the bed of the streams, and retaining the waters, would provide funds of fertility for the tracts now arid; and if at last the spread of population and of culture did not reclaim the desolate region of stones, yet tens of thousands of acres of sand deserts might be added to the estate of man. How vast are the tracts already fit

for human occupation, may be judged, when the brave and intelligent explorer, Sir Thomas Mitchell, was so impressed with the rich clay, the plentiful waters, the healthy grasses, which he found on the table-lands, lying about the river Victoria, in the heart of the Continent, and not far from the Tropics, that he declares that those plains *seem sufficient to supply the whole world with animal food.*

To the universal question, "Who should emigrate?" we are not disposed to give the universal answer, "No one who can do well at home." That applies fully to doctors, lawyers, editors, and clerks; but not to all. On the contrary, a whole class who are sure to do well at home, are the very men to do better there; young men who have learned a useful trade, and possess vigour and talent. Our first exception would be against those who can never do well at home: they will never do well there. Our next is against those who cannot live without comfort. Such men are easily known; hardship is a horror to them; they would give anything just to be at ease; they would even work a good deal for it; but comfort they *must* have. Then old England for them. Comfort neither grows on the back of Australian sheep, (except in the raw material,) nor in the bowels of Australian rocks; diggers cannot find it in the cradle, nor shepherds in the fold; and if you really must have the good, old, indescribable something which we all know so well, by every means sit still on this snug isle of your own. Again, no one should go who cannot make up his mind to do manual work, or who is conscious that he has not the physical strength, or the perseverance, to go on with it for a while, if needful. Persons seldom find things open before them as they had expected. In a week after landing, nine out of ten have their plans all upset, and they either lose heart, or begin to look out for anything that may offer. We knew a gentleman emigrant, who landed with really modest notions, and began at once to seek a situation; he could not, however, find one to suit him, and went on seeking with a like result, till he had come to his last shilling. That day he went out determined to find a situation, and so he did; but it was as a sawyer. The heat was terrible; he was drenched many times a day with perspiration, and almost worn to death; but by frequent changes of linen and a good heart, on he kept, till from sawing he was able to go to something else, and at last reached a position suitable to his tastes. Another case we know of a young man who had been so brought up, that manual work would have been a family shame: but finding that he had not the means to follow a gentleman's ways, he, with a gentleman's heart, offered himself as a carpenter, and, being a "green hand," was taken at only forty-eight shillings per week. He walked three miles a day to his work and the same back, and, unused to labour as he was, did so well, that in a few weeks he was earning three pounds weekly. Now, if men are made of this metal, no

matter what their education or tastes, let them go, they are sure to thrive; but if, rather than thus stoop, they would live upon their family, or beg their friends to get government situations for them, or, having gone, would write home for money to keep them from starving, then the nearer their mothers they stay the better.

There are four courses open before the settler,—handicraft, mining, trade, and farming, either in agriculture or stock-breeding. As to the two first, they are for the strong, and the conditions of success are generally known: in a word, a man must be able and willing to work hard, live without comforts, sleep where he can, and bear heat and wet, with now and then a little cold. Men from the country, accustomed to weather and work, are the men for the mines: and for a London tradesman's son, whose utmost idea of exposure and enterprise reaches to skating on the Serpentine in hard frost, to attempt gold-digging, is a folly on which we will spend no time. As to handicraft, most men can turn better to one thing than another; and every one ought to make up his mind beforehand, that, in case of need, he will turn blacksmith, mason, joiner, painter, or work upon the roads. He who is not ready for such an alternative, is not fit for the enterprise; and surely a man is far more respectable earning ten shillings a day on the roads in Victoria, with a certainty of never wanting bread, and of being able in time to establish himself comfortably, than living on narrow family resources, or supplicating the patronage of friends at home. But none need work for so little, except those unaccustomed to work: artisans are now earning in Victoria twenty-five, and in New South Wales from eleven to fourteen, shillings a day. The right idea for people to form, is not that they will get an easy accession of competence in Australia; but that, if they are resolved to work their way right through such circumstances as they would never think of facing at home, no doubt rests upon their ultimate independence, and the finest openings for their families. The following, which reaches us while we are just writing this, is from Bendigo, from a not unsuccessful digger of our own acquaintance, in good spirits; yet many would pause before they exchanged a good home for this lot, with the dangers and chances of the mines. He is one of a party of three:—

“This leaves me high in hope for the future. We are quite domesticated,—bake our own bread, make our own yeast, have pancakes, or a dripping-cake, or a fruit-pudding, a joint of meat, or a leg of mutton, just as suits the desire of the moment. No extravagance permitted: sobriety and moral conduct the order of the day. I sometimes wish we could have our tent and ourselves daguerreotyped, with tub and cradle, pick and mattock; sack of flour in one corner, bag of sugar in another; keg of butter here, box of raisins there;—all in the most orderly confusion imaginable. It would afford you food for mirth for a few minutes, to be succeeded by grave reflection, as to the possibility

of cramming most of these articles, with our own dear selves, into a compass of nine feet square."

As to trade, those who have capital and sense, will take some time to observe, letting their money bear good interest at the bank, till they have acquainted themselves with the character of business, and of men, to some extent; for, without precaution, it is just as possible to lose capital in Melbourne as in London. Those who have small means, need more caution still, and must not be resolved upon carrying on their own trade in just the old-country way, but ready to take anything that offers. And men who have to turn to manual labour, yet prefer trade, will find a thousand odd, unlikely ways of making a beginning, once they have saved a little money. Let them only be content to begin ever so poorly, and ever so comically. Up country, store-keeping seems to be a line in which the supply does not as yet nearly equal the demand, and one which, to a careful and active trader, offers great advantages.

As to farming, it is gratifying that Governor Latrobe has, at length, "unlocked" so large a tract of Crown lands; this will open the way for many,—whose trials as diggers have at once inured them to hard work, and given them a relish for a home,—to employ their earnings well. In this, however, as in all other lines, ideas of English comfort must be kept in the back-ground; hard work, plenty, good health, and roughing it for years, are what must be looked for. The man of small means buys a few score, or a few hundred, acres, and commences agriculture;—the rich man buys thousands, and breeds stock. The hut is the first essential of either farmer or grazier. Take a few sheets of bark, and nail them to a frame of nine feet by six: put a bark-door on one side, and a bark-roof over all, leaving one end open above for smoke: opposite the door, nail a sheet of bark on four posts, driven into the ground, for a table: get a few blocks of wood, about eighteen inches high, and sawed smooth at the ends, for chairs: at one end of the hut, if bent on luxury, nail up a berth of bark, as on ship-board, and, at the other end, on the hearth, kindle your wooden fire: and there is all you need to begin life with in the bush. If you are more than one or two, instead of sleeping in a berth, you spread your bed on the floor, a few feet from the fire; if not broad enough, eke it out with old clothes, and dried sheep-skins with the wool on: this below, a blanket above, the fire beside, and, in case the mosquitoes trouble you, a piece of dried cow-dung set on fire, smoking and smouldering in the corner,* will make you comfortable for the night. As you proceed, your views expand, and you must have a log-hut, or a slab-hut,—the one built of logs, cut off from spars,—the other, of the outside "slab" of trees, or the first cut—round outside, flat inside—which is taken off in sawing. These, let into ground-

* This is a sure remedy against mosquitoes, and not seriously offensive.

plates below, and wall-plates above, can be made into a very comfortable house,—the size and furniture of which, your taste and means must decide.

Meat is of course plentiful in the bush, tea is drunk immensely, three or four times a day, and “damper” is the staff of life. Its mode of manufacture is thus:—mix your flour with water, knead it two or three minutes, form the dough into a cake under two inches thick, shovel your fire and ashes aside from the hearth, gradually lower the cake in both hands over the smooth, hot spot thus cleared, till it is near the ground, then let it fall lightly on its oven, shovel back the burning ashes over it; in half an hour, or less, remove the ashes, lift your well-baked cake, take the tuft of a bullock’s tail (or a duster) and switch off every particle of ashes; and then your damper, as clean as a biscuit, is fit for table, and as enjoyable as good health and spirits can make it. This kind of life seems hard for those to whom beds and carpets, cushioned chairs and kitchen-ranges, are the pillars of the earthly paradise; and we must not imagine that it is without serious drawbacks, such as no one should undergo who has not a weighty purpose to serve by it; but in the fine air of Australia, with high health, even spirits, and a flourishing appetite; plenty of work by day, and sound sleep by night; many a man hails his log-fire, his quart-pot, and his damper, with more real zest than he ordinarily felt at the cosiest table in England. A settler’s wife, like a soldier’s, ought to be superior to all personal indulgences, when need is. Those poor creatures of women, who are most plentiful in the lower levels of the middle class, without either the hardihood of labour or the high spirit of gentle blood, and who bemoan the absence of every English accessory, ought evermore to stay by their saucepans and testers, and not attempt to do anything considerable in this earth. But a woman who is ready to go where her husband goes, and laugh with him at odd shifts and unimaginable contrivances, to breath the bush air, and train up her children healthy as young trees, with a prospect open as the Australian sky; can be happy there, and play a noble part in the history of a family, while, at the same time, as the French say, she “deserves well of her country.” The following case is a well-told and a happy one, of a sensible family who reached South Australia when all were out of their senses with speculation:—

“A Scotch gentleman, of ancient lineage and no fortune, in every respect the converse of Mr. B., afforded a striking instance of what may be done in a colony by industrious hard work, with the help of a large family, without that capital which, according to theorists, it is indispensable that a land-owner should possess. He arrived in the colony very early, the owner of a single eighty-acre section, with twelve children, one-half of whom were stout well-grown lads and lasses: his whole property consisted of a little furniture, a few Highland implements, a gun or two, a very little ready money, and several barrels of oatmeal and biscuit. His section had been selected for him previous to his arrival. It lay on the other side of a steep range of

hills, over which no road had then been made, ten miles from the town. He lost no time, and spent no money, in refreshing or relaxing in Adelaide: he found out a fellow-countryman who lent him a team of oxen, dragged his goods over the hills to his land, and encamped the first night on the ground under a few blankets and canvas spread on the brush. The next day, and from day to day, the family worked at cutting trees; there was timber plenty for building a house. This house, situated on the slope of a hill, consisted of one long, low, wooden room, surrounded by a dry ditch to drain off the rain, and divided into partitions by blankets. The river lay below; any water needed was fetched in a bucket by one of the young ladies. A garden, in which all manner of vegetables, including tobacco and water melons, soon grew, was laid almost as soon as the house; an early investment was made in poultry; the poultry required no other food than the grass-hoppers and grass-seeds on the waste land round. Until the poultry gave a crop of eggs and chickens, the guns of the lads supplied plenty of quail, ducks, and parrots. In due time, a crop of maize, of wheat, and of oats was got in. Before the barrels of oatmeal were exhausted, eggs, chickens, potatoes, kail, and maize, afforded ample sustenance and something to send to market. Labour cost nothing, fuel nothing, rent nothing, keeping up appearances nothing; no one dressed on week-days in broad cloth, except the head of the house. First, a few goats, and then a cow, eventually a fair herd of stock, were accumulated. Butter and vegetables found their way to Adelaide; and, while the kidglove-gentry were ruining themselves, the bare-legged boys of the Highland gentleman were independent, if not rich. The daughters, who were pretty, proud, and useful, have married well. In another generation, families like this will be among the wealthiest in the colony."*

We may congratulate ourselves that Lord Grey left the Foreign Office before he had completed the alienation of Australia; and certainly the dispatches of Sir John Pakington, and of his successor, the Duke of Newcastle, to Governor Fitzroy, expounding the views of their respective Governments on Australian policy, are highly creditable to themselves, as they have been serviceable to the Empire, and kindled afresh the feelings of nationality in hundreds of strong hearts, whence they had nearly died out. The colonial press is at present very loyal: even the Melbourne "Argus," which has distinguished itself by anti-English feeling, ceases to storm for the time, and acknowledges that public feeling on the part of the newly-arrived population is against it; while the "South Australian Register" is not willing to admit that it is necessary even to look forward to a separation from the mother country at any future time.† By the last advices, we find the Legislature of New South Wales busily occupied with that revision of the Constitution recommended by the dispatches just named, and on which, indeed, the surrender of the Crown-lands to local management is made contingent. A Select Committee of the Legislative Council has, after three months' labour, presented

* Sydney's "Three Colonies of Australia," p. 201.

† See a review of "Colonial Politics," in the Sydney "Morning Herald" of July 5.

a report, not only recommending that an Upper House shall be created, after the analogy of the House of Lords, and the example of Canada, but, to our surprise, containing a recommendation which, up to the time when this article was more than half written, we expected to make for the first time, not at all sanguine that it would find any support in the colonies. Several of the above passages will show how cordially we dislike any scheme for hatching an aristocracy by artificial heat, such as dear land, and other obstructions of the fair openings whereto every man has an equal right. But where an aristocracy rises by natural means, we consider its existence of the most immense national value, so long as it is not a weight to keep the strong down, but an eminence to which any man who has giant strength and virtue may climb. We, therefore, meant to give our strong opinion that the introduction of titles, conferred by the Crown on the heads of really powerful colonial families, would be a desirable step; and if only given to such men as M'Arthur, denied to all mere pets and creatures, rigidly reserved for those who on the fair, open field of colonial enterprise had risen to lordly station, we see no reason to think that many a democratic settler would not easily reconcile himself to a coronet, which his own son or daughter might by honourable success obtain. With regard to this point, the Bill "to confer a Constitution on the Colony, and to grant a Civil List to her Majesty," makes provisions, thus described by the Select Committee:—

"That Act" (says the Report) "authorizes the Crown, whenever it thinks proper to confer any hereditary title or honour, rank or dignity, to annex thereto an hereditary right of being summoned to the Legislative Council. Your Committee are not prepared to recommend the introduction into this colony of a right by descent to a seat in the Upper House, but are of opinion that the creation of hereditary titles, leaving it to the option of the Crown to annex to the title of the first patentee a seat for life in such House, and conferring on the original patentees and their descendants, inheritors of their titles, a power to elect a certain number of their order, to form, in conjunction with the original patentees then living, the Upper House of Parliament, would be a great improvement upon any form of Legislative Council hitherto tried or recommended in any British colony. They conceive that an Upper House framed on this principle, whilst it would be free from the objections which have been urged against the House of Lords, on the ground of the hereditary right of legislation which they exercise, would lay the foundation of an aristocracy which, from their fortune, birth, leisure, and the superior education these advantages would superinduce, would soon supply elements for the formation of an Upper House, modelled, as far as circumstances will admit, upon the analogy of the British constitution. Such a House would be a close imitation of the elective portion of the House of Lords which is supplied from the Irish and Scotch peerage; nor is it the least of the advantages which would arise from the creation of a titled order, that it would necessarily form one of the strongest inducements, not only to respectable

families to remain in this colony, but to the upper classes of the United Kingdom and other countries, who are desirous to emigrate, to choose it for their future abode."

This Upper House is, according to the proposal, to be balanced by a Lower House, elected by not only all who pay a certain house-rent, but who pay £10 a-year for a lodging, or £40 for board and lodging; and this the Committee truly hold to be a close approach, in New South Wales, to universal suffrage. The Bill also reserves a power to alter the Constitution, on the vote of two-thirds of both Houses, subject to the assent of the Crown. On the vexed question of a Civil List, they make what appears reasonable provision, and close with the following sensible remark:—

"Your Committee cannot, however, take leave of this subject without the expression of a hope that the liberal provision which your honourable House has just made for the public service will abundantly show, 'that as long as the representatives of the people are entirely free to grant or refuse according to their deliberate views of the exigencies of the public service, her Majesty's faithful Commons in this colony can never arrive at any other conclusion, than that it is the soundest policy, as well as the truest economy, to maintain that service in the utmost efficiency.'"

They propose to pension the Judges of the Supreme Court, "in all cases of permanent disability or infirmity, or after fifteen years' service," to the amount of seven-tenths of their salary. Present incumbents of public offices, who will be ejected by the new Constitution, are to be pensioned at the present rate; but not till *actually* displaced, and not after they may have accepted other offices.

A yet bolder measure is embraced in the range of this great proposal; namely, a General Assembly, representing all the colonies, and legislating on questions which affect more than one colony. The following is the view of this very important question taken by the Select Committee:—

"One of the more prominent legislative measures required by this colony, and the colonies of the Australian group generally, is the establishment at once of a General Assembly, to make laws in relation to the inter-colonial questions that have arisen, or may hereafter arise, among them. The questions which would claim the exercise of such a jurisdiction appear to be as follows:—

- "1st. Inter-colonial tariffs, and coasting trade.
- "2nd. Railways, roads, canals, &c., running through any two of the colonies.
- "3rd. Beacons and lighthouses on the coast.
- "4th. Inter-colonial penal settlements.
- "5th. Inter-colonial gold regulations.
- "6th. Postage between the said colonies.
- "7th. A general Court of Appeal from the Courts of such colonies.
- "8th. A power to legislate on all other subjects which may be submitted to them, by Addresses from the Legislative Councils and Assem-

blies of the colonies: and to appropriate to any of the above objects the necessary sums of money, to be raised by a per-centage on the revenues of all the colonies interested."

We are tolerably certain that the Committee, in recommending this important federation "at once," are considerably in advance of public opinion around them; but their proposal does none the less indicate a want which now exists, and the pressure of which will yearly be more sensible. We do not imagine that Parliament will adopt the Lang notion of forcing the Provinces to a Union; but we hope that no obstacle will be thrown in the way of their voluntary approach to it, according as their own sense of what is desirable shall dictate. It is odd that some of the Australian democrats, in objecting to hereditary titles and legislatorial rights, are disposed to prefer rather an Upper House directly nominated by the Crown; not seeing that Members of an Assembly, if they inherited their honours, and derived their seats, according to the proposal of the Select Committee, from the suffrage of their peers, would be much more independent of the Government of the day, than if it alone was the author of their elevation. It will, no doubt, be difficult to prevail upon men, in the haste of such a history as Australia is now transacting, to pause and read the histories which other nations have bequeathed; else we think it would be easy to make out a clear and overwhelming case, in proof of the position, that, in all free communities, the very energy of liberty creates an absolute necessity for a permanent head, and a powerful hereditary element of stability. Were it possible that a tyranny could ever be attempted by the British Crown against Australia, or that a titled class, raised from among the colonists, could oppress their fellows, then would resistance to the erection of the one, and severance from the power of the other, be a legitimate object of the Australian patriot. But Anglo-Saxons pride themselves, and colonists above all, on being practical men. In practice, then, we contend that no country is so free as England. America, of course, is an anomaly: it is by courtesy a free country, on the understanding that you forget as many of its people in bonds, as would outnumber the inhabitants of New South Wales about twenty times. But we never yet met with a man, Briton or American, who had resided five years in each country, who did not own that in England individual liberty was more complete, as against the mob on one side, and the Government on the other, than even the liberty of white Americans in the States. America has not lived a century; yet, as it proceeds further in its history, it shows a new example of the tyranny of Republics over their Helots, and presents no evidence that it is destined to escape the anarchy into which the incurable evil of a changing head has always plunged powerful Republics in the end. In a small State, or among a languid people, a changing headship may not bring on bloodshed, and end in military tyranny; but where

the public prizes are glorious, and the passions of the multitude strong, no example has yet been realized in which that principle has long worked safely. America is a young, and so far an illustrious, exception; yet few philosophic politicians would pledge their hope so frankly to the future of the President's chair, as of our Monarch's throne. In the benign power of the English crown, Australia is provided with a permanent head, under circumstances which make the dream of oppression purely absurd; and if on the spot an aristocracy arise, not having other interests or other laws than the community, it would be a powerful aid toward protection from the woe which has ever cursed democracies, the rash, unreasoning, and destructive dominion of the mob.

But we would go beyond the Select Committee in their proposals, in more points than one. Not only do we consider it unnecessary that the British Empire should dissolve, as its members grow to maturity; but we think the time is now fully come for serious measures to stop the dangerous progress of opinion, both here and in our distant possessions, toward that result. A short time ago, Canada seemed eager to be annexed to the States; all our Australian colonies were rapidly losing the loyalty which ever distinguished them; and the Cape was all but in rebellion. Now the Fugitive Slave Law has made every honest Canadian proud to dwell on British soil; the policy which succeeded that of Earl Grey has won back the good regards of the Australians; the Kafir war and the Constitution have stayed the disloyalty of the Cape. The moment is, therefore, favourable for taking a stand which will point the general mind forward, not to the breaking up of our existing possessions, but to the development and organizing of that wonderful preparation which has been made for the most glorious and permanent Empire the world ever saw. "The Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" was a fit enough description of us a century ago: and "the Parliament of the United Kingdom," a fit enough name for our Legislature, even within half a century: but now our American, Indian, African, and Australian territories are of such immense magnitude, that the idea of the United Kingdom ought to merge in the greater and juster idea of the *BRITISH EMPIRE*; and all our national proceedings should henceforth be inspired by the thought, that our possessions are not dependencies, to be schooled while weak, and dismissed when strong, but members of one family, to be endeared to us by every tie, considered in every decision, and held in the bonds of perpetual amity.

To us it seems next to treason against the human family to contemplate the disruption of the only existing Empire, where every person, every conscience, every organ of opinion, and every industry is free;—the Empire that is the only steady bulwark against the absolutism of Kings in Europe; the only strong protest against the slave-grinding of Presidents and mobs in America; the only real terror of the robbers who

bereave poor Africa; and the only power which is pouring in upon Asia the blessings of European inventions and of Christian light. But the idea that this Empire can permanently be conserved by merely giving Constitutions to our colonies, is not to be entertained. That is right in itself, and immensely valuable in its time, and for its stage; but its time will expire, its stage be run out, and, unless further-seeing provisions are made, the glorious spectacle of the BRITISH EMPIRE will dissolve, and England be left alone,—a kingdom, with, perhaps, a few dependencies.

Let us at once recognise the fact, that, by growth and accessions, we are an Empire, comprising many States. Let us lay down the *organic laws* of this Empire, which no Legislature, either of the Parent State or of any other, may infringe: let us add to our legislative chambers an IMPERIAL SENATE, without the concurrence of which no measures affecting *imperial* questions can pass: let each existing colony, on reaching a certain point of population or revenue, be eligible to become, on its own application, a State, and a member of the Imperial Federation, bound by the organic laws, and sending to the Imperial Senate its representatives in such proportion as shall be fixed: let it, on all provincial or internal questions,—such as its franchise, public works, Civil List, appointment of officers, (up even to Governor,) be entirely free, bound, in fact, only by the organic laws, and, in imperial questions, subject to the Imperial Legislature.

In making these suggestions, we of course use the word Colonies in its proper sense, not as describing all our foreign possessions, which are of several classes,—

1. COLONIES,—Canada, Australia, &c.
2. PLANTATIONS,—West Indies, Mauritius, &c.
3. SUBJECT COUNTRIES,—India, Ceylon, &c.
4. STATIONS,—Gibraltar, St. Helena, &c.

The stations could never come into any such relation as we propose; the plantations could rise to it only by first federating among themselves. As to them, time would sufficiently unfold the right course. Perhaps, as to subject countries, some hope might exist that they would become eventually—though the distance seems all but endless—fit to take their place in such a federation; and our wisdom and glory would be to train them to such a fitness. But let only the real British provinces of our Empire be cemented, and the rest is easily managed in comparison. Can this be done? It can, we believe, but not unless, at once, it is put out before the home and colonial public as an object of national ambition. That statesman will write his memory gloriously on our annals, who, casting aside the official tradition of reforming only where reforms are urgently demanded, will go before the public, and call the British Parliament to organize the great Empire of which it has so suddenly become the Head, and will challenge each rising State, in our western and

southern colonies, to the ambition of being an equal member of the grandest confederation ever seen, rather than of being itself an isolated sovereignty. When sons grow up, it is truly said, they will settle and have their own establishments. Yes, but they do not therefore break up the family. There is no youth in London who would not feel it a nobler settlement to have his own house and establishment, but, at the same time, to be partner with the Barings, than to have his own house and his own little business to himself. Canada, deciding all internal questions for its own superb territories, and taking its full share in the IMPERIAL SENATE which presided over the common interests of the British Empire, would be far greater than either as alone, or as swallowed up by its neighbour Republic; and Australia would surely be greater, when, just as free as it could be in a Republic,—just as much master of its patronage, local taxes, and franchise,—it yet had the grand armies of India as its unseen, but sure, defence against all European encroachments, and sat side by side with the mother country, and with sister states, in family council, deciding on family interests, while, at the same time, no question as to who should be lord of its noble people, was likely to trouble them.

To say that such a project has a thousand difficulties, some home, some colonial, some lying on the surface, some unseen, till you stir up the ground,—is only to say what is so plain, that it hardly need to be said. To say that, if possible, it will mature slowly, is equally plain. But here is a great national emergency, as certain to come upon us as that boys who are springing up by inches will soon be men. Are we to do, as we did with our eldest son,—part with them in a horrible family broil, and inherit their hatred for ever? Or are we to train them up in the belief that, when once men, they and we can have no common interests, but take towards each other the place of friendly strangers, or honourable rivals,—parting as a master and apprentice? Or are we to say?—"We ought to be one while the world stands; and if generosity,—if pride in your progress,—if giving you all the *status* you can claim,—if taking you to our counsels, and making your cause our cause, can keep you and us one family, then one we shall ever be." This, we repeat, is the right strain for the day: let but our statesmen manfully give it forth; let them appeal to the patriotism of our families at home, all more or less linked with the colonies, and of our countrymen abroad,—all children of our fatherland, and, with some unnatural exceptions, retaining yet the filial heart,—and we doubt not that an enthusiasm may be kindled, before which the prejudices of stiff adherents to old fashions, the anti-national malice into which some colonists have fallen, and the real difficulties of the case, will gradually disappear. As the first preparatory step, to check at once the tide of feeling that the Empire must eventually be dismembered, we would take the proposal of New South

Wales; and there, and in Canada, in time also at the Cape, create an aristocracy, giving them the right, not only to sit in local legislature, but to elect two or three of their number to sit in the House of Lords, as the Irish and Scotch peers; and give, at the same time, the Colonial Commons the right to elect a few Members to our Commons. Whether or not this provision ought to continue when the IMPERIAL SENATE would come into action, could be decided hereafter. But the measure now proposed would surely do something to arrest the opinion, that mature colonies must become isolated states,—an opinion of which the American Union is a notable refutation, but which, coupled with the generous antipathy of the people of this country against oppressing a colony, and with the natural desire of a great community to be more than a dependency, will, if not arrested, most certainly dismember the Empire which believes it, even at the very time when another and kindred nation, holding an opposite doctrine, is deriving new splendour from every colony which reaches maturity.

The only doubt as to the destiny of Australia, arises from her moral condition. With such a soil, climate, and people, her material prosperity is a full stream rolling upon golden sand. But if drunkenness continue to spread, carrying other vices with it, wealth and energy will but multiply the means, and increase the hardihood of wickedness. In Turkey, “perishing for want of Turks;” in Spain, wasted and tottering; in Spanish America, distracted and base; and even in France, scarcely adding to her population; we have contemporary witnesses,—not to speak of countries in other days buried in their vices,—that, in spite of the rarest advantages, an immoral people will wane and blench. We do not look with much alarm on the disorders arising from an influx of new population, or the outrages committed by escaped felons, but on vices which appear to be chronic, and will certainly survive the re-establishment of order. When Sydney alone has 400 public-houses; when one in nine of its population are annually arrested drunk; when men of fortune reel in the streets; when even the seats of the municipality, and the legislature, are not pure of drunkenness; when, morning, noon, and night, spirits, raw, fiery, and in fearful quantity, are consumed by habit everywhere; it is too plain that alarming causes of demoralization lie far deeper in the structure of society than any irregularities chargeable on the rush of immigrants; causes which, if not counterworked, will reduce the strong and rocky mass of that young commonwealth to rottenness. The new-country energy which smashes through a thicket of difficulties, like an elephant through a field of sugar-canes, is beyond price when impelled by a pure heart; but, under the sway of bad passions, it smashes down proprieties as well as principles, and noisily rejoices over the ruins of decency. Had not America possessed two moral powers, (Puritanism and Methodism,) to close upon,

and wrestle foot to foot with the vices of her passionate people, it is hard to say how much she would have been happier or stronger now than Mexico. The first left foundations, lessons, and bright examples of goodness, to which New England owes debts never to be counted. The second, just before the war of independence, had kindled a glow of Christian life, that soon warmed all the older Churches, creating, at the same time, one more numerous than any of the others, whose stationed Ministers pervade the dense population of towns, whose untired itinerants overtake the most advanced woodsman; so that everywhere righteousness has a witness, and sin a rebuke. Hitherto it is frankly to be said, that Christianity has not taken that powerful hold of the Australian community, which alone can save it from corruption. In the early days of colonization it was too common with Ministers of the Gospel to farm, and breed sheep, bequeathing to their children an honest name and numerous flocks, but not producing any great spiritual impression upon the community. Governor Macquarie remonstrated with Mr. Leigh because he had no property to return on the schedule, which each settler sent in every three years, except "his old horse." Yet, doubtless, much of the favour which the Governor showed him, arose from this very circumstance; for when a man professing a call from Heaven to bring sinners to repentance, dabbles in honest trade, people feel towards him much as soldiers would towards an officer who should deal in grocery. True, the Minister has a family, and is but a man: so an eagle is but a bird; yet no one expects to find an eagle turning a duck, though without doubt the duck is a good, useful bird, and may, with great propriety, find comfort in ponds or even in pools; but for the course of an eagle we look towards heaven.

Now several denominations have Ministers in the colonies whose whole life is consecrated to their work; men capable of appreciating the special dignity of their mission, as called to give a nation, intoxicated with money, examples of unworldly labour, of spiritual wealth, and amid the very altars of Mammon to lead human hearts into fellowship with God. Yet it is certain that, before the gold-immigration began, many squatting districts were totally neglected by the Ministers of all Churches; and the rush of population to the gold-fields has not been followed with anything like sufficient promptitude and force. True, men enough have not been on the ground, and those who were could not multiply themselves; but the fact that neglect has heretofore fallen upon much of the population, greatly increases the need for energy now, that lost ground may be recovered, as well as new ground won. In many parts of the colonies individuals, and even societies, are to be found, in whom piety shines in fair contrast to the greedy worldliness, or reckless sensuality, around; but these are yet a thin minority, and, perhaps, morally enfeebled, though mate-

rially enriched, by the new course of events. The battle against ungodliness has yet to be won, and no easy battle will it be!

In New South Wales and Victoria public grants are made to the Church of England, the Romanists, Presbyterians, and Methodists. In South Australia grants have been discontinued. Thus in the former the French, and in the latter the American, example is followed, which will probably extend, in time, to the other colonies. All the denominations seem, from the public dispatches, to be applying their grants chiefly to the support of Ministers, rather than the erection of churches. This seems wise; for, amid a population so rapidly increasing in numbers and property, a man of the right stamp will, in a comparatively short time, create all the means for the future support and propagation of religion. The Sydney University has lately adopted a regulation that no one shall be admitted to examination for a degree without a certificate of religious instruction and fitness from the authorities of the denomination to which he belongs. This has been done at the instance of the Anglican Bishops, who would not otherwise connect themselves with it. The Government gives to each of the leading denominations mentioned above, a site of land for a college, and £500 a-year for the salary of a head-master; but they are to raise the buildings themselves; and we observe by the last mail, that one Methodist Minister has given £1,000 towards founding the one to be connected with his own body.

The Episcopal Church has its sees in all the great colonies, and two in New South Wales; and has been, as all are aware, making efforts, with aid of Parliamentary friends, to obtain a Bill for holding Convocation. While, however, this is delayed, the Methodists, as yet inferior in numbers and influence, have received, from the British Conference, and readily accepted, a proposal to become themselves a distinct body, raising all their own funds, holding their own Conferences, and managing their own Church affairs. The Rev. Robert Young, who went out as a deputation to effect this object, was instructed at once to send home for seven additional Ministers for Victoria, and six for New South Wales, the funds for their passage out being readily subscribed. Not only are the Australian Methodists willing thus to "go to warfare at their own charges," but they contemplate taking under their management the extensive Missions in New Zealand, the Friendly Isles, and Feejee, hitherto conducted by the Methodist Missionary Society, on condition that, for the present, a grant be made towards their support, decreasing yearly till it shall cease. This is a noble project, displaying a zeal and liberality which speak well for the future vigour of this young Church. With the example before them of what Methodism has done for America,—with the absolute certainty that their system of itinerancy, and of lay co-operation in edifying and administering the Church, is the only one by which a

new, dispersed, and shifting community can be leavened by true religion,—with the prodigious examples of energy in worldly enterprise which are before their eyes,—with the boldness which vice puts on,—with their broad, generous, and practical creed, bidding every living soul, without exception or doubt, to come and take, and that now, all the mercies of redemption; surely the Australian Methodist Ministers will lay their hand to the plough with a labourer's grasp, and make to themselves a memory that shall be blessed on every future page of Australian history.

But too much work is to be done, to be looked for at the hands of any one denomination: all are needed, and, happily, all are in the field. The Independents are sending out some of their well-known and influential men; and the Presbyterians are not remiss. The relative progress of these bodies will depend, not on their status at home, or their favour with the public abroad; but will declare in favour of that Church whose Ministers are the holiest, the hardest, the closest Pastors of town-populations, the most resolute followers of scattered settlers; who care least for money, respectability, or ease,—take most kindly to floods, rains, and open bush-beds,—who think it a shame for the Evangelist to be outdone by any man in soldierly spirit, and who are determined that he shall be known as the most ubiquitous and unconquerable being in the country,—up, in spite of everything, to the furthest point where an axe rings, or a sheep bleats.

The part of Australia, in the future history of the world, is plainly to be of transcendent consequence. Away from her shores, stretch those endless Archipelagoes which contain a vast, but a neglected, portion of the human family. China and India, with the countries between, contain more than half our race, cover the sites of the most ancient existing civilization, and represent the creeds—Buddhist and Brahman—most extensively diffused hitherto. At the time when these grand superstitions are worn out, the British occupation opens India, the Chinese revolution opens China, and, as if by the waving of Heaven's sceptre, a new nation springs up, face to face with these two ancient races, in the crisis of transition. It is not the Anglo-Saxon blood,—it is not the modern civilization,—possessed by this new nation, which assures us that it will shed forth, on its neighbouring archipelagoes and continents, a beneficent light. These went to Africa, and carried the slave-trade; to the red men, and carried drunkenness and destruction; to the Hindus, and carried state-commerce in conscience; to the Chinese, and carried opium; ay, to the lorn natives of Australia, and carried unmentionable diseases and death, even by poison. In fact, wherever Anglo-Saxon vices have not been counterworked by strong forces of missionary Christianity, they have deteriorated every race, into contact with which colonization has brought them. This terrible, but undeniable, truth, speaks in thunder to those whose ambition is, that

the new Empire of the South shall be a blessing, and not a curse. China is opening to Christianity,—India cannot long remain behind: if these two nations receive the new impulse of a faith which is instinct with improvement, and, at the same time, Australia run its race, and South Africa grow, it is easy to see that the centre of human intelligence and power will not long determine exclusively to the North. Never did nobler enthusiasm fire a human soul, than he may cherish, who aims to be one of the Apostles of this latest-born nation; to imbue its energy with beneficence, its freedom with wisdom; and to conquer, for the Prince of Peace, its power and wealth, which, in the hand of the god of this world, would deluge the South and East with impetuous and well-endowed iniquity.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

A Summer-Day's Dream: with other Poems. By Henry Francis Robinson. London: Pickering. 1853.

Thomas à Becket, and other Poems. By Patrick Scott. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

It is a reflection full of comfort to the critic, that one who is only a fifth-rate poet may, nevertheless, be a first-rate man. It is only in this belief that he maintains a cheerful confidence in his species, and is faithful in the discharge of his judicial functions; for otherwise he would be sorely tempted to question the utility of one large portion of mankind, and, in shrinking from the duty of cutting off a fellow-creature's only tie to life, by robbing him of the solitary grace laid claim to, would no longer remain "clear in his great office." To be impelled to despise so large a class, and, at the same time, wound so many individuals, would prove intolerable conditions of literary censorship. It would be difficult for the sternest of our craft—and we are very far from being such—to speak with necessary harshness of any rhymes whatever, if he believed that *in* them the author had put forth all his powers, and *upon* them rested all his human hopes; that they were, in fact, the sum and flower of one man's being. To speak slightly of a product so seriously laboured, and so wistfully regarded, would be impossible. The life of every man is sacred; and his talents—two or ten—are never wholly lost. And so we have a right to hope that any one who sends forth feeble verses to the world is not doing himself justice in the public eye; that he has, latent or otherwise directed, some noble human talent; that in him society has an able member, and his country a loyal son; that his imperfect prosody is not the mirror of his manly gait, nor his confused imagery the emblem of daily perplexity of purpose. That this is frequently the case, we have reason to know. How often is one whom no man can despise, that witnesses his mercantile or professional career, known only, at the critic's table, as the author of that elegant and well-bound volume, of thick cream-paper spread with sky-blue poetry!—a book that puts you in a positive dilemma; for it is a seeming waste of money to burn, and a certain waste of time to read it.

It must be understood, then, once for all, that when we speak with great freedom and plainness of verses of this kind, we do so with reference to the "work," rather than the author; and this consideration will leave us at liberty to make the exposure of any folly it may contain, without the risk of being considered even remotely personal. To

make this freedom agreeable to all parties does not rest solely with us. If gentlemen have more important titles to esteem than are furnished by their poems, it is not our fault that they are publicly judged by that which they have most publicly set forth.

We are willing to give Mr. Robinson the full benefit of these remarks, and believe that those who know him best would not rest his claim to honour on the verses published in his name. He has little or no success in cultivating poetry as an art, and evinces none of its peculiar gifts. Not to mention "the vision and the faculty divine," he has not even "the accomplishment of verse." The Muse has given him nothing to say, and he has taught himself how to say it; so we must not wonder if the speech is worthy of the subject and the tutor. His verses are very lame, and often come short of a foot, even when every "-ed" is uttered, and every "fire" dissyllabled. Yet Mr. Robinson is very voluble: he often halts, but very seldom stops. To a certain dangerous facility of language he adds a feebleness of thought, and a confusion of imagery, that combine to make his verses as unsatisfactory to read as they are difficult to scan. It is not necessary, we hope, to say that our statement is neither exaggerated nor malicious. It is only too easy to make good our words, though not, perhaps, to do as much for our author's. We do no injustice to the following passage by isolating it from the long poem where it occurs; for, as a moral and poetic aphorism, whose light is in itself, it may be allowed to stand and shine alone.

"Our manhood of life's ladder is a step
On which we build the noblest expectations,
And fondly think to realize youth's dreams;
But, ere we're let to crown what we've begun,
Or take our breath to reap what has been done,
Time piles his crushing weight upon our backs;
Takes, one by one, our treasures from our hands;
And leaves us stranded on the shore of age,
Half—prey to sorrow, half—unto oblivion."

This passage is a perfect study in itself. It is, in little, a complete embodiment of all the faults to which poetry is liable; a complex example of the style which every young bard is entreated *not* to follow. Seldom, perhaps, even in Homer or Milton, can we find a summary illustration of poetic laws comprised in one brief space of verses; but our author is more happy in an opposite ambition, and, within nine lines, succeeds in breaking every canon of his art, and scorns to "snatch a grace" either above or below it. We have only time to indicate the points of observation in this useful study; and the reader whom it may concern is desired to follow out the lesson for himself. Here, then, we have almost every fault of *versification*. From neglect of the *cæsura*, and a servile halting at the final pause of every line, all sense of variety and harmony is wanting, except the feeling of its disappointment. Our author is true to his ten fingers, but resolutely shuts up both his ears. His verses seem no more to belong to each other than the candles in a pound of sixes. In simple prose we should not have missed the peculiar rhythm which the form of poetry prepares us to expect; we should have had at least a chance of emphasis, even if we made it for ourselves; but, as it is, we are compelled to read it in unvarying lengths,—to draw it out of our mouths by the yard, like a conjuror measuring the tape he never really swal-

lowed. But the *imagery* of this remarkable passage is most remarkable of all. Our author is lavish of his figures beyond all poetic precedents. Where Milton would have made one serve,—though, perhaps, he would have put it, as befits the subsidiary nature of an illustration, into two lines only of the paragraph,—Mr. Robinson showers them with a prodigal, not to say imprudent, hand; so that every line has at least one to itself. To say that these figures are not individually appropriate, nor collectively intelligible, is, perhaps, being somewhat too nice. To object, for example, that it is not usual with men to build any thing upon the step of a ladder; that if, in that position ourselves, we pause to “take our breath,” it is by no means for the purpose of “reaping,” for which the situation would be most ineligible; that there is something very odd communicated to the picture when, still standing by or on life’s ladder, building with one hand, and reaping with the other, old Time is made to “pile his crushing weight upon our backs,” and then, strangely relieving and overwhelming us in the same act, “takes one by one our treasures from our hands,” and, not content with this heartless robbery, leaves us, far from our reaping and building avocations, “stranded on the shore,” and the unfortunate prey, not to one wholesome and soon-dispatching shark, but half to sorrow and half to oblivion, though it is impossible to say what satisfactory division is agreed upon;—all this, we fear, may be esteemed as so much hypercriticism, indulged in by those who have no soul to appreciate the happy and prevailing sentiment which these lines were intended to express. We are well-nigh forced to admit the imputation; for what the sentiment intended was, or is, or might have been, is that shrined and perfect secret which we shall neither presume to guess at nor surmise.

We have not thought proper to separate our notice of Mr. Scott’s drama from that of the poems of Mr. Robinson, although the former is a shade or two better, in point of composition, than the latter. It is impossible to approve of the one any more than the other; and, practically, they must fail in an equal measure of attracting and rewarding popular attention. Now that the resources of our poetical literature are so great, it is certain that the fourth-rate poet must share the fate of his fifth-rate brother, and both soon find an undistinguished level. That there is some talent displayed by Mr. Scott, even in the most difficult essay of the drama, and that the remaining pieces are very passable compositions, cannot fairly be urged as a plea for the approval of either. On the contrary, these furnish the very grounds of their condemnation; for, applied to poetry of this stamp, the blundering language of poor Dogberry becomes emphatically true: “*It is very tolerable, and not to be endured.*”

Infidelity: its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies; being the Prize Essay of the British Organization of the Evangelical Alliance. By the Rev. Thomas Pearson, Eyemouth, N. B. London: Partridge and Oakey.

If the Evangelical Alliance had done no other service to our common Christianity than the publication of the Sabbath Papers, “*Evangelical Christendom*,” the “*Prize Essay on Popery*,” and this on *Infidelity*, it would have deserved well of the Churches of Christ. It

has done much more, and merits the hearty support of all Protestant Christians; and it is destined yet to accomplish most important results. The volume before us is published under its patronage, and is worthy of it. It is the production of a mind full fraught upon his theme,—earnest and forceful. Within the limits the author assigns to himself, he thoroughly discusses his subject. The forms and tactics of infidelity are ever changing; and it becomes necessary that the modes of defence and attack should also vary. The Treatises of John Goodwin and Richard Baxter are among the oldest defences of revelation of modern times; and the Boyle Lectures, some hundred and fifty years old, present perhaps the first and best-combined effort to prove, by direct argumentation, the inspiration and authority of the sacred Scriptures. These have proved the arsenal of most writers on the subject. But infidelity has changed its mode of warfare. It no longer boldly denies the facts on which Divine revelation rests for evidence, and has generally ceased to employ the gross and indecent attacks which distinguished the onslaughts of the last century. It is more specious, and more insidious. Literature, science, philosophy, are pervaded, as they are also employed, by scepticism. Doubts are insinuated; the lights of science are exalted; philosophy drops all allusions to any other revelations of the Author of nature than the works of God; and poetry tricks out a heartless and undevout sentimentalism, as the adequate and beautiful substitute for spiritual life. Mr. Pearson tracks the Proteus evil through every maze, and boldly tears off every mask. Infidelity, as a negation of religious truth, and a vast comprehension of the absurdities of error, is traced to an evil heart of unbelief, departing from the living God, and not desiring the knowledge of His ways. Its “aspects” are shown to be multifarious, and its effects simply evil. In so wide a range of excellent and effective writing, it would be difficult to make a selection of pre-eminence. We were much pleased with the first chapter, and especially with the succinct manner in which Mr. Pearson has adjusted the claims of the two modes of argument in proof of the existence of God,—the *à priori* and the *à posteriori* arguments, the deductive and the inductive,—and their mutual dependence, each being necessary to the other. The chapter on Naturalism, or the Denial of Providential Government, is replete with irresistible reasoning and beautiful illustration. Every chapter we deem to be triumphant in argument; and we wonder how infidels can bear to see their systems, so called, dissected, exposed, and ruined, and still hold to an unmanly credulity, and to palpable absurdities infinitely greater than any alleged against Christian believers. But the disease is moral, and one of the plainest proofs and most affecting illustrations of the doctrine which infidelity most resists,—the depravity of human nature.

Mr. Pearson, in considering the causes of infidelity, dwells with great power on speculative philosophy as one of its most fruitful sources. There is a fashion of opinion as well as of dress. Every man now-a-days is bold in discussion, and wishes to be considered free and unfettered, independent and liberal in his opinions; and, without settled way-marks of religious truth, and the humble spirit which Christianity implants, men are sure to become vain and self-sufficient, relying upon reason to shape their creed; and they will certainly then leave out at least all the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, which

alone have power over the conscience and life. Philosophy "will not bring itself to acquiesce in that *humility of knowledge*, and that *renunciation of self*, which Christianity requires." The true remedy for infidelity is abundantly indicated by our author, although not separately treated. Truth—heavenly truth—is the great and only weapon, and is successful whenever and wherever it is pressed by earnest and consistent men. A pregnant proof of the comparative value of Christianity and Secularism is seen as clearly in the history of nations, communities, and individuals, as the comparative value of the systems in respect of argument is seen in the writings and discussions which the unhappy scepticism of the times has occasioned. The controversy is but beginning. Infidelity is the natural offspring of Popery, as Popery is the worst type of Formalism. As men are awakened to the absurdities and emptiness of Popery, they will suspect that nothing in Christianity is true, because they have found nothing true in Popery; and their falling back into the limbo of universal unbelief, "the paradise of fools," will be the sad result, except so far as true Christianity is substituted. All the Churches need the enforcement of a living and practical Christianity; for all are, although not equally, yet really, in danger of lapsing into some type of multi-form infidelity. The ministry was never more peremptorily called upon to guard and warn and teach the thinking portion of their congregations against these perils of the times. Intellectual cultivation is an ineffectual barrier against infidelity, without religious truth and religious influences. Before the French Revolution, twenty thousand persons, it is said, were engaged in writing books; but the Bible was kept from the people; and where the Bible is least known, infidelity is most rife. The Bible is its own evidence, and its own strength.

It is most pleasant to read a book printed like Mr. Pearson's; but, for the sake of thousands, even of our educated youth, who cannot reach the price, but who ought to read this volume, we should be glad to see an edition made accessible to all. Mr. Pearson cannot perform a greater service to society, politically, socially, or religiously. The volume will instruct the Church, and benefit all. It exhibits the doctrine of the Gospel, is clear in its arguments, copious in its details, happy in its illustrations, catholic in its spirit, and practical in its tendency. Again we thank him for his book.

The Educational Expositor, specially designed for Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses, Mothers of Families, and all interested in Education. Edited by T. Tate, F.R.A.S., and J. Tilleard, F.R.G.S., assisted by eminent Teachers and Friends of Education. Published on the 1st of every Month. Nos. I. to VII.

THIS periodical comprises Expositions of the Principles and Methods of Teaching—Notices of the State of Elementary Education—Biographical Sketches of eminent Teachers and Educators—Translations from Foreign Educational Works and Periodicals—Reviews of Educational Books and Apparatus—Correspondence, including Educational and Philosophical Queries, and Mathematical Questions for Pupil-Teachers and Masters—and Educational Intelligence. It addresses itself to a most numerous class of readers, and promises

information on an extended scale, and on a great variety of subjects, within the province which is strictly appropriate to it. The names of the Editors are an ample guarantee of its general character and tendency, and of the ability with which it will be conducted. And, so far as this publication has proceeded, there is evidence of its being likely to satisfy the expectations of its projectors and supporters, and to promote, in a very high degree, the great objects which it is intended to subserve.

The Byeways of the Bible. By the Rev. Richard Brown. Liverpool, 1853.

THE title of a book is now generally allowed to be the publisher's contribution, and the suggestions of his taste (or prudence) are for the most part limited to novelty and brevity. For this reason a modern title-page is seldom a distinct and accurate index of the contents of the volume; and the present is an instance in point. We gather, however, on inquiring within, that by the "Byeways of the Bible" are signified those subjects of revealed truth which are of secondary importance, and doubtful, or at least disputed, interpretation. In this category Mr. Brown has placed *Baptismal Regeneration*, and the *Salvation of Infants*, with some topics of a more speculative character; such as *the final Number of the Righteous*, *the outward Form and Features of the Redeemer*, and *the Locality of Heaven*. The author's style is very pleasing; and, in spite of the difficulty with which some of his topics are attended, we are glad to observe a judgment and moderation preserving him from extreme views and dogmatic assertion. He finds occasion to dissent from the literal interpretation of prophecy, so rigorously enforced by those who contend for the pre-millennial advent of Christ. Without endorsing all the opinions of this author, we may remark that they are generally such as harmonize with the doctrines of pure evangelical religion.

Death Struggles of Slavery: being a Narrative of Facts and Incidents, which occurred in a British Colony, during the Two Years immediately preceding Negro Emancipation. By Henry Bleby, a Resident in the Colony seventeen Years. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853.

WE have long desired the appearance of a volume like the present, containing a faithful historical record of that dark period, when the cruel and selfish traders in human misery were called upon to meet the advancing intelligence and humanity of the age. It is well described as a time of mortal struggle. A gloomy but instructive page of human nature is here opened out,—rich in various kinds of interest,—chequered with scenes of fearful strife,—and illumined by every contending emotion that can arise from patience, hope, and despair. Such a record exhibits many striking contrasts. The ferocity and impurity of the white man; the Christian resignation, and burning love of liberty, in the African; and the zeal and moderation of the Christian Missionary,—are all exhibited in these pages. We cordially recommend the volume, as full of interest and instruction of the highest kind.

Sermons on some of the Trials, Duties, and Encouragements of the Christian Life. By the Rev. Charles Bradley, Vicar of Glasbury, Brecknockshire. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

FEW sermon-writers have attained to greater popularity, among a certain class, than Mr. Bradley; but we confess that reading the present volume has not initiated us into the secret of that popularity. These Sermons contain no novel or profound thoughts, no elaborate exposition, no close argument, no eloquent passages, no powerful appeals. The theology is nowhere sharply defined, nor has it any bold outlines. All the doctrinal statements are pervaded by the peculiarities and obscurities of the Calvinistic school. This obscurity, in reference to justification, pervades the volume, and particularly the sermon on Psalm lxxxix. 15, 16. Without raising here the question of the explication of the text, we may observe that our author, meeting with the phrase, "Thy righteousness," notwithstanding the preceding pronouns are referred to God, the Father and Judge, immediately finds the doctrine of the imputed righteousness of Christ, which, he says, "we are told in the Gospel, is *made over*, in God's amazing love, to every believing soul." "The great Lawgiver does not simply, in a legal sense, place it to their account, and give them the benefit of it; He *almost* regards it as though it were their own." The fair inquiry is, Where in the Gospel is this written? We know not any scripture in which "we are told" that this "lifts the soul up above the law's curses and penalties; gives it in Christ a right and title to the law's promises; places it on a level in Christ with those of God's creatures who have never sinned; yea, it raises it above them; for no righteousness of any creature equals the righteousness that is accounted the happy soul's." "I feel as though I could stand among the angels, and not be ashamed." Romans iv. is an *argument* to prove that *faith* is imputed for righteousness; and that thus, in evangelical justification, which is the forgiveness of sins, "God imputeth righteousness without works;" these, and various other scriptural phrases and ideas, being different phases of one and the same blessing. But the righteousness of Christ, and its imputation to the believer, is nowhere declared or referred to as the ground and mode of a sinner's present justification before God: it is only a theological figment. All Christ's righteousness was needed by Him to meet the demands of the law upon Him who was "made under the law," "like unto His brethren;" and this perfection rendered Him not obnoxious to any sufferings on His own account, and put it in His power to suffer for others, voluntarily making Himself our Substitute, and, by His death, making "a full, perfect, and sufficient satisfaction, oblation, and atonement for the sins of the whole world." Thus "faith in His blood" is the grand condition of justification; and that faith is imputed unto us for righteousness.

The theological views of the writer appear to us equally defective and obscure in reference to the seed and spring of the "Christian life." The life of God in the souls of those who "were *dead* in trespasses and in sins," cannot be a gradual process of moral resurrection, but must be an instant act of Divine power. "You who were *dead* hath He *quickened*." It is a new birth, a spiritual resurrection, a new

creation. The Scriptures distinctly refer this Divine act of imparting "life" to the "dead," to the conditional and instrumental power of faith. "We are justified by faith;" and, among the concomitants of justification, the Apostle says, "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." This, we apprehend, is the true commencement of the spiritual life, the starting-point of the Christian race. But these Sermons on the "Christian Life" do not exhibit this beginning of "life from the dead." Equally and consequently indistinct are they in reference to the progress of that life. It is a spark, a flame, very dependent upon circumstances; now burning with brightness, and now smouldering in ashes. The offices of the Holy Spirit, "the Author and Giver of life," are not duly recognised as "the Spirit of adoption," and "the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus," making us "free from the law of sin and death." The seventh chapter of Romans might be the last in the Epistle; the eighth, the counterpart and contrast to the seventh, might never have been written. Surely some "better thing is provided" for Christian believers, and was enjoyed by the Apostle, than the bondage, misery, and death of the seventh of Romans!

The same obscurity and confusion hang upon the doctrine of these Sermons in reference to the lapses and recoveries, the apparent present salvation, and the possible final destruction, of believers. David must have been really converted, renewed, and saved, or how could he have experienced the joy of salvation? and how pray for its restoration, if he never possessed it? If that state were only apparent, and not real, then who can know whether he is saved or not? whether he really have religion, or is deceiving himself? If David, or any believer, "once only seemed to enjoy it," then he did not enjoy it; if he once really enjoyed it, then he may really lose it. Mr. Bradley, indeed, asks, "Could a man pray more like an unholy, unpardoned, utterly comfortless sinner" than David after his fall? Then a true child of God, it seems, may so lapse into sin, that "the righteousness of the righteous shall not deliver him in the day of his transgression;" "for his iniquity that he hath committed, he shall die for it." Yet Mr. Bradley says, this salvation "the believer has accepted, and is in possession of, and can never lose." "God's salvation they can never lose; their interest in it, when once obtained, is theirs for ever." We think these very confused dicta; and that they render warnings and exhortations nugatory to those who would cover their sins with perverted pleadings grounded on erroneous teaching.

That our author aims to do good, is very evident; and we have no doubt that his Sermons will be read, by those who heard them, with great pleasure; but something more than the best intentions is necessary to justify any one in presenting himself to the public by means of the press.

ΣΟΦΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ ΑΙΑΣ. The Ajax of Sophocles. Greek Text, with short English Notes, for the Use of Schools. Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1852. (A pocket volume, in stiff covers, price 1s.)

THIS edition of the "Ajax" was published as the first of a series of plays to be issued with similar notes. "The object proposed was to enable a less-advanced student, whether at school or college, to read

accurately and grammatically a Greek play, without being at first interrupted by the discussion of various readings, and by references to books which perhaps may be beyond his reach. In the notes, therefore, he is constantly referred to Jelf's Greek Grammar; such systematic reference to one grammar" being supposed to "be of the greatest use." But, occasionally, Matthiæ has been cited. Similar editions of others of the Greek tragedies have since appeared; but, in these latter publications, there are frequent references to Wordsworth, as well as to Jelf and Matthiæ. The Greek text is beautifully and correctly printed; and the notes furnish as much information as is necessary or desirable, for the peculiar class of students for whose use these publications are intended, who must needs be very grateful to Mr. Parker for the service he has rendered to them in this way, as well as in the publication of the longer series of the "Oxford Pocket Classics" without notes, which he commenced some years ago.

The History of the Church and Court of Rome; from the Establishment of Christianity under Constantine to the present Time. By the Rev. H. C. O'Donoughue, A.M. Two Vols. An improved and enlarged Edition. London: Partridge and Oakey.

THIS work has been for some years before the public, but has been re-issued, lately, in its present cheaper form, for the purpose of its being put within the reach of all classes. We agree with the publishers in saying that it is "a popularly-written history of the doings of Rome, ecclesiastical and political," and that it is "peculiarly adapted to the present times," as a guard against the misrepresentations and sophisms by which so many are in danger of being drawn into the delusion that its essential intolerance and crushing tyranny were no evil, and its abominable idolatries no sin. We hope this notice of the work in question may promote its more extended circulation.

Life in Sweden. By Selina Bunbury. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

WHETHER a section of our female writers has lately taken to migratory habits, or whether sundry fair vagrants have suddenly turned authors, need not now be determined; but it is very evident that fiction is not the only branch of literature in which they have distinguished themselves, and that an ardent spirit of adventure is not confined to the ruder sex.

If the gentle travellers have not yet sought to explore the North-West Passage, they have ventured within the Arctic Circle, undeterred by the severity of a Russian winter. They have crossed the Alleghanies, and ascended the Himalayas,—have been blinded by the sand of the Eastern deserts, and drenched in the terrific rains of the tropics. Nothing seems to damp their resolution. They intrust themselves with equal unconcern to an African bullock-waggon or a Canadian sledge,—a Nile kandja or an Indian catamaran.

Very pleasantly these ladies write the history of their wanderings,—light, sketchy, gossiping sort of narratives, rather inclined to diffuseness, but never prosy: these, at least, are their general characteristics.

From a heap of such volumes we select Miss Bunbury's "Life in Sweden." Her style is pretty much what we have indicated,—clear and vivid, and no worse for being now and then a *little* careless. There is nothing stiff or guide-bookish about it; no dry catalogue of public buildings, with the date of their foundation, and their dimensions in feet and inches furnished with mathematical precision. The information which is given respecting the national manners and habits flows in the most easy and natural way. In fact, the people themselves explain every thing of this sort. For example: It is half-past six on Christmas-morning, and our author attends service at one of the churches,—which, by the way, contrary to the usual custom, is not only crowded to the doors, but far into the street,—and, in returning home, converses with an intelligent Swedish guide, or companion. We quote part of the conversation:—

"This Jul-Afton is our great family festival; Jul-day, or Christmas-day, is observed more religiously. It is not so pleasant to you to see Jul-Afton here in Stockholm. In the capital all is artificial life. In my province you would have seen it better. There it is a joyful time, not for poor people only, but for beasts and birds."

"Beasts and birds!"

"Yes: that it certainly is. I will tell you that also. At harvest-time the Yule-sheaf—Can I say that in English?"

"Perfectly well."

"The Yule-sheaf is put by unthrashed at every farm-house; and on Christmas-eve it is hung out on a high pole near the farmer's door, for the famishing birds to make their Jul-Afton. If the Yule-sheaf were not seen there, the people would believe the farmer would have a bad season; they would think him a hard man, and not like to help him."

"And, pray, how do they manage for the beasts?"

"They give them double food on Christmas-eve, and then say, *Eat well, my good beasts, and thrive well, for this is Jul-Afton.* If this were omitted, they would expect some misfortune to befall the creatures."—Vol. ii., p. 121.

Our traveller's blunders and misfortunes form a most entertaining part of her story. How she imagines herself to be "the distinguished foreigner," of whom so much is being said, and for whom such extraordinary preparations are made, and at length discovers the "foreigner" to be an English contractor;—how she goes out to seek a hairdresser, and learns that this is considered a most immodest proceeding;—also how, on venturing out, on a moonlight night, without a lantern, certain friends volunteer the information, that this, too, is a characteristic only of a certain class of women;—how an expression of hers at a dinner-party is misconstrued, and accordingly offends half the pretty girls in Stockholm;—and, lastly, how, from the misapprehension of a word, she goes out to dinner, an expectant guest, and finds neither dinner nor welcome,—all this is related with the best grace in the world, and is, of course, highly diverting.

Her perplexities appear to have been extremely various. Here is an account of a novel species of bath:—

"I took my ticket, which cost, if I recollect right, about ninepence, or perhaps a shilling, English; and this, I was told, would admit me to *all*. What the final word meant, I did not ask. I was told I had only to present my ticket, and all would be said to the attendants."

"I went, and presented the ticket to some very yellow-skinned old women, one of whom took me under her direction, and conducted me to a bathing-room. There she commenced operations; and, having left me sitting on a stool, went out for a moment, and came back with a tin can, full of warm, soft, slimy, black mud. This she rubbed on smoothly, until it was clear that, though the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, a European woman can. When the Ethiopian colouring-process was complete, she put me to stand in a deep bath of warm water, and raising a sort of pump, or immense squirt, she discharged at me a volume of cold water. At this I shrieked, and entreated mercy; but on she went—I suppose my ticket had said so—until the water-battery was exhausted. She then turned more hot water into the bath, ceased the cannonade, said something very polite, and went away; thinking, I suppose, that I had now got the worth of my ticket, and leaving me to faint or revive in the warm-bath, as seemed most convenient to me.

"This slimy mud—taken, I believe, from the bottom of the sea, and made warm—is reckoned very good for rheumatism; but the Baths of Strömstad in summer, and the Gymnastics of Stockholm in winter, are the Swedish panaceas."—Vol. i., pp. 209, 210.

This mud, which is saponaceous rather than slimy, is not taken from the bottom of the sea, but is the deposit of a small river in the immediate neighbourhood. There are many such mistakes, which, although hardly to be cavilled at, in the journal of a tourist who passes hastily from place to place, nevertheless look very awkward in print.

Our author excels chiefly in description; and it is unfortunate that her powers were not tested by a journey through the interior of Norway, with its noble mountains, gloomy forests, romantic fiords, and unrivalled waterfalls. Those who have had the good fortune to see the numberless falls in the Bergenstift, and especially Reukan-Foss, with its magnificent leap of nine hundred feet, and now read the description of Trollhätte, will think her notes of admiration pitched extravagantly high.

There is a very prevalent and vicious practice, which is not confined to young authors, and ought to be utterly abolished; namely, that of placing flimsy sentiment, and semi-poetic twaddle, by way of introduction to the several chapters, in the apparent belief that this is fine writing. The work under notice is not exempt from this error. The narrative is good; but when the writer apostrophizes the spirit of her youth, records her reflections, generally on some very common-place theme, and indulges in vague regrets, or dreamy speculations, she is tiresome; and, in fact, when most poetic, is most prosy; her preaching, especially, is intolerable, and is, if possible, worse than her metaphysics. A table of contents would have been a far more natural and useful prefix to the chapters.

Religion in its Relation to Commerce and the Ordinary Avocations of Life: a Course of Lectures delivered in Jewin-Street Chapel, in the City of London. London: Mason.

- AN excellent idea, and well carried out. Twelve Wesleyan Ministers deliver a Course of Lectures on the various points in which Christianity bears upon the pursuits and practices of men of business. The Lectures are, of course, of differing merit; but all of them meet the

grand requisition,—an intelligible and faithful application of the principles and laws of *Christian* morality to “commerce and the ordinary avocations of life.” They are not perplexed with questions of casuistry, or any moral refinements. We should not have objected to find a somewhat closer application of rule to practice; a little more *bite* upon the conscience. In discoursing on practical subjects it is necessary and healthful. The publication of such a volume is timely; and we much regret that Ministers have not more generally dealt with these questions in the same manner: commercial failures had been fewer; Christianity had been saved from immense dishonour, and our Churches from the deadening influence of Antinomian leaven. We trust that the present example will have a good influence upon other Churches, and throughout the land; and we earnestly recommend the volume.

Religion and Business; or, Spiritual Life in one of its Secular Departments. By A. J. Morris. London: Ward and Co.

THIS little volume aims exactly at the same object as the one noticed above. Mr. Morris very modestly apologizes for appearing in print on such a subject, but very unnecessarily. Dr. Chalmers long ago observed, that “only a partial survey has been taken of the morality of the actions that are current among the people engaged in merchandise; and with regard to the morality of the affections which stir in their hearts, and give a feverish and diseased activity to the pursuits of worldly ambition.” The present volume is full of plain dealing on these subjects, “addressed directly to the conscience and the life.” It *must* do good; and such books will answer the vain plea with which commercial sinners strive to get rid of their guilt,—that “Ministers do not understand business.” If they do not understand the application of Christian principles to commerce, they do not understand their own proper business.

Margaret: or, Prejudice at Home, and its Victims. An Autobiography. In Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1853.

THIS is the first work published by Mr. Bentley on his new plan. Of the boldness of the plan itself there can be no doubt, though we cannot help thinking that its success is somewhat problematical. Mr. Bentley appears to us to have been a little too sanguine in his calculations, as far at least as his own interests are concerned. We cannot see how his reduction of two-thirds upon the usual price of new novels, will bring him an accession of one-third, or even one-sixth, in the number of purchasers. Generally speaking, those who invest a large portion of their time in the perusal of these works, invest a very small portion of their capital in the purchase of them; whilst those who are not very anxious to read them, are certainly not very likely to buy them. In fact, with the exception of a few favourite authors, the circulating libraries offer almost the only market in the country for this description of literature. Here, novels can be had for reading—and that is all that nineteen readers out of twenty want—at a charge which amounts to no more than a tenth, or even a twentieth part of Mr. Bentley's reduced price. Nor do we think that there will be any increased demand on the part of the libraries. The reduction in price

will scarcely be likely to give an impetus to the taste for novel-reading; and some of our metropolitan libraries already take two hundred, three hundred, and even five hundred copies of a single work. It is probable that Mr. Bentley is anticipating the abolition of the excise-duty on paper. Oracular intimations in various quarters, and more especially the recent remarks of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Manchester, appear to point to this event as not far distant; and, in such a case, Mr. Bentley will certainly have gained an important start in the race with his competitors.

We cannot congratulate Mr. Bentley upon the work with which he has initiated his new scheme. "*Margaret* : or, *Prejudice at Home, and its Victims*," can scarcely be pleasing to any but those who are themselves the victims of prejudice. In its general design, in its conception, and in its execution, it is alike full of errors and exaggerations. "*Margaret*," like the "*Esther Summerson*" of Mr. Dickens, is what is now fashionably and delicately termed the "*Child of Misfortune*." In the course of a short time, an illegitimate hero or heroine will be absolutely necessary to the success of every legitimate drama or novel. The object of "*Margaret*" is the inculcation of the philosophy that wealth is inseparable from meanness, vulgarity, or tyranny; and that the profession of religion is identical with ignorance, selfishness, or hypocrisy. The writer has the lowest possible opinion of English freedom, English progress, and English Christianity; and a sketch of an anti-slavery meeting supplies an opportunity for an *Uncle-Tom* parallel that will be most grateful to the complacent self-love of our trans-Atlantic friends. The different characters partake of all the distortion which might be expected from a pen dipped in the gall of these sentiments. The talent and vigour with which the work is undeniably written, instead of concealing its faults, only serve to put them in bolder relief, since they naturally exaggerate exaggeration. We regret that the writer has not turned his or her powers to better account; and regret still more that we cannot hope for anything very different, as the characters and scenes have been evidently drawn by a hand which is under the influence of earnest and deeply-rooted feelings.

Benedictions ; or, The Blessed Life. By the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E. London. 1853.

THE productions of Dr. Cumming stand in no need of recommendation from us. Their simple announcement is sufficient to insure a welcome from a large class of readers. We sincerely rejoice in the popularity of such an author, as both the sign and source of a widespread taste for religious books. This popularity has, indeed, its dangers, both for author and public; as the former may be induced, from the best intentions, to make the utmost use of an influence so rare and valuable, and do his own powers injustice by taxing them in the production of successive publications; and the latter, of course, must share in the injurious consequences. For this reason we regretted the haste with which Dr. Cumming dismissed into the world his series of prophetic interpretations. On a branch of exegesis so difficult and important, it was surely necessary to observe extreme caution, and avoid undue confidence. But the present work is not open to this

objection; for, if containing little that is striking in thought, and still less novelty of illustration, it furnishes a readable presentment of many valuable truths, full of consolation to the Christian mind. The matter is not united by any subtle chain of truth, connecting his several chapters, as so many pearls upon one thread; and this only was wanting to afford the highest pleasure to reflective readers. To them the volume will not seem to fulfil the promise of the title. The Blessed Life has calm clear depths, which are but faintly mirrored in these pages. Yet it is only fair to remember that his popular and desultory style is consistent with the author's modest aim, who writes throughout in the spirit of his selected motto:—

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.
But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now or then
Shall waken a new nature in the weak
And sinful sons of men."

The Principles of Commerce and Commercial Law : explained in a Course of Lectures delivered by Sir George Stephen, Barrister-at-Law. London: John Crockford.

THIS is intended to be to the young student what more elaborate works,—such as Mr. McCulloch's,—are to maturer minds; and to a considerable extent it supplies a desideratum which has long been felt in early commercial experience. The work treats of brokerage, bills of exchange, discount, shipping, insurance, banking, book-keeping, and other mercantile terms and usages. To our mind, the treatise on Book-keeping is, perhaps, the least explicit and effective; but this is not very strange. Lawyers are proverbially bad book-keepers; and the science is, besides, one of those in which a month's practice will do more for the student than folios of theory. We can heartily recommend Sir George Stephen's work to the attention of those who have a commercial life before them.

Twenty plain Sermons on the principal Doctrines of the Gospel. By John Petty. London: Holliday. 1852.

IN the above little work the humbler classes of society are presented with a series of discourses written in simple, unpretending language. The chief doctrines of Scripture are plainly unfolded, and the work is pervaded by a strain of clear evangelical thought. An excellent present for working men on the commencement of a Christian career.

Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus, translated from the original Syriac; with an Introduction, and Historical and Philological Notes. By the Rev. Henry Burgess, Ph. D. of Göttingen. London: Blackader. 1853.

It is remarked by Dr. Plume, in a Memoir prefixed to his edition of Bishop Hacket's "Century of Sermons," that, "for knowledge of the tongues," that worthy Prelate "would never fix upon Arabian learning; the place was a *siticolosa regio*, a dry and barren land, where no water is;" and, accordingly, "he bewailed that so many good wits of

his time prosecuted the eastern languages so much as to neglect the western learning, and discretion, too, sometimes." But subjects are accounted "dry and barren," or otherwise, according to the varying tastes and objects by which students of various classes are directed. And so that, which to the Bishop aforesaid was so uninviting and profitless, is to Dr. Burgess, as it has been to many others, a field "yielding an abundant harvest of good things." To him the Epistles of Ignatius, the Festal Letters of St. Athanasius, the Theophania of Eusebius, and, above all, the Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus, "the renowned Deacon of Edessa,"—provided always, that they come speaking in the rhythm and accent of his favourite *Syriac*,—are "as cold waters to a thirsty soul." They are even sweeter and more inspiring than the fountains of Helicon, and only—near as some of them might be to "Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus"—not "better than the waters of Israel." And, as it respects the work before us, "if he can succeed in conveying to English readers some conception of the value of Syrian hymnology, and thus open the way to future acquisitions from the same source, his highest wish on the subject will be gratified." Independently of the intrinsic importance of the vast literary field, "a small corner of which," as he modestly expresses it, "he has attempted to till," it is quite refreshing to see the indefatigable earnestness with which he labours to communicate to others the enthusiasm with which he is himself possessed. And we sincerely congratulate him on the high reputation which he has so amply earned, and on the very honourable patronage under which the present volume makes its appearance.

Conscious of his being on ground which, as to the theological character of much of its produce, is even more than suspected, he is "anxious that it should be distinctly understood that his design is a *literary*, and not a *theological* one." But it is scarcely possible that "Hymns and Homilies," whatever be the wishes of the Editor to that effect, should be regarded by his readers, simply, after that one-sided fashion; especially when they are recommended as the productions of one who "knew no storehouse of facts and principles but the Bible, and the very slight (?) addition made to it by ecclesiastical tradition." As to the *history* and *literary* character of these productions, it would be great injustice to Dr. Burgess to give merely such an abridgment as our limits would allow. And we are quite sure that, in referring our readers to the account of *Syriac* literature generally, and of its metrical compositions in particular, contained in his very interesting and instructive Introduction, we shall best conserve his reputation, and most effectually promote the objects which he has in view. But, with regard to the *metres* used in Ephraem's compositions, we may take this occasion to say, that Dr. Burgess has looked, perhaps, somewhat too exclusively to Grecian literature, as the source from which they were derived. For it is remarkable that during the period within which he flourished, the ecclesiastical poetry of the Western Churches presented specimens of versification, approximating to, though they might not exactly resemble, the productions of the great Syrian minstrel. Commodianus, Juvenius, Hilary (Bishop of Poitiers), and Ambrose, all celebrated as writers of Christian verse, were more or less contemporary with him. Of Hilary, in particular, it may be remarked that, during his exile in Phrygia, where he continued four years, he employed himself in the

composing of several works; perhaps, amongst others, the *Liber Hymnorum*, which Jerome affirms him to have written, but which has since perished. And, considering his wide-spread celebrity, and his proximity to Syria during that period, it could scarcely be otherwise than that Ephraem, who was living at that time and for some years afterwards, should be acquainted with his writings, if not also with himself. This was, however, too near the time of his own death to justify the supposition that he first learned his metres from Hilary; still he may have been acquainted, at an earlier period, with his *writings*, as well as with some of the productions of other Christian versifiers of the same century.

After the *caveat* which Dr. Burgess has deemed it right to enter against its being supposed that his design is any other than a purely literary one, it might appear to be unfair to hold him responsible for the theology which is embodied in these very interesting selections. And, on this understanding, if we find, in the course of our perusal of them, passages clearly implying the value of the intercession of glorified saints,—the fact of a purgatory after death,—the intrinsic merit of good works,—and the availableness of prayers for the departed,—all that we have fair licence to do, is just to say, with a deep sigh, “These things are *there*,” and to indulge the fruitless wish that it had been otherwise. But if, unmindful of the line within which he is “anxious that it should be understood” that his design is limited, he attempts to palliate or excuse, however slightly, any of the instances in which these objectionable things are to be found, he forfeits, *quoad hoc*, the protection which his *caveat* was very wisely intended to provide, and even *compels* us to go, at least as far as he takes the liberty of going, into the *theology* as well as the literature of these compositions. And so, when we are indirectly given to understand as to certain expressions to which we object, as being Popish in their aspect, if not in their real meaning, that they are in harmony with truth and nature, or *were* so in the mouth of Syrian Christians, we must needs say that, whether in harmony with nature or not, they are not in harmony with *truth*. And, further, when it is said, that most of those expressions which incline to the view that the state of the dead can be reversed by the prayers of the living, may be explained as passionate exclamations, or be reduced within the bounds of the beautiful prayer, “That all those *who have departed* this life in the true faith, may have their perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul,” we must maintain that neither of these explanations can be considered satisfactory. Dr. Burgess himself admits that “all the pieces seem to refer to doctrines generally believed, respecting which no doubt existed.” And what those doctrines were, in sober theological treatises, as well as in impassioned hymns, it is unnecessary here to mention. As to the second explanation, the prayer to which he has referred is not for the dead at all, but for the living only. Correctly quoted, it is not, “That all those who have departed,” &c., “may have *their* perfect consummation,” &c., but, “That *we*, with all those who have departed, may have *our* perfect consummation,” &c. If the phraseology be deemed ambiguous, which we are scarcely prepared to admit, surely the benefit of such ambiguity is to be given, not to the Popish, but to the Protestant, interpretation. We must do him the justice to say, that he retracts *all this*, or very nearly so, in what immediately follows. But it would

have been still better if he had omitted it altogether. With these exceptions, we have read the whole work with great interest; and we unite in the commendations which have been given to him, for the important services which he has rendered in this somewhat neglected, but now, as we hope, reviving, department of Oriental literature.

Truth Spoken in Love; or, Romanism and Tractarianism refuted by the Word of God. By the Rev. H. H. Beamish, M.A., Minister of Trinity Chapel, Conduit-street, and Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Bandon. London: J. F. Shaw. 1853.

FROM a passage in the *second* of the chapters comprised in this work, it appears that the matter they contain was originally delivered in a "Course of Lectures," which are now published by particular request, only under an altered and more descriptive title. The subjects discussed are some of those on which Rome and her lieges on the one hand, and all true Protestants on the other, joined issue some centuries ago, and are still imploding one another. The Rule of Faith,—Baptism, *per se*,—Baptism in connexion with the question of Regeneration,—Catholicity,—Auricular Confession,—Schism,—and Apostolical Succession, are the topics on which the author seeks to interest and inform his readers: these matters being by him very justly regarded as being "of the highest importance to the spiritual and eternal interests of man," and as involving principles, the triumph or defeat of which may materially, if not essentially, affect the welfare and stability of our "National Reformed Church." He addresses himself chiefly to the members of that Church; but his topics have, just now, an interest which attracts very general and earnest attention. We cannot subscribe to all that he has written, particularly on the subjects of Baptism, Regeneration, and Catholicity. His statement, that baptism is not necessarily connected with regeneration, may be very readily accepted. But when he says, that "Paul was regenerated when he fell to the ground terrified and full of consternation," though he had not yet washed away his sins, calling on the name of the Lord, he so confounds regeneration with repentance, as to render his assertion altogether inadmissible, except by those in whose opinion these terms are synonymous and interchangeable. In like manner, exception may be taken to his teaching that, in the cases of Paul, Cornelius, Lydia, and the jailer of Philippi, "preaching preceded, and was the instrument of, regeneration." But when he adds, "Regeneration preceded and was the parent of faith," he asserts an *order* as to the relative sequence of the one to the other, the reverse of that which Scripture teaches. For it was "to as many as received Him, that He gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name;" and we "are the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." Moreover, he holds views on the subject of "election and sovereignty," and the second coming of Christ, to which his readers may take fair exception. But if, in our judgment, his doctrine is not always "the truth," it must yet be admitted that it is "spoken in love," and that the *tone* is invariably "evangelical." The work, as a whole, will amply repay a careful perusal.

The Book and its Story. By L. N. R. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons. 1853.

MODESTLY purports to be a book for the young, but we are much mistaken if it does not become popular with readers of every class. It sketches, first, the history of the Bible in past ages, noticing the earliest translations, both English and continental, and enumerating the most valuable manuscripts still existing; and, secondly, describes the rise, progress, and present operations of the Bible Society. The book is handsomely printed, and, unlike the generality of cheap publications, is not disfigured, but really embellished, by an abundance of wood engravings.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of its style, the narrative is interesting and spirited; and the mass of historical and statistical information which the volume contains, will render it an acquisition to the library of every biblical student.

Macariodos; or, The Happy Way, on the too short, but often sorrowful, Journey of Life. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1853.

It is among the "favourable signs" of these fitful and ambiguous times, that works of this description should be so rapidly multiplied, since that fact naturally leads to the inference that they are largely in demand. This book, with its somewhat quaint, but very significant and appropriate title, and its edifying contents, is an acceptable addition to the stock of these important publications. It takes up, in an easy and instructive style, some of the principal points connected with religious experience, from its commencement to its maturity, and may be particularly useful to those who are seeking information thereupon. The chapters on Conversion,—the Passage from Death to Life,—and the evidences by which the fact of that transition, when effected, is made to clear us, are especially important: only, like many others, the author confounds the witness of the Spirit of God with the witness of our own.

The Half Century: its History, Political and Social. By Washington Wilks. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: W. and F. G. Cash. 1853.

It is really amusing to witness the gravity and perfect self-possession with which people of ordinary abilities will treat of subjects which are quite beyond their reach. For example: an Englishman races over a strange country, as though the amount of information he gained were in direct proportion to the number of miles he covered; and, after whirling along, at high-pressure, for three weeks or a month, returns home, publishes what he has seen, and a good deal that he never saw; discourses learnedly of the evils, "political and social," which afflict the said country; and propounds the requisite aids and reliefs as dogmatically as though he had sat in its senate-house for half a life-time.

But travellers are not the only people whose indiscretion makes them look foolish. Young men of literary habits occupy themselves with some crude scheme or other, a historical work for instance, and

forthwith rush into print. The old masters of the craft were not quite so hasty, and deemed that a good subject should be leisurely and worthily treated. One author required thirteen volumes for the history of a princely house; another occupied seven volumes with the history of a rebellion; and a third filled four octavos with the records of a single reign. But the industrious "servants of all work" have formed a new school, and a Mr. Washington Wilks compresses, within the limits of a pocket volume, the History of Europe for fifty years, and those fifty years crowded with events more important in the history of the world than any two centuries which preceded them.

Now, if the object of history be to chronicle, not so much events, as their causes and effects; not so much the actions of rulers, as the condition of the governed,—their moral and social habits, their commercial policy, and the state of art, science, and education,—in short, the *morale* of their progress or decline,—then this effort must be pronounced a decided failure. But if history be literally "an old almanack," a mere list of dates and proper names, a biographical dictionary chronologically arranged; and if, in the stringing together of these dry facts, by giving undue prominence to some events, and depreciating the value of others, there may be exhibited a strong political, and even sectarian, bias; then this volume is a real history, and Mr. Washington Wilks is a veritable historian.

Classic and Historic Portraits. By James Bruce. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1853.

THIS is a curious piece of literary patchwork, into which are introduced all kinds of odds and ends,—scraps of legendary lore, clippings of venerable parchments; indeed, the work is a miscellany of biographical waifs and strays,—a new series of historic "Notes and Queries."

Mr. Bruce proposes to describe "the personal appearance, dress, private habits, and tastes, of some of the most distinguished persons whose names figure on the page of history;" and says, truly enough, that "these minute particulars have been in a great degree neglected." Interest in an author's writings naturally begets an interest in the author himself; and we gladly treasure up whatever can be gleaned respecting him.

But the knowledge of individual peculiarities is of more important use than to gratify an idle curiosity; it generally affords a clear insight into the character of the man. Johnson's habit of scraping his knuckles until they bled, gives a better idea of his irritable temperament than pages of description. And Goldsmith's love of finery, his presenting himself for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and especially his renowned Dutch scheme, are almost sufficient of themselves to portray the easy, good-natured, thoughtless, thriftless, happy Irishman.

It is not, therefore, with Mr. Bruce's plan, so much as with his mode of carrying it out, that we are disposed to quarrel. In the first place, the selection is often ill-judged. Of the fifty-eight portraits of the *most distinguished persons in the world's history*, hardly a score deserve to be thus characterized; the remainder are of very secondary importance, the female characters especially, the greater proportion of whom are only remembered for their beauty and profligacy. Surely, when

the selection was to be from among the illustrious of all ages, there should have been no difficulty in selecting so small a number from the front rank.

But, even taking the names as we find them, the sketches are very imperfect and ineffective; and the reader's attention is perpetually distracted by digressions, entertaining enough, it is true, but totally unconnected with the subject in hand. As a specimen of this rambling style, we may take the chapter on Alcibiades. After a description of his personal beauty and accomplishments, reference is made to a statement of Plutarch, that Alcibiades had a graceful lisp in his speech. Our author immediately proceeds to quote from poets of various ages and countries, to show that this imperfect elocution has been generally admired. As the last of these quotations alludes to the lisp of Hector, a description of that worthy follows as a matter of course. The author then flies off at a tangent into an essay on squinting in general, and on squinting beauties in particular. Leaving this interesting topic, he next gives example of lameness in otherwise handsome women; and, as from the halt to the blind there is but a step, one-eyed beauties follow naturally enough, and close, somewhat abruptly, the sketch of Alcibiades!

Still more scanty is the information vouchsafed respecting some others, to whom, nevertheless, a distinct chapter is devoted. Our ideas of Germanicus, for instance, are extremely vague, as nothing more is stated of him than that he had spindle-legs. This portrait is drawn with an evident regard to the old proverb, "*Ex pede Herculem.*" Respecting Agrippina, we are only able to gather that she was very beautiful, and wore a cloak interwoven with gold.

Even where a minute and careful description is entered into, the result is by no means satisfactory. The ears of Augustus are described as "of the middle size;" his nose as "elevated in the upper part, and drawn more slenderly below;" moreover, "his *toga* was neither tight nor loose; his robe was not narrow, neither was it broad, like those of the nobles." Mathematical definitions truly!

These "minute private and personal details" would be much more palatable, if interwoven with, and subordinate to, some general narrative or biography. A seasoned dish is one thing,—a dish of seasoning is another; and Mr. Bruce would have done well to discriminate between them.

The Public and Domestic Life of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke.
By Peter Burke, Esq., of the Inner Temple and the Northern Circuit. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co. 1853.

WE cannot congratulate Mr. Burke upon having written such a life of his illustrious namesake as will long satisfy his countrymen. The domestic occurrences of the Orator's life are, indeed, well described; but the great principles which, in connexion with personal idiosyncrasy, formed the basis of his philosophy and his political views, are apparently beyond his reach. In some particulars, as in the case of Burke's supposed implication in "Junius's Letters," we think he is decidedly in error. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we think it well suited to become the popular presentment of the immortal statesman.

Outlines of Literary Culture, from the Christian Stand-Point.
 By the Rev. B. Frankland, B.A. London. 1853.

THIS is an interesting review of the various aspects of literature in ancient and modern times; and the author arrives, we think, at a very fair estimate of the intellectual and moral value of each. The characteristic merits of the authors of classical antiquity are nicely distinguished by three particulars,—clearness of thought, concinnity of expression, and general intellectual sobriety. But, perhaps, in contrasting these points of excellence with the faults and feebleness of modern literature, it would have been only fair to remind the reader that our judgment is formed, in the one case, upon the noblest works of antiquity which have remained above the waves of time, where thousands of less merit have been long submerged; while, in the other, we are surrounded by a living, active world of letters, in which the most worthless elements are often most tumultuous. Our real classics are not yet isolated from this noisy competition; but the Australian schoolboy, of a distant age, shall be taught to make them the models of his themes. So, too, with the respective civilizations of ancient and modern times. Mr. Frankland has remarked, that the classic authors are not to be taken as faithful representatives of the Greek or Roman public; but, on this point he might have profitably enlarged, and showed the intensity of moral corruption and physical degradation in which the masses of society weltered, even around the base of those aspiring heights of Attic civilization. This, however, was not strictly demanded by his plan; and we have great pleasure in recommending his thoughtful and improving little volume to our readers.

Hippolytus and the Christian Church of the Third Century.
 With a copious Analysis of the newly-discovered MS., and
 a Translation of all its most important Parts from the original Greek. By W. Elfe Tayler. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1853.

THIS work is, in conformity with the design of its author, "a concise, clear, and popular Essay on the whole subject of the manuscript to which it relates," and is especially adapted to the convenience of those who are interested in the subject, but to whom the larger works of Bunsen and Wordsworth are too bulky or expensive. It consists of a critical inquiry into the newly-discovered work, an analysis and translation of the work itself, and an account of the Christian Church in the time of Hippolytus, together with an Appendix, containing, "Ordinances of the Church of Alexandria respecting the Clergy, and the Regulation of Christian Life, as it respects Worship and Service." We may add that, in this volume, the argument is in favour of the claims of Hippolytus to be regarded as the author of the work in question; that his orthodoxy, on the subject of the personality of the Holy Spirit, is satisfactorily vindicated from the suspicions cast upon it by Bunsen, as it is also from the allegation of his having entertained opinions in harmony with certain German innovations; and that it contains some things which have not, until now, appeared in an English dress. Mr. Tayler has executed his task with considerable ability, and has conferred a very acceptable boon upon a numerous class of general, as well as theological, readers.

Lectures on the History and Principles of Ancient Commerce.

By J. W. Gilbart, F.R.S. London: Longman and Co. 1853.

THE subject of this *brochure* is one of much interest to us a commercial people, and the mode of treatment adopted is such as to afford several lessons of practical importance. The connexion of commercial prosperity with maritime power, colonies, manufactures, accumulation of capital, &c., is clearly and instructively exhibited. It deserves a circulation equal to that of the popular "Elements of Banking," by the same author.

Remarkable Incidents in the Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh,
Missionary to the Settlers and Savages of Australia and
New Zealand: with a Succinct History of the Origin and
Progress of the Missions in those Colonies. By the Rev.
Alexander Strachan. London: Mason.

WE have long been of opinion that one of the best services that can be rendered to the cause of Protestant and vital Christianity, is the publication of such Biographies as the present,—the Life and Memoirs of a Missionary, who, actuated only by a burning desire to promote the welfare and salvation of mankind, carries the Gospel, at immense personal sacrifice and risk, to a purely heathen nation. No body of men are placed so much above the suspicion of mercenary or selfish motives, as Missionaries to savage Heathens; and no efforts so clearly mark the design and spirit, the Divine power and universal benefits, of Christianity. The biographies of such men are the supplement to the Acts of the Apostles,—the reproduction of Christianity as it wrought at its outset, but without the aid of sensible miracles. The success of Missions in the renovation of savage society, and the conversion of men to a pure morality who were once the apparent incarnation of evil, is a moral demonstration of the truth and power of religion, which rejoices and confirms the most established believer, and may well confound, if it do not convince, the most hardened sceptic.

Mr. Leigh was the pioneer and first Missionary to New South Wales and New Zealand, under the direction of that greatly honoured institution, the Wesleyan-Methodist Missionary Society. The Rev. Samuel Marsden, originally connected with Methodism, preceded him in New Zealand and Australia, under the auspices of the Church of England, by seven or eight years. Having passed some seven years in Australia, Mr. Leigh and his noble wife spent nine years in New Zealand,—a country almost unknown to Europeans until penetrated and subdued by Missionary labour, but now risen into immense commercial importance. Mr. Leigh had a high sense of the spirituality of his vocation, and distrusted all schemes of Christianizing by civilization. He trusted only to the preaching of the Cross. He knew what must follow conversion. The triumph of subjugating the ferocious warriors and cannibals of New Zealand, is altogether and exclusively due to the Gospel. The ports, and supplies, and friendliness, and commerce of that interesting country, are the product of Christianity, and very largely of the Methodist Ministry. Mr. Leigh was an admirable type of the true Missionary. He had all the essential

characteristics of a New-Testament Evangelist, and was honoured by his Master with most extraordinary success. To follow him in his eventful career of Christian charity, would far exceed our limits. Mr. Strachan has raised his monument by recording his actions. He well laid the foundations which others build upon. His labours are imperishable: they will be found, centuries hence, written in the history of infant nations, who shall call him, and his noble coadjutors of every Church, blessed. We cannot, however, help wishing that Mr. Leigh had written his own simple annals; for there is a charm in auto-biography which cannot be transferred; and no one is so fit to give an account of such a work as the workman himself. To this act of justice, not merely to himself, but also to the Christian enterprise in which he was engaged, he was often urged; and he had, indeed, promised to set about it. The present volume reveals almost boundless materials. The book is full of striking and moving incidents, enough, in the hands of some men, to fill a bulky quarto. Every where Mr. Leigh is seen to advantage, and deservedly. All he was, he put into his work; and he had true greatness. His mission was every thing to him: it filled, guided, actuated, elevated him, and all he did. For His work's sake, he could "endure hardness," service, and sacrifice, very different from the zeal of a Missionary platform. He could calmly throw open his coat to receive the spear of a savage, or say to a friend in England, "In the prosecution of my mission, I am as happy with a crust of bread and a draught from the brook, as when I used to dine on your roast beef. I sometimes travel twenty miles, preach to twenty persons, retire to rest with twenty thousand blessings, and go off again in the morning singing for joy." His wife had, if it were possible, a more noble courage, and a more patient fortitude. With a band of Missionaries of such a spirit, no wonder that the Wesleyan stations belt the globe, or that they receive so great an amount of public attention and support.

We regret that we cannot speak of the volume before us with unqualified praise. We have nothing to except as to the *matériel*, or, indeed, the spirit, of the book; but we hope that when a second edition is called for, which must be immediately, the author will be able to find time to give it a higher literary finish. There needs a little more clearness in the order and connexion of events; a more frequent insertion of dates; and, in some instances, greater precision, and even correctness, of language. A rigorous revision would greatly improve this valuable narrative; and we would abolish that wretched engraving of a miserable picture, intended once to have been accepted as a portrait.

We earnestly recommend the volume to the perusal of all, both friends and opponents of Missions; for, unfortunately, it has yet opponents, and there are even professed Christians who do not wish it well. We think they must not only be without the power of godliness, but bad men, if they do not profit by sitting at the feet of Samuel Leigh, and if they cannot rejoice in the success of his labours.

INDEX.

Alford's Greek Testament, 473—sacredness of biblical criticism, 474—this ignored by many critics, 475—characteristics of the work, 476—Prolegomena, 477—examination of the author's theory, 478—objections to his reasonings, 481—inspiration of the Gospels, 482—arrangement of the text, 485—his *Apparatus Criticus*, 487—philological criticisms, 488—rendering of Mark xiv., 72, 492—exegetical commentary, 492—value of the work, 494

America, public education in, 212—course of, with respect to churches, 231—languages of, 387, *note*

Atonement, infidel objections to the doctrine of, 168

Australian possessions, our, 517—Campbell on emigration, 517—reaction of Australia on Europe, 519—discovery of gold, 520—unfavourable impressions of first discoverers, 521—Captain Cook, 522—founding of Sydney, 523—John M'Arthur, 525—Captain Bligh and Major Johnson, 526—proceedings of Governor Macquarie, 526—Judge Burton on public morals, 528—adventure in the bush, 529—Sydney as it is, 531—Swan River, 533—founding of South Australia, 534—the river Murray, 536—founding of Port Phillip, 537—the climate, 540—who should emigrate? 542—different lines of enterprise, 543—trade and farming, 544—a sensible settler, 545—government policy, 546—revision of the Constitution of New South Wales, 546—remarks on this Constitution, 549—restriction of the term "colonies," 551—moral condition of Australia, 553—the Christian element, 554

Auto-biography, 494—interest of humble things, 495—the plainest auto-biography the most interesting, 497—"Auto-biography of a Working-man," 499—how to get Hutton's "Mensuration," 501—"Eldorado," 502—Diary of Samuel Peypys, 504—Lamartine's Memoirs of his Youth, 506—compared with Chateaubriand, 506—Lamartine's mother, 507—youthful impressions, 509—Lamartine's defects in poetry and prose, 509—auto-biographies of Scott and Southey, 510—of Leigh Hunt, 511—his early history, 512—his mother, 513—auto-biography of Thomas De Quincey, 514—characteristics of the work, 514—domestic portraiture, 515—Lilly, Colley Cibber, and Haydon, 516

Bible Society, British and Foreign, 353—obstacles to Bible circulation, 354—cir-

ulation of the Bible previous to the formation of the Society, 357—precursors in the work, 358—vernacular translations, 359—labours of the Serampore Missionaries, 360; and of various societies and individuals, 361—early versions, 363—biblical state of Europe at the beginning of the 15th century, 363—organization of the Society, 366—yearly expenditure, 368—results effected, 369—rare qualifications of its principal agents, 369; and of its translators, 370—its opponents, 371—home operations, 373—foreign, 374—translations of the Society, 376—inadequacy of its efforts, 378—its library, 378—its influence in producing biblical linguists, 380—modern translations, 381—assistance to charitable undertakings, 383—benefits to the community at large, 384—future enterprise, 385—extent of the call for farther effort, 387—editions of the Scriptures for foreign parts, 388—objects of the Jubilee efforts, 389—Protestantism and Popery, 389—efforts of the Society contrasted with modern scepticism, 391—need of the Schoolmaster and the Missionary to keep pace with the biblical enterprise, 392

Brief Literary Notices, 274, 558—Auto-biography of Haydon, 274—Dr. Tregelles on the Visions in the Book of Daniel, 278—Talpa; the Chronicles of a Clay Farm, 279—Miall's Bases of Belief, 281—Merivale's Fall of the Roman Republic, 283—Phillips's Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-coast of Yorkshire, 285—Dr. Godwin's Philosophy of Atheism, 287—Quillinan's Poems, 288—Jennings's Eggs of British Birds, 289—Rule's Celebrated Jesuits, 289—Sunday Services at Home, 291—Lanman's Private Life of Daniel Webster, 291—Thomas Carlyle, 292—Goethe's Opinions of the World, &c., 292—Austin's Lives of the Poets-Laureate, 294—Wilberforce's Doctrine of the Incarnation, 294—Poets of England and America, 295—Willan's Christ our Life, 295—Godwin's History in Ruins, 296—the Knight of Kerry on the Law of Marriage, 296—Poetry of Wordsworth, 296—Robinson's Summer-day's Dream, and Scott's Thomas à Becket, 558—Pearson's Infidelity, 560—Educational Expositor, 562—Brown's Byeways of the Bible, 563—Bleby's Death-Struggles of Slavery, 563—Bradley's Sermons, 564—the Ajax of Sophocles, 565—O'Donoghue's Church and Court of Rome,

- 566—Miss Bunbury's Life in Sweden, 566—Religion in its Relation to Commerce, 568—Morris's Religion and Business, 569—Margaret, 569—Dr. Cumming's Benedictions, 570—Stephen's Principles of Commerce, 571—Petty's Sermons, 571—Dr. Burgess's Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraim Syrus, 571—Beamish's Truth Spoken in Love, 574—the Book and its Story, 575—Macariodos, 575—Wilks's Half Century, 575—Bruce's Classic and Historic Portraits, 576—Burke's Public and Domestic Life of Edmund Burke, 577—Frankland's Outlines of Literary Culture, 578—Tayler's Hippolytus and the Christian Church of the Third Century, 578—Gilbert's Lectures on the History and Principles of Ancient Commerce, 579—Strachan's Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh, 579
- Brougham*, Lord, quoted on Education, 193, 195—his educational measure in 1820, 197
- Bungener's* History of the Council of Trent characterized, 465
- Christ*, disparaging views of, by infidels, 165
- Church of Rome*, proselyting spirit of, 29
- Cornwallis*, Lord, government of, in India, 252
- Cryptogamic* vegetation, 88—value of scientific truths, 89—the Phanerogamia and the Cryptogamia, 90—sexuality of the Cryptogamia, 91—the vegetable cell, 92—fungi and confervæ, 93—the Desmidiæ and zoospores, 95—the tetraspores, 96—the Diatomaceæ, 97—fungi and fairy circles, 99—the lichens, 101—mosses and liverworts, 103—ferns, 105—Lycopodia, or club-mosses, 107—works on this subject characterized, 108
- Education*, public, 189—analogy between family and state paternity, 190—right and duty of a Government to educate the people, 191—revival of public education in Scotland, 193—France and England, 194—Lord Brougham on education in 1818, 196—his measure in 1820, 197—effects of, on the public mind, 198—the measure of 1839, 199—establishment of training schools, 200—Sir James Graham's Factory Bill, 202—general statistics, 203—observations on public education, 204—enlargement of the scale of school instruction, 204; of the character and qualification of the schoolmaster, 205—institutions for training teachers, 205—effects of Minutes of Council, 209—education must be religious, 209
- Forsyth*, Mr., his History of the Captivity of Napoleon reviewed, 420
- Guise*, the Dukes and Cardinals of, 442—Claude of Lorraine, 443—Francis of Guise, 445—his extravagance, and servility to the Papacy, 446—deeds of the Guisards, 447—his execrable character, 448—his death, 449—Henri "the Scarred," 450—succession of Henri III. (of Anjou), 451—designs of the Duke of Guise upon England, 452—his triumphal entry into Paris, 453—his doings there, 454—his assassination, 456—murder of Henri by Jacques Clement, 458—wars of the League, 458—escape and gallantry of Charles the young Duke of Guise, 458—Henri of Navarre enters Paris, 459—character of the Duke Charles, 459—his banishment and death, 460—succeeded by Henri, a Bishop and Cardinal, 460—his doings in Naples, 461—Louis Joseph, the sixth Duke, 461—the Cardinals of Guise, 462—John of Lorraine, the Game-bag Cardinal, 463—Cardinal Charles of Lorraine, 465—Louis of Lorraine, 469—Charles, the Bottle Cardinal, 469—the Cardinal de Guise, 469—the Fighting Cardinal Louis, 470—pride and arrogance of the house of Guise, 471
- Hastings*, Warren, government of, in India, 254
- Henry*, Mr., his account of the captivity of Napoleon, 429
- Hygiène*, modern and mediæval, 131—official registrations, 131—deaths, atmospheric changes, 132—modern waste of life, 133—healthiness of England, 134—hygiène, public and private, 134—mediæval epidemics, 135—meteorological parallels, 136—the first sanitary publication, 137—reports of Mr. Farr and Dr. Laycock, 138—influence of knowledge on mortality, 139—Health of Towns Commissions, 140—hygiène, as a science and as an art, 141—its theory and practice should be a part of national education, 142—need for instruction in its laws, 143—its practice a religious duty, 144
- India* under the English, 233—a Mogul in the time of James I., 233—states immediately preceding us, 235—England the paramount power, 236—native states now existing, 237—effects of British power on finances, 237—this power beneficial, 238, 247—condition of Bengal, 239—treatment of Withington, 240—Orme's Treatise on India, 241—state of the people before English ascendancy, 243; and under British rule, 244—Bengal and Madras, 246—supreme government of God, 247—rise of the British Empire in India, 248—first military events, 249—the Black Hole, 251—Calcutta retaken, 252—the Mogul in our power, 253—Campbell's list of pensions, 254—appointment of Warren Hastings as Governor-General, 254—Lord Cornwallis, 255—the Wellesleys, 256—extent of our possessions, 257—armies in India, 258—first steps in our civil history, 259—acts of Lord W. Bentinck, Sir C. Metcalfe, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Hardinge, 260—comparative sala-

- ries of native and European *employés*, 260—public works, 262—moral value of such, 265—revenue from opium and spirits, 266—moral history of our reign, 267—the Christian element, 268—Government connexion with idolatry, 269—progress of missions, 269—Government education, 271—merits of the plans for reform, 278—duty of England with respect to India, 274
- Ireland*, Forbes's Memorandums of, 68—*Ireland* England's difficulty, 68—*Ireland* to be studied only upon Irish ground, 69—strictures on our author's views, 69—the question of race and blood, 70—necessary restraints of Romanism, 71—oppression of landlords, 71—condition of *Ireland* relatively to England and other countries, 72—wilful beggary and rags, 73—the cure of *Ireland*'s disease, 74—over-population, 74—the cottier system, 75—absenteeism, 76—want of a middle class, 76—official partiality, 76—want of capital, 77; and of enterprise and education, 79—tenant-right, 81—relations of the English and Catholic Churches, 82—the confessional, 84—want of allegiance on the part of the Priests to the British Government, 85—endowment of Maynooth, 86—hatred to England, 87
- Jackson*, Col., his account of the captivity of Napoleon, 429
- Latham*, Dr., his system of ethnology, 339
- Leigh*, Rev. S., notices of, 529
- Mahometism*, a system of despotism, 2—opposed to progress, 3
- Man*, natural history of, 328—the Bible and science, 329—researches of Dr. Prichard, 330—unity of race in animals, 331—modifications in domestic animals, 332—Dr. Prichard's conclusions, 332—nature of *species*, 334—hybrids, 336—classifications, 337—subdivisions of the human race, 338—Dr. Prichard's mode of handling the question, 339—importance of the skull, 340—various methods of employing it, 341—types of skulls, 342—colours of the skin, 344—colour and growth of the hair, 345—no distinctions of *species*, 347—philology, 347—classification of known languages, 348—comparative grammar, 349—general conclusions, 350—effect of climate, &c., 350—interminglings of separate races, 352—physical affinity compatible with remoteness of language, 352
- Methodism*, extensive influence of, 43—provisionally disposed, 65
- Missions*, probable effects of, in Turkey, 33—progress of, in India, 271
- Monkish* Literature, 393—difference between ancient and modern historians, 394—characteristics of monastic chroniclers, 395—collections of mediæval histories, 397—France the first to produce a consecutive series, followed by Germany and England, 398—classic no-
- tions respecting the Britons, 399—the *Monumenta Historica*, 401—early predisposition to the marvellous, 403—miracles attendant on the death of William Rufus, 404—death-scene of Lanzo, 406—records of posthumous miracles, 407—water penance, 409—legend of the Wandering Jew, 409—a pre-Raphaelite Prophet, 411—astronomical and meteorological phenomena, 412—St. Elmo's fires, 413—St. Francis of Assisi, 414—Richard Cœur de Lion and King Richard, 414—incidental facts in natural history and science, 416—Richard of Devizes, 417—legal documents, 417—ancient deeds of gift, 418—ancient seals, 419—fallacious attempts to imitate ancient literature, 419
- Moore*, Rev. H., his Life of Wesley, 57
- Napoleon*, captivity of, 420—conduct of England towards him, 420—how he came into the hands of England, 421—conduct of Captain Maitland, 422—banishment to St. Helena, 423—the question of his title, 423—sacredness of St. Helena, 424—his behaviour to Sir George Cockburn, 425—431—his treatment in exile, 426—falsehoods of O'Meara and Las Casas, 427—career of Sir Hudson Lowe, 427—testimonies to his character, 428—why Napoleon assailed the character of Cockburn and Lowe, 431—Lowe's interviews with him, 432—account of O'Meara, 434—importance of his letters, 436—Napoleon's intentions upon England, 436—the Liverpool Cabinet, 437—complaints of restriction of liberty, 438; of scanty provisions, 439—his bill of fare, 440—a "great" man and his attendants, 441
- Oriental* discovery: its progress and results, 298—importance and interest of the subject, 298—cuneiform characters of ancient Persia, 298—discovery of the alphabet, 299—Mr. Rich's discoveries in Assyria, Babylonia, and Persia, 300—researches of Botta, 300; of Layard, 301; of Rawlinson, 302—Key to Assyrian and Babylonian inscriptions, 303—the agencies effecting these discoveries, 305—their nature and extent, 306—excavations at Khorsabad, 306—founder of the excavated buildings, 309—explorations of Layard, 310—description of the remains, 311—palaces of Nimroud, 313—probable builders of these palaces, 314—Assyrian history from the inscriptions, 315—Sennacherib the builder of Kouyunjik, 317—Esarhaddon and his successors, 318—Cyrus and Darius, 319—Xerxes, 320—pictorial representations of the wars of Assyria and Persia, 320—Assyrian Pantheon, 321—recognition of the providence and supremacy of God, 322—site of Nineveh ascertained, 323—high state of civilization, 324; combined with debasing idolatry, 325

- Owen, Professor, on the classification of animals, 338
- Owen, Robert, a convert to spirit-rapping, 116—his system exploded, 183
- Pepps, diary of, 504
- Persian history from inscriptions, 319
- Popery, in Ireland, 83—aggressions of, in Europe, 219
- Prichard, Dr., researches of, in ethnology, 330 See *Man, natural history of*.
- Roger of Wendover, quoted, 407, 410, 411, 415
- Russia, tyranny of, over Poland, 14—objects of, in the East, 25
- Secularism, its logic and appeals, 146
- Southey, animadversions on his Life of Wesley, 51. See *Wesley and his Critics*.
- Spirit-rappings and table-movings, 109—Mrs. Hayden, 110—Galileo and Mr. Perkins cited, 111—facts and inferences distinguished, 113, 129—Mr. Lewes's *exposé*, 114—supposed analogies of Scripture, 114—manifesto of Robert Owen, 116—conversion of Judge Edmonds, 117—the Judge clairvoyant, 121—spiritual *séance* at New York, 118, 121—Mr. Hume "the medium" is taken off his feet, 125—another case, related by Dr. Hallock, 126—Washington and Jefferson *redivivi*, 127—Calvin on the laws of the spheres, 128—hats go round and tables prophesy, 129—Dr. Schauenburg, Stirrock, and Von Fallersleben, 129—Professor Faraday's refutation of the electrical hypothesis, 130—the whole a popular delusion, 130
- Taylor, Isaac, animadversions upon his writings, 58
- Timpson, Mr., his "Bible Triumphs" reviewed, 351
- Turkish Empire, Christian populations of the, 1—religion the secret of a people's strength or weakness, 1—evils which are hurrying Turkey to dissolution, 2—Mahometan exclusiveness, 2—Mahometanism opposed to progress, 3—disbanding the Janissaries a preliminary to reform, 4—edict forbidding the epithet *Giaour* to be applied to Christians, 4—Hatti-sherif of Gulhane, 5—impossibility of engrafting Christian institutions, 7—necessary bases of civilization, 9—signs of decadence in the Turkish empire, 10—religious and moral state, and political tendencies, of the Christian populations, 10—Moldavia and Wallachia, 10—Bulgaria, 12—Character of the Servians, 13—Bosnia, 14—Montenegro and Albania, 15—Thessaly, Macedonia, and Rometia, 16—populations of Turkey in Europe, 16; in Asia, 17—obstacles to progress, 18—degeneracy of Christendom, 19—the Church of Rome, 20—rites of the Greek Church, 20—Armenians, Copts, and Abyssinians, 22—Nestorians and Jacobites, 23—Russian objects in the East, 24—antagonist principles, 25—Russian intrigues with the Armenians, 27—strife between the Eastern and Western Churches, 29—the Reformation, 30—attempts of Rome to conciliate, 30—revival of national feeling, 32—intercourse of nations, 32—agency of evangelical Missions, 33—this agency still inadequate, 35—claim of Bulgaria, &c., on Protestants, 35
- Ultramontaniam: its threatened supremacy in England, 214—recent evidences of its progress, 215—the case of Holland, 216—its effects on the Irish National Schools, 217—the Church Association, 218—Romish aggression in France, 219—scholastic philosophy instead of science, 219—Senor Donoso Cortes, 220—attempts to check classical studies, 221—ubiquity of Romanism, 222—persistency one secret of its success, 223—illustrations from English history, 224—early English history and modern, 226—a law of history, 227—ancient tyranny and modern absolutism essentially the same, 227—comprehensive despotism of Rome, 229—the law of development antagonistic of Rome, 229—instances of this in Hungary, Germany, Sardinia, and the Irish emigrants in the United States, 230—union of civil and religious liberty, 231—contrast between America and France, 232
- Wellesleys, the, in India, 256
- Wellington, Duke of, and Wesley, parallels between, 46, *note*
- Wesley and his critics, 38—state of religion in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century, 38—prevalence of infidelity at Oxford, 41—the father of the Wesleys, 42—rise of Methodism, 42—its extensive influence, 43—talents of the Wesley family, 45—points of similarity between Wesley and Wellington, 46, *note*—concentration a quality of true greatness, 47—extraordinary labours of Wesley, 49—his literary labours, 49, *note*—various Lives of, 50—Southey as a biographer, 51—Watson's reply to Southey, 54—Southey's errors repeated in the last edition, 56—Watson's Life of Wesley, 57—Moore's Life, 57—Isaac Taylor's Wesley and Methodism, 59—his depreciation of Wesley's character, 60—his "philosophy," 61—Wesley and Whitefield, 63—Taylor's objection to a Wesleyan Church, 64—Methodism providentially disposed, 65—Taylor's contradictions, 66—his views on the "Methodism of the future," 66—the Essays of Dr. Dobbin and the Rev. Charles Adams, 67—catholic spirit of Wesley, 67
- William of Malmsbury, quoted, 402-404, 406

—Rus.
agonist
s with
en the
29—
Rome
ational
ms, 82
33—
—claim
35

remacy
ces of
bland,
ational
iation,
e, 219
cience,
—nt-
221—
stency
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early
26—a
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104,